INDICATIONS.

GENERALLY FAIR TONIGHT AND SUNDAY; WARMER.

Watch Saturdays Sentinel Grow

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

Watch Saturdays Sentinel Grow

A SUGGESTION.

The woman who repeats gossip is often worse than the one gossiped about.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, FORT WAYNE'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER APRIL 1, 1911. 28 PAGES—5 CENTS.

WOMEN WILL RESIST COUNT

London Suffragrettes Make Ready to Oppose the Census Takers.

UNITED KINGDOM IS ENUMERATING

Ladies Hire a Hall Where They Will Fight the Census People.

London, April 1.—A band of 3,000 enumerators have been enlisted to take the decennial census of the United Kingdom. The entire population will be enrolled during tomorrow night. Papers containing sixteen questions are being distributed at the houses, and every person is expected to fill in the form at the house where he sleeps Sunday night. Enumerators will collect the papers in the early hours Monday morning.

Woman Trying to Ruin the Census.

The suffragettes are trying to ruin this census by urging women to refuse to answer any of the questions. For several days well dressed women have paraded the streets, wearing sandwich boards placarded "No votes, no census." The first plan was to have women walk the streets all night so that the officials could not learn even their number. The plan appears to have been abandoned. Mrs. Parkhurst and other leaders have hired a skating rink where they propose to spend the night with as many women as they can persuade to join them in resistance to the information seeker.

Refusal is Punishable.

A refusal to reply to questions of the census takers is punishable by a fine. The women had engaged a large theater for their occupancy, but the manager cancelled the agreement on the ground that the building was to be used for an unlawful purpose.

The police will enumerate all homeless ones found wandering in the streets or sleeping outdoors. There are many thousands of such. The Salvation Army plays a prominent part having taken all waifs and strays to the shelter of its homes where they will be given soups and provided with census forms.

TEACHERS END MEETING.

Southern Indiana Association Makes Way for Other Crowd.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 1.—Today's session will conclude the thirty-fifth annual convention of the Southern Indiana Teachers' association which opened here Thursday afternoon with the state spelling bee. The speakers today will be Dr. James H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Mich., on "Race Degeneracy in the School Room," and Dr. P. P. Claxton, of the University of Tennessee, on "A Larger Patriotism." Officers for the ensuing year will be elected.

The Northern Indiana Teachers' association will meet here next week.

At the final meeting of the association this morning the following officers were chosen: President, H. L. Smith, superintendent of schools at Bloomington; secretary, Miss Florence Wood, of Connersville; treasurer, George A. Mirick, assistant superintendent of Indianapolis schools.

LEDGER NOW SANE.

Man Who Slew Two and Wounded Three in Alaska Seeks Freedom.

Washington, April 1.—Convinced that W. H. Ledger, an inmate of the government hospital for the insane, who eight years ago killed two men and wounded three others while defending his gold mine in the wilds of Alaska, has now recovered his sanity. Dr. Wm. H. White, superintendent of the institution, has applied to the United States parole board for the parole of the prisoner.

In the struggle that preceded the shooting he was hit on the head with the butt of a revolver, causing his insanity. The three wounded men escaped. Ledger was found with the two dead bodies. He was arrested and convicted of murder and sentenced to twenty years in the Leavenworth penitentiary. He has now served eight years and is 55 years old.

BRYAN VISITS TOM JOHNSON.

Commoner Makes Friendly Call on Sick Single Taxer.

Cleveland, April 1.—Former Mayor Tom L. Johnson, who has been ill in bed for more than two weeks, entertained Wm. J. Bryan in his sick room today. Mr. Bryan stopped over in this city on his way from Piqua, Ohio, to Zanesville, Ohio, long enough to have a chat with Mr. Johnson.

"He was feeling fine," said Mr. Bryan after the visit, referring to Mr. Johnson. "We didn't talk politics."

The sick man is able to sit up a little now.

WILL BE HELD NEXT WEEK.

Annual Meeting of the Civic Improvement Association.

The annual meeting of the Fort Wayne Civic Improvement association will be held at some time during the coming week, the precise date to be determined upon by the executive board. Election of officers and other important business will come before the meeting.

CANNOT FIND GEORGE B. COX

Indicted Boss of Cincinnati Eludes Detective With a Warrant.

MISSING FROM USUAL HAUNTS

Boss in Hiding Until the Term of Judge Gorman Ends at Midnight.

Cincinnati, April 1.—After Detective Ryan, to whom had been entrusted the task of serving notice on George B. Cox of the indictment returned yesterday had reported at noon that he could not find the political leader, Judge Frank Gorman adjourned the criminal division of the court of common pleas for the term. Cox's attorneys maintain that unless Cox is served before Gorman's term as criminal judge expires at midnight that the order transferring the case to Clermont county will be void. This is disputed by Prosecuting Attorney Henry M. Hunt, who obtained the change of venue.

County Detective Ryan searched until nearly midnight last night for Cox to serve him with the formal notice of the new indictment, returned yesterday just before the grand jury adjourned. Prosecutor Henry T. Hunt told his detective this morning to continue the search.

Unable to Locate Cox.

Ryan had been unable to locate Cox either at his home, the Cincinnati Trust company, of which he is president, nor in the places Cox customarily frequents after business hours.

While nothing official could be obtained from the Cox side of the celebrated legal fight, it is said that the one and only object in Cox evading service on the indictment is to make sure the defeat of the attempt to transfer the case to Clermont county.

It is said that the contention will be made by Cox's attorneys that if service is not accomplished before Judge Gorman leaves the criminal court bench, the legal limit of which is midnight of today, the effort at change of venue of the perjury case to Clermont county fails completely. Prosecutor Hunt refuses to admit that theory as correct.

DIES OF INJURIES RECEIVED IN FALL

Herman Rump, Van Wert Contractor, Victim of Accident at Delphos.

FAINTS ON STAIRS

[Special to The Sentinel.]

Delphos, Ohio, April 1.—Herman Rump, a well known citizen of Van Wert passed away this morning at 1:45 o'clock as the result of injuries sustained from a fall in this city last evening.

The deceased came to Delphos early yesterday afternoon to consult the contracting firm of Krieger & Wolfe. He intended returning to his home at 7:30 in the evening but unfortunately missed his car and had to return to the hotel. About 8 o'clock he went down stairs to the toilet room and on returning he was overcome by dizziness. When nearly to the top of the stairway, he fainted away and fell backwards. The unconscious man was at once removed to one of the chambers where it was discovered that he was suffering from concussion of the brain. Mrs. Rump was immediately notified and soon she was at the bedside of her husband. The victim of the accident was taken to his home in Van Wert, where he passed away at a little before two o'clock this morning.

A wife and two sons, Romaine, of Van Wert, and Harry, of Detroit, survive the deceased husband and father. Had Mr. Rump liver until next month he would have been 60 years old.

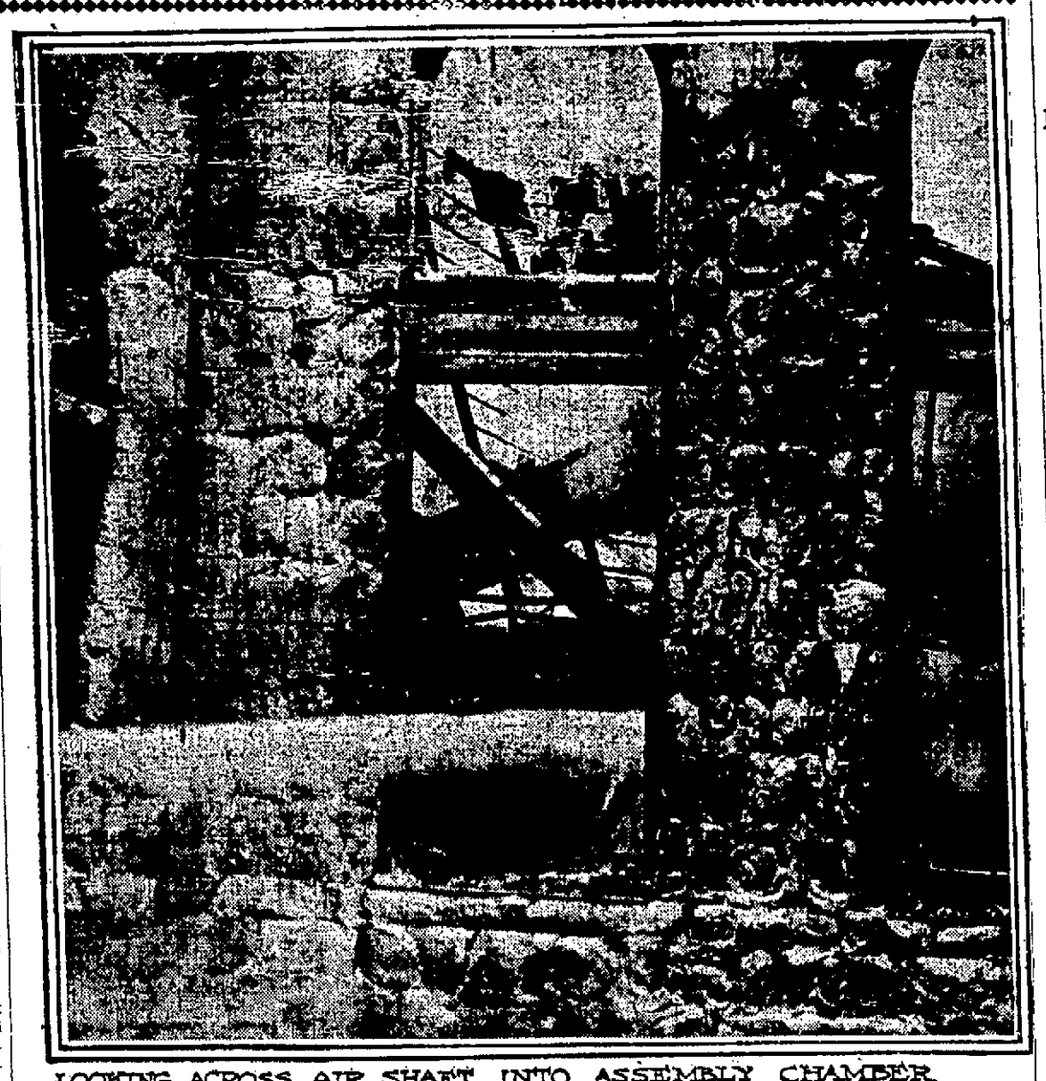
Herman Rump, the deceased, was a brother of Ernest Rump, a carpenter, residing at 601 Lavina street, and a cousin of Fred Rump, a contractor, residing at 2422 Fairfield avenue, this city. Ernest Rump was notified by wire this morning of his brother's death. The deceased lived in Fort Wayne many years ago.

ASSASSIN IS PUT TO DEATH.

Albanian Soldier Who Killed German Instructor is Executed.

Constantinople, April 1.—The Albanian soldier who last Tuesday assassinated Col. Von Schlichting, a German instructor in the Turkish army, who had reprimanded him, was executed this morning. Von Schlichting's widow had asked that the assassin be pardoned and reports were current that the government was afraid to execute him lest the action result in a mutiny in the Albanian army. However, the penalty was inflicted openly and without trouble. The Albanian was killed by a firing party from his own battalion and in the presence of the others of the battalion, accompanied with its band and colors, the divisional commander and two German officers. After the sentence of death had been read a volley was fired and the man fell, pierced with bullets.

SCENE IN NEW YORK STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY AFTER FIRE HAD WRECKED PART OF THE HUGE STRUCTURE.



LOOKING ACROSS AIR SHAFT INTO ASSEMBLY CHAMBER.

BREAK DEADLOCK; O'GORMAN CHOSEN

New York Supreme Court Justice Elected United States Senator.

HE IS A TAMMANY MAN

Albany, N. Y., April 1.—Justice James A. O'Gorman, of the New York supreme court, was elected as United States senator to succeed Chauncey M. Depew at the joint session of the senate and assembly last evening. This result, ending the legislative deadlock which had been in progress since Jan. 16, when William F. Sheehan was made the choice of the Democratic majority for the place, was attained on the sixty-third joint ballot.

Justice O'Gorman was Tammany Leader Charles F. Murphy's candidate. His election was made possible only by the acquiescence of the thirty insurgent democrats in the choice. Fourteen of the insurgents entered the joint caucus at which the name of Justice O'Gorman was presented and his nomination made. All of the insurgents voted for him at the joint meeting which followed the caucus.

In the caucus O'Gorman received sixty-three votes out of a total of 101. In the joint assembly he was elected by a straight party vote of 112 to 80 for Chauncey M. Depew.

Victory for Tammany Hall.

The result of last night's caucus is hailed by the followers of Murphy as a victory for Tammany Hall and a defeat for the independents, who, for so many weeks have insisted that they were contending, not against the election of William F. Sheehan, but for the principle of emancipating the democratic state organization from the domination of the Tammany boss.

The insurgents had been investigating the record of Justice O'Gorman since his name was first sprung upon the arrival of Mr. Murphy and his lieutenants here yesterday morning. They found in it nothing except what was commendable and good, and on the strength of what they had learned waived the clause in the agreement between them and the organization, in accordance with which the candidate, in order to gain their support, must be among the eleven named on a list submitted on behalf of the insurrectos.

Justice O'Gorman's name was not on this list. The Tammany men here declare that this fact alone will prove to the democrats throughout the state that the election of Justice O'Gorman was a defeat for the insurgents, which wiped all the humiliation Murphy has been made to suffer because of the insurgents' stubborn opposition to his two candidates, William F. Sheehan and Daniel F. Cohalan.

Tammany Leader Murphy gave out this statement last night:

"No better selection could have been made by the party after the unfair and unmerited defeat of Mr. Sheehan, whose position before the people has been greatly strengthened."

Justice O'Gorman's Career.

James A. Gorman has long been one of the most prominent members of Tammany hall. He has been one of its foremost orators for thirty years, having established his reputation as a public speaker in its interests when at the age of 21. His eloquence was credited with having saved a doubtful assembly district.

He was born on the lower west side of New York city on May 5, 1860. He is the son of Thomas and Ellen O'Gor-

[Continued on Page Two.]

PLAYED FOR HIGH STAKE

Robbers Try to Rob County Treasury at Des Moines of $100,000.

DEPUTY TREASURER ONE OF THOSE HELD

One More Charge of Nitro-Glycerin Would Have Opened Safe.

Des Moines, Iowa, April 1.—Five men and two women were arrested today in an effort to apprehend four men who shortly before midnight bound and gagged Deputy County Treasurer C. W. Keller and tried to dynamite the vault in the county treasurer's office in which $100,000 had been placed late in the afternoon.

The attempted robbery of the vault proved a failure. One more charge of nitroglycerine would have given the men an entrance but they were frightened away after the first explosion, which partially wrecked the door.

Deputy is Arrested.

Upon what is claimed by the police to be a confession from Al Rhodes, the first of the men arrested, Deputy County Treasurer James O'Callaghan was arrested.

O'Callaghan is a brother of Robert O'Callaghan the Western league baseball magnate. Along with Rhodes and O'Callaghan the police are holding Bart Lynch and his wife, Mrs. Rhodes, Clayton Bayles and an unidentified man.

Arrested After a Fight.

Rhodes was arrested after a running fight with three officers shortly after midnight.

The officers enroute to the house in which all of the suspected parties live, suddenly encountered the four men. One of them fired at the officers then all ran. Rhodes was the only one placed under arrest at that time. Later the others were picked up pending investigation.

IN BATTLE WITH NATIVES.

French Expedition Suffers Heavy Loss in French Guinea.

Konakray, French Guinea, Africa, April 1.—Two officers and twelve privates were killed and two non-commissioned officers and twenty-four privates were wounded during an engagement Thursday between two companies of a French expedition and natives led by the sultan of Goumbra.

After a brisk skirmish the French occupied the sultan's village. The sultan was wounded but escaped. A price has been placed upon his head.

After the first surprise the French brought their machine guns into action and did frightful execution among the natives who left 300 dead on the field.

H. C. L. CAUSES SUICIDE.

South Bend, Ind., April 1.—Laboring under the delusion that the increasing cost of food would eventually deprive him of a living, Albert Hardman, well to do St. Joseph county farmer, committed suicide today by hanging. He had been weak minded for some time and had undergone treatment for insanity.

WEAKENS UNDER THE CROSS FIRE

Camorrist Chief Does Not Show So Well in the Grilling.

TELLS WHY HE FLED

Viterbo, Italy, April 1.—Under cross examination today Enrico Alfano appeared to lesser advantage than he did under direct interrogation yesterday when his vehement denial that he was either the "head or the tail of the camorra," or had guilty knowledge of the deaths of Gennaro Cuoccolo and his wife fairly stampeded the audience. He fended skilfully but was not so convincing.

"If you were innocent," asked President Bianchi, "why did you flee to the United States? You did not take your flight when, immediately after the crime, you were accused. In fact, you delayed and were arrested. But following your release you fled when Abbatemaggio's revelations began and in so doing you showed that you felt that the informer spoke the truth."

Tells Why He Fled.

"I fled," answered Alfano, "because for the second time I was experiencing an attack of intestinal trouble and I feared that it would be aggravated by confinement if I was held in prison for some years preceding my trial. Of my ultimate vindication I had no doubt."

"And what of the camorra today?" asked the president.

"It no longer exists."

"That assertion," retorted the president "is explainable when it is recalled that a rule of the society obliges camorristo to deny to the authorities their affiliations with the camorra, this repudiation of their position not implying cowardice in the eyes of the camorra."

Alfano explained his failure to secure a passport when he went to America by saying that it would have been dangerous for him to have applied for one.

"Anyway," he added, "a passport was quite unnecessary. Twenty dollars is wholly sufficient to allow one to be admitted on any steamer without a passport. In fact from the moment the steamer sailed I permitted my true name to be known and was living under that name when arrested by Petrosino, the American detective."

The prisoner called the attention of the court to what he said was an absurdity in the confession of Abbatemaggio concerning the scene of the murder of Cuoccolo. He asserted that owing to the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1906, lava covered the scene of the alleged assassination and that it would have been difficult for one to have gone from Torre del Grece to Cupa Calastro, where the crime is said to have been committed.

During the proceedings the priest, Cirro Vitozzi, and Pasquale Gargliou, another prisoner, both of whom are in poor health, fainted.

The case was adjourned until Tuesday.

STEAMER SUNK IN COLLISION.

Dover, Eng., April 1.—The Dutch steamer Prince Friederick Hendrik, from Amsterdam for New York by way of the West Indies, collided with the small Norwegian steamer Nervion, off Folkestone, early today. The Nervion sank, but her crew and four passengers escaped in their small boats and landed at Folkestone. The Dutch vessel put in here with her bows damaged.

DEMOCRATS HOLD CAUCUS

Members of House Majority Meet to Organize and Select Officers.

ECONOMY WILL BE WATCHWORD

Will Save Much by Cutting Out Several of the Committees.

Washington, April 1.—Democratic representatives in the 62d congress who will control the lower house for the next two years met in caucus today.

The house chamber was a scene of activity, scores of new members arriving more than an hour ahead of time to mingle with the veterans in the lobbies and cloak rooms. The caucus was called to order by Henry Claton.

The first action was the election of Representative Albert S. Burleson, of Texas, as permanent chairman.

Mr. Burleson had been a candidate for chairmanship of the committee on appropriations which the ways and means committee report assigns to Representative J. J. Fitzgerald, of New York. This action, it is believed will restore good feeling which was upset by the contest for the appropriations committee. W. Ashbrook, of Ohio, was chosen secretary.

It was believed that the election of officers of the house, a sergeant-at-arms, clerk, postmaster, doorkeeper and chaplain would be made after the organization of the caucus. The principal contest is over the post of sergeant-at-arms.

Stokes Jackson a Candidate.

The candidates are Stokes Jackson, democratic state chairman off Indiana, and W. H. Ryan, of New York.

The ways and means committee planned to submit to the caucus its report on organization of the house committees. A list of committees and their chairmen has been completed and contests are brewing over a few of the selections.

The new committee on rules worked until last night completing its report for presentation to the caucus.

[Continued on Page Two.]

A HARD NUT FOR SUPREME COURT

Highest Tribunal to Decide What Constitutes a Widow.

DAMAGE SUIT ISSUE

Washington, April 1.—What constitutes a widow? An answer to this question may be expected from the supreme court of the United States shortly. On Monday the court will listen to learned counsel argue the point. If Catherine Craig, of Jefferson county, Pa., is the widow of Adam P. Schlemmer, deceased, she stands to win a judgment against the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg railway company as the result of Schlemmer's death while working on the railroad in 1900. If she ceased to be Schlemmer's widow when she married Patrick Craig some time after her suit against the railroad was begun, it is claimed that she cannot press her suit for loss of support.

Congressman M. E. Olmstead has taken the position that she is not Schlemmer's widow. He filed a brief today in the supreme court in which he argued this point. The congressman claims that the action against the railroad is purely statutory and having been brought under a Pennsylvania statute is governed by Pennsylvania decisions. He then quotes decisions of that commonwealth that a woman is not a man's widow if she is another's wife.

He concludes his argument on this point by remarking that "What constitutes a 'widow' under the Pennsylvania statute is not exactly a federal question."

MRS. JOSEPH BOHN DEAD

Former Fort Wayne Woman Passes Away at Fraser, Mich.

Mrs. Bohn, wife of Rev. Joseph Bohn, formerly a resident of Fort Wayne, died Thursday at her home in Fraser, Mich. Before her marriage Mrs. Bohn was Miss Amelia Lang, and she is survived by the husband and four sons. Funeral services and interment occur at Kendallville, where Mrs. Bohn was born.

WILL PAY CITY 3 PER CENT.

New Telephone Company Wants to Break Into Evansville.

Evansville, Ind., April 1.—William McLean, of Henderson, Ky., representing independent telephone backers of that city and Evansville, asked the board of public works today for a franchise for an independent telephone company in Evansville. The applicants agree to give the city three per cent of the gross earnings.

REAL DANGER IN BAD MILK

Dr. Ravenel, Eminent Bacteriologist, Sounds an Emphatic Warning.

MUCH WORSE THAN INFECTED MEATS

Dr. Caroline Bartlett Crane to Close Health Week Program Tonight.

That there is infinitely more danger of the transmission of tuberculosis to the human family from the milk supply than from the eating of meats of animals in which tuberculosis may have been present was the contention of Dr. Mazyck P. Ravenel, the eminent bacteriologist, in his address before the health week congress at Library hall Friday evening.

Dr. Ravenel, whose reputation as an expert authority is international, lifted his voice in emphatic warning to the public to make certain that its milk supply came from cattle in which the tuberculin test had definitely established the absence of tuberculosis and that it came from sanitary dairys and had been marketed in cleanly fashion.

In this connection Dr. Ravenel took occasion to especially commend the efforts of the local health authorities to give Fort Wayne a pure milk supply, and declared that the Fort Wayne public ought to back the officials up solidly in their efforts to conserve the public health. The audience, which was the largest of the week, gave close attention to Dr. Ravenel, who is at the head of the hygienic laboratory of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and who is perhaps the highest American authority on bovine tuberculosis.

Last Meeting Tonight.

This evening Dr. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, will bring the health week program in Fort Wayne to a close with her address on "Municipal Sanitation—Its Relation to Public Health." The subject is one to which Mrs. Crane has given years of close study and effort, and she is widely recognized as a leader in this line of municipal endeavor in America.

Health week has been a splendid success, and Fort Wayne physicians and members of the Anti-Tuberculosis society are delighted with the interest shown in the movement. Without exception the speakers have declared the exhibit one of the best that has ever been collected, and that the educational value to Fort Wayne people along the lines of health conservation must have been of incalculable value. The audiences have increased steadily, and that which heard Dr. Ravenel was the largest of the week, numbering more than 800 people.

Dr Ravenel's Lecture.

Dr. G. W. McCaskey of this city, introduced Dr. Ravenel, of the University of Wisconsin, at Library hall Friday evening and in the introduction the local medical man made a few very interesting remarks concerning the subject of tuberculosis in general.

Dr. Ravenel, in opening his speech, referred to the splendid exhibition in the assembly hall, and told the audience that more could be learned from reading the charts than in any other manner. He said he would explain some of the whys and wherefores of consumption, and emphasized the fact that the disease is preventable. The doctor remarked that a blot is on the country for the reason that the disease is not prevented to a greater extent than it is. The history of the discovery of tuberculosis was introduced and statistics were read by the speaker to show the percent of deaths caused by the dread ravages.

An important point emphasized by the lecturer was the fact that while animals do spread tuberculosis to some extent, the chief way the disease is transmitted is from man to man. On this subject Dr. Ravenel said: "Cattle share with men the sad privilege of spreading this awful disease. While the cases of tuberculosis from cattle are more rarely found than the cases contracted from man, we must still be careful and guard against the former. The bovine disease is the same as the disease found in the human. There are not two different germs: simply two different types of the same germ. The bovine tuberculosis germ is from 25 to 30 times more poisonous than the human germ. This has been discovered through actual tests performed on monkeys."

Different Phases a Malady.

Dr. Ravenel continued at some length explaining the different phases of the disease in cattle and hogs. During these explanations the lecturer showed how his theories differed from the theories held by the late Dr. Koch, the discoverer of the cure of tuberculosis. For a conclusion of his talk the subject of the disease transmission from animals to humans was taken up by the doctor and he finished with the following valuable statements: "The infants of the country

[Continued on Page Two.]

THE WEATHER.

Washington, April 1.—Indiana—Generally fair tonight and Sunday; slightly warmer Sunday; light north to northeast winds.

Ohio—Generally fair tonight and Sunday, light to moderate north winds.

Lower Michigan—Fair tonight; Sunday fair, slightly warmer; light to moderate north winds.

Illinois—Generally fair tonight and Sunday, warmer with showers in afternoon or night.

ROHNER HELD IN JUVENILE COURT

Messenger Boy Who Stole Small Fortune is Arrested Here.

HE HAD SPENT MONEY

John Rohner, who was arrested last night at the Western Union telegraph office and later confessed that he was one of two messenger boys who stole $1,300 in cash and $4,000 in negotiable paper at Hoboken in January, was held to the juvenile court by Judge Mungovan today and will be turned over to the New Jersey authorities when they come for him.

The lad applied for work here a few days ago and was recognized by Manager Black as the fugitive. When Chief of Police Dayton Abbott and Captain Martin H. Rundell questioned him last night he admitted his guilt although he was not very clear on several important points.

The money and securities were given to him to transfer from one bank to another at Hoboken and he and a companion skipped out with the money. He stated last night that they began living high from the time they started west and spent money freely at Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago and Denver. At Denver they became afraid of the securities and burned them and then proceeded to the coast and remained there several weeks.

"This dago that was with me almost forced me to steal the money. We split it and I spent most of my half buying clothes and things and the dago kept his. When I went broke he shook me and I had to try to get back home.

"Oh, I don't care. I'd just as soon go back and take my medicine as not. I haven't got any money and I don't care. I lived with my mother and she didn't know when I went away."

Some of the money was in large denominations and when the boys wanted the bills changed they used a clever scheme to prevent detection. They had their badges with them and when they went into a bank to break a bill they wore them and experienced no difficulty nor did they excite any suspicion. The prisoner is sixteen years old.

The Other Cases.

Charles Kohleg, plain drunk, was fined $5 and costs and George Smith up for the same offense, had his case continued until April 5.

BUTLER TEAM IS COMING.

Will Confer Rank in Phoenix Lodge Monday Evening.

Phoenix lodge No. 101, Knights of Pythias, will entertain the Butler lodge degree team of fifty men on Monday evening, when the visitors will confer the rank of knight. The work is new and is said to be very fine. The visitors will arrive in a special car over the interurban line at 6:30 o'clock Monday evening.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

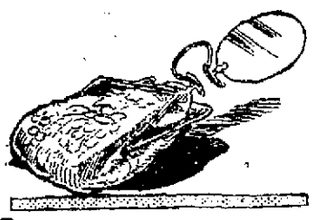
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



Our Glasses Fit Your Purse

as well as your eyes. That accounts for the remarkable growth of our business.

Operating more than ONE store, we purchase our frames in large quantities, direct from the manufacturer and we grind all lenses in OUR OWN FACTORY.

CORRECT GLASSES at a REASONABLE PRICE—that's what you get if WE furnish them.

No charge for examination.

ROGERS

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

Anthony Hotel Corner

YOU NEED MONEY

WE LEND IT IN ANY AMOUNT UP TO $100

You can borrow what money you need on your household goods, pianos, horses, wagons, fixtures, etc. You can have from one to twelve months time in which to pay it back.

Our contracts are simple and all transactions are clean cut and private.

$1.20 per week for 50 weeks pays a $50.00 loan.

All amounts in proportion.

Reliable. Private.

FORT WAYNE LOAN CO.

Established 1896.

Room 2, Second Floor, 705 Calhoun. Home Phone 833.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

CLARKS PAY AND DRAW A SENTENCE

Thirty Days in Jail Given Charlie Clark and His Wife.

TERM IS SUSPENDED

Pleas of guilty were entered in the circuit court today by Charles and Clara B. Clark to the charge of conducting a house of ill repute and each was fined $25 and costs and given thirty days in jail. The jail sentences were suspended.

Charges of bribery and of conducting a blind tiger remain against the husband and will probably be tried by jury, as the state has not seen its way clear to consent to a suspended jail sentence in the blind tiger matter.

The fines and costs amounted to nearly $70 and were settled during the afternoon. These cases had not been set down fortrial, but overtures were made to dispose of them and they were cleared off the docket. Attorneys for Mrs. Clark insist that she had nothing to do wth renting rooms for immoral purposes.

Saloon Men Are Careful.

Saloon men who are to come before the county commissioners on Monday morning for renewals of their licenses are proceeding with unusual caution, as failure to comply with the requirements of the new law means that they are out for good as the quota is more than filled now. Only half of the applications were in this afternoon and they are as follows:

Chas. Bogenschutz, 802 Barr street; Herman Muller, Wallace and Monroe streets; Edward J. Gruber, 720 Wilt street; James A. Noonan, 1627 Wells street; Warren L. Barrick, 1435 West Main street; Joseph Notestine, 623 Harrison street; Ed F. Kronmiller, Calhoun and Dawson streets; John C. Figel, 1214 Wells street; Laurence Hursh, Columbia street. Clark Gifford, transfer from Ed Schele; Berghoff Brewing association, for wholesale license; John W. Brown, transfer from Laurence Hursh.

Wants His Money Back.

John H. Hartman has filed suit in the superior court against Lewis Karbach demanding $1,500 to reimburse him for the money paid yesterday on the forfeiture of the bail bond of Theresa Karbach. The bond and costs amounted to $1,011 and the balance of the $1,500 is to cover court costs and fees. Thomas and Townsend brought the suit.

The complaint sets out that Karbach did not have money enough to sign the bond alone and that he promised to reimburse Hartman in event of a forfeiture.

Floyd Hopple in Court.

Floyd Hopple, a lad who has been in jail several months on a charge of larceny, was in court this afternoon to plead. The young fellow has been in trouble a number of times and says he cannot resist the temptation to steal.

Bartlett Demands Damages.

George W. Bartlett entered suit in the circuit court to recover $1,500 damages from the city of Fort Wayne. He says he fell into a hole on Superior street in February. McAdams & Hartzell filed the suit.

NEW STATION TO BE CONSTRUCTED

Three Million Gallon Pump for the South of the City.

PUTTING DOWN WELLS

Drilling was resumed today on South Broadway to provide three wells for an additional pumping station of three million gallons daily capacity in order to meet the demand for water that will come with the warm weather.

This will give a total of seven wells and two stations on the south side and provides for emergencies, accidents and extreme dry weather.

For the present no wells will be drilled on the city property in the eastern portion of the city. Investigations have not proven to the board of public works that they can get good water there and until the members are convinced of this they will delay action.

With the new station in operation there will be little danger of a water famine under the most unfavorable conditions and the city can be cared for until the future policy in this department has been carefully considered.

Must Move the Sewer.

It was found today that about 120 feet of a three and a half foot sewer at the Fairfield avenue tunnel will have to be removed, as it is at a point where the center supporting piers will be built. This means an additional cost of approximately $700.

CITY BREVITIES.

Rev. B. F. Brandt, of Grace Lutheran church, will preach in Columbia City, tomorrow afternoon in place of Rev. Schulz, who has resigned there to take a pastorate in Portland.

Mrs. Hazel Mergel Geake and Howard Van Sweringen, the latter operating the player piano, gave a recital in Packard hall last evening which gave pleasure to a large audience. The selections were of a popular order.

Henry Bremer, a veteran floor walker at the White Fruit house, was given a surprise party last evening by employes of the store who presented him with a fine rocking chair in honor of his seventy-second birthday anniversary. Mr. Bremer has been employed at the Fruit House for forty-three years. There was a merry time at the party and Mr. Bremer enjoyed the occasion equally with his friends, who extended their heartiest congratulations.

PROOF In the Morning!

We tell you about how good you'll feel after taking a CASCARET—that millions of people—buy, use and recommend them—But that's talk—you *buy* a box now—take as directed *tonight* and get the *proof* in the morning—After you know CASCARETS you'll never be without them. 928

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

REAL DANGER IN BAD MILK

[Continued from Page One.]

are the ones who suffer from the ravages of bovine tuberculosis. The cases found in adults are very rare. Fully one-third of the children of the big cities under the age of five die from tuberculosis in the alimentary canal, transmitted by cows. While infected meat is very dangerous, it is nothing compared to milk infected by these bovine tuberculosis germs. The way to fight this disease of children is through the dairies. The milk customers of this city should all demand milk from inspected dairies. To stamp out this plague we should insist on all dairy cows being free from tuberculosis. Insist on the tuberculin test being used on all dairy cows in your community. When you get pure milk you can be sure that the disease will rapidly disappear."

As to Diet and Health.

Discussing "Mal-Nutrition and Indigestion" Saturday afternoon, Miss Lenna Cooper, of Battle Creek, a dietician of note, in the beginning of her talk used the comparison of the man rich in health and the man rich in wealth. She showed that some people were born with a large stock of health and that some were born weak and said there was no reason for lack of care in the former case. That there is no argument in the statement that some man had lived to reach the age of ninety and had taken little or no care of his health, was plainly shown by Miss Cooper.

"When we hear of someone suffering from mal-nutrition, we can be certain it is from one of two causes—improper diet or indigestion," said Miss Cooper. "The body is made of the foods we consume and the old German proverb 'As a man eateth so is he,' is very true. The body requires the right diet at all times or something is sure to go wrong. The proper proportions in the menu should be 10 per cent protien, 30 fats and 60 per cent carbohydrates. It is impossible to emphasize too strongly that our health and energies depend on our foods. Foods are tissue builders and energy producers. Formerly it was supposed that a large amount of protien was necessary but Prof. Crittendon of Yale has broken up that theory by his experiments on college athletes. This learned professor says that only 8 per cent protien is necessary in the foods we eat."

Miss Cooper when she arrived at the subject of indigestion continued with these statements." "There are two causes of inefficient digestion. The first is the hyper-hydrocloric state of the stomach and the second is the hypo-hydrocloric state, in other words the acid stomach and the non-acid stomach." She went into detail and explained the cause for these conditions in the digestive organs and in conclusion remarked: "Watch your diet, take plenty of exercise in the cold air and get as much sleep as you need."

Health Board Exhibit Closed.

In order to permit the opening of its work at Angola on time next week, it was necessary to close and pack the exhibit of the Indiana board of health at Library hall this morning. The special exhibits of tubercular meat and the Typographical union's model sleeping tent, however, are still in place and may be seen this evening. The printers of the city are planning to attend tonight's meeting in force.

The food exhibit, which has been in charge of Inspector F. W. Tucker during the week, has proven especially attractive in Fort Wayne, and it has been almost constantly surrounded by an interested audience.

Many Schoolhouses Unfit.

"Fully seventy-five per cent. of the schoolhouses of this state are absolutely unfit for school purposes. Over seventy-five per cent. of the scholars below the eighth grade suffer to a greater or less degree from some physical defect." These two important statements were made by Dr. W. F. King in his short lecture on "School Hygiene" at the Library hall Friday afternoon. Dr. King is assistant secretary of the state board of health, and during his work in that capacity he has visited over 300 schools and obtained information about many others.

He dwelt for some time at the opening of his talk on the necessity of medical inspection in the schools of the state. On this subject he said: "The best time to apply the foundation of health is when the human is in the child stage. The organisms of the child are plastic and easily yield to impressions. The state compels the child to attend school from the age of 8 to 14, so the state should protect the child while he is in school. Jails and reformatories do not solve the problem of crime; that problem must be solved in the homes, schools and churches."

In the course of his talk another important point touched on was the sanitary school subject. The speaker explained the new sanitary school law and concerning it said: "Nearly all of our schools are unfit for use. We must have better schoolhouses and a system of hygienic study in these schools. The points that go to make up a bad school building are bad air, lack of air, poor light, overcrowding, imperfect heating and impure water. The teachers must learn the health index and be able to partially diagnose the defect of the children. Children fail in their studies from the effects of physical defects rather than from mental defects."

WABASH GLEE CLUB.

The glee club of Wabash college, Crawfordsville, Ind., is making its sixteenth annual tour and will appear at the high school auditorium next Tuesday evening. The club contains some highly trained vocal and instrumental musicians, and they are spoken of in terms of high praise wherever they have appeared.

G. J. KIERSPE'S LIFE IS ENDED

Real Estate and Insurance Man Formerly With Rurode Store.

DIES OF PNEUMONIA

Following an illness of some weeks from pneumonia, George J. Kierspe, junior member of the real estate and insurance firm of Walsh & Kierspe, died at 9:30 o'clock Friday night at his home, 1208 Michigan avenue, at the age of 41 years. The immediate cause

GEORGE J. KIERSPE,
Well Known Fort Wayne Man Who Has Passed Away.

of his death was a blood clot in the heart. He was widely and favorably known, and his death will be a distressing shock to a very large circle of friends.

Mr. Kierspe was born and reared in Fort Wayne, received his early education in the Lutheran schools of the city and later attended the old M. E. college. When but little past boyhood Mr. Kierspe entered the Root & Co. dry goods establishment—now the Rurode store—and in twenty-three years connection with that institution rose from a minor position to that of vice president of the company, which he occupied when he retired two years ago to become a partner with W. P. Walsh in the realty and insurance business. Mr. Kierspe's personal popularity and his business capability contributed very largely to the success which attended the partnership. The deceased was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, and treasurer of the board of trustees. He is survived by the wife and five children—Carl, Georgia, Raymond, Alice and Marie Kierspe.

DONALDSON.

James B. Donaldson, aged 68, who for many years was a resident of Fort Wayne, died this morning at the Soldiers' Home at Marion, Ind. The deceased was born in Pennsylvania, Feb. 7, 1845, and served in Company C, 139th Pennsylvania Volunteer regiment during the civil war. He was a member of Union Veteran Legion, and was a highly respected man and a devout Christian. His wife preceded him in death and he is survived by one daughter, Miss Clara B. Donaldson, of Fort Wayne, and one brother, T. L. Donaldson, of Pittsburg, Pa. The remains will be brought to Fort Wayne Sunday morning and will be taken to the Schone & Ankenbruck undertaking parlors, and on Monday morning will be removed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, 1829 South Webster street, from where the funeral will be held Tuesday afternoon. The interment will be at Lindenwood cemetery.

GRONER.

Mrs. Elsia Groner, died Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of her sister, Mrs. Catherine Gordon, 129 East Leith street, at the age of 73 years. Death was due to bronchitis following an illness of five years.

The deceased has been a resident of this city the greater part of the past twenty-five years, and for ten years has made her home with her sister. She was a member of St. Vincent's De Paul and the Rosary societies of the St. Patrick's congregation. Surviving relatives are a son, Chauncey Groner, of Cima, Cal., and two sisters, Mrs. Catherine Gordon, of this city, and Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, who formerly made her home here, but who now resides in Chicago.

Funeral services Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock at the residence thence to St. Patrick's Catholic church at 9 o'clock.

HAHNE.

Arthur J. Hahne, of Warsaw, a dry cleaner by occupation, died at 12:30 o'clock Saturday morning at the Lutheran hospital, where he had been a patient for twenty weeks.

Death was due to general septicaemia following an attack of appendicitis. The deceased was 23 years of age and is survived by a wife and one child.

The remains were taken to Warsaw for funeral services and interment.

FREEL.

Mrs. Amanda Freel, aged 69 years, widow of David Freel, died Friday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Ackerman, 1101 Grant avenue. Death was due to paralysis following an illness of five days. The deceased was born in Ohio and for the past five years had made this city her home. Surviving relatives are two daughters, Mrs. Charles Ackerman, of Fort Wayne, and Mrs. Delina Honeycut, of Poneto, Ind. Interment at Huntington.

FUNERAL NOTICES.

Schnitzler.—Funeral services for Peter Schnitzler Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock at St. Patrick's Catholic church, thence to the Catholic cemetery.

"77"

Dr. Humphreys' Seventy-Seven breaks up Colds and

GRIP

A Hard Cold.

It is not easy to tell the Grip, from a hard stubborn Cold, nor is it necessary, the treatment being the same.

"Seventy-seven" taken early shortens and moderates the attack, in either case.

Don't wait till your bones begin to ache, and you have Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever, or the cure may take longer.

All Drug Stores 25c or mailed.

Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., Cor. William and Ann Streets, New York.

MEASLES MAY BE DECIDING FACTOR

Option Election Down in Orange County Ruled by Epidemic.

RESULTS ON FRIDAY

Indianapolis, Ind., April 1.—On the distribution of measles—whether they have affected families of the "wets" or families of the "drys"—will depend, it is said the outcome of the option election in in French Lick township, Orange county, which is voting today under the Proctor law. Two other units, Paoli and Orleans townships, in the same county, also are voting. The other units voting today are four townships in Vermilion county, Highland, Vermilion, Helt and Clinton, outside of Clinton City.

Friday's Results.

In yesterday's election the "wets" captured both cities voting and one township. In Newcastle, Henry county, they piled up the largest majority, 582, thus far made under the Proctor law. Plymouth, Marshall county, gave them 120 majority, and Union township, in the same county, added 33 to the total majority, making it 735 as compared with 639, the total majority of the "drys" in seven units.

The townships voting "dry" are: Locke, 16; Olive, 50 and Washington, 67, all in Elkhart county; Bourbon, 125; Polk 57 and Tippecanoe, 43, all in Marshall county, and Jackson, 181, in Miami county.

BREAK DEADLOCK; O'GORMAN CHOSEN

[Continued from Page One.]

man and married Anne M. Leslie in New York on January 2, 1884. They have nine children, seven daughters and two sons.

Mr. O'Gorman, at 17, entered the College of the City of New York and later attended the University of New York law school, was graduated and entered at the bar in 1882.

In 1893 he was elected a justice of the muncipal court and in 1899 was elected a justice of the supreme court for a term of fourteen years from January 1, 1900.

His salary has been $17,500, or almost three times what he will receive as United States senator. And he had almost three years to serve, while as a senator he has six years.

The new senator is a member of the Law institute, the Medico-Legal society, Catholic club, Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, New York Athletic club, Champlain club, Royal Arcanum, and other organizations. He has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the College of St. Thomas of Villanova, 1904, Fordham university, 1908, and New York university, 1909.

DR. MARQUARDT RESIGNS.

Dr. S. J. Marquardt has resigned his position as veterinary inspector in the department of agriculture bureau of animal industry, stationed at the Fred Eckart Packing Co.'s plant in this city, where he has served four years and one month continually.

He expects to practice his profession in this city for the present, establishing an office down town. Prior to his former position as veterinary inspector he practiced for three years at Monroeville Ind. He is a graduate of the Ohio State university, veterinary department class of 1904, holding a license to practice in the states of Indiana and Ohio.

Primitive races of mankind eat many things that seem strange and repulsive. At the end of the rainy season the bushmen of South Africa go foraging, taking with them their wives and children, and most of their earthly possessions. The men hunt, using arrows tipped with a poison which appears to be harmless when taken into the stomach. (The South American Indians claim that the curare which they use for this purpose makes the flesh of the game more digestible.) While the men hunt the women dig edible roots with sharpened sticks. The favorite root or tuber, called iensho, is as big as a cocoanut, like which it is filled with a milky juice, so that it appeases both hunger and thirst. Caterpillars are collected, killed by crusing their heads, and carefully packed in grass for future use. Good water is often a highly prized luxury, and is bottled in antelope skins for transportation.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Benjamin Reiter, 22, painter, and Margaret G. Rocksatroh, 21.

SENTINEL WANT ADS ALWAYS GET RESULTS.

SPAIN'S CABINET HAS QUIT OFFICE

Canalejas Ministry Has Succumbed to Its Troubles.

WEYLER FOR PREMIER

Madrid, April 1.—The cabinet of Premier Canalejas resigned today.

The cabinet met today and discussed the violent controversies which have arisen within and outside the chamber of deputies during the debate on the trial of Prof. Ferrer who was executed in 1909 after conviction on the charge of inciting revolution. The ministers also considered what attitude the government should take concerning new developments, particularly the opposition agitation in the army.

Such was the diversity of opinion on several points that the retirement of the cabinet was determined upon.

It is rumored tonight that General Weyler, captain general of Catalonia, has been charged with the responsibility of forming a new cabinet.

The Canalejas cabinet formed on February 9, 1910, and reorganized on January 1 last.

Canalejas in forcing religious reforms encountered the bitter opposition of the Catholics and his course resulted in a spectacular suspension of diplomatic relations with the government and the vatican. The premier has, however, been credited with the support of King Alfonso. His bill of associations, aimed to regulate the religious and other societies, which he fused to submit first to the holy see was approved unanimously by the cabinet last Tuesday. It was to be introduced in the cortes on April 6.

KING HASTENS TO MADRID.

Seville, Spain, April 1.—King Alfonso who had been stopping here with Queen Victoria and their children left hastily today for Madrid following the receipt of official dispatches concerning the resignation of the cabinet.

DEMOCRATS HOLD CAUCUS

[Continued from Page One.]

An entirely new code of rules to govern the next house has been written. Representative Henry, of Texas, chairman of the committee, stated before the caucus that the committee had used as a basis for the new code the rules of the house of the 63rd congress, the last congress controlled by the democrats.

Patronage is Considered.

The question of patronage was then taken up and discussion followed on a plan to abolish many positions, it having been estimated that about $113,000 can be saved in this manner.

In a short speech to his associates, Chairman Underwood, of the ways and means committee announced the plan to cut down the big roll of house employes and to give most of the patronage to those democrats who had not been given committee chairmanships.

The details of the plan to save $113,000 in the expenses of running the house were presented in a report by Representative Palmer, of Pennsylvania, a member of the ways and means committee to whom the work had been entrusted.

Adopt Economy Program.

The scheme not only contemplated the abolishment of many positions, but the consolidation of others.

After prolonged discussion the committee adopted the economy program, which in detail includes the abolition of six of the standing committees—militia, private land claims, Pacific railroads, levees and improvements of the Mississippi river ventilation and acoustics, and manufactures. The pruning policy will cut out nearly one-third of the house employes.

The report of the rules committee probably will be considered this afternoon.

KEPT OUT CREOSOTE BLOCK.

Board of Public Works Confirmed the Paving Resolutions.

Members of the board of public works have confirmed the resolutions for paving Spy Run avenue and South Clinton streets without admitting creosote block. It is held the petition was not signed and presented in the specified time and that in two kinds of brick and sheet and asphalt block are named, they constitute four materals.

The action for the paving of Calhoun street at the north approach of the tunnel was rescinded, as the Fort Wayne and Northern Indiana Traction company wants to do its paving between the rails and will submit plans at once.

NEW VICE PRESIDENTS.

Officers Are Added to Waterways Association.

Capt. Charles Campbell, at work as special representative of the Toledo, Fort Wayne and Chicago Waterways association, is selecting additional vice presidents of the association in various cities and towns along the territory to be affected by the proposed barge canal connecting Lake Erie and Lake Michigan.

Burdge H. Hurd has been selected at Huntington and Hon. Omar B. Smith at Rochester. For New York York Messrs. Lewis Nixon, Daniel A. Cobb and George Clinton have been named, while the Ohio vice presidents are H. R. Probasco and George B. Fox, of Cincinnati, and Hon. T. T. Ansberry, of Defiance.

WILL RAISE MAINE JUNE 1.

Pensacola, Fla., April 1.—The hull of the sunken battleship Maine in Havana harbor, will be exposed not later than June 1, according to Frank M. Daniels, the contractor who built the coffer dams around the ship. He returned today from Havana. Then it can be determined whether the explosion which destroyed the ship was from within or without.

Sentinel Want Ads. Pay.

"Ripe" or "Unripe" Cigars?

It's the "*raw*"—*not* the "ripe"—cigar that is bad for you.

"Raw" cigars are made from *half-cured tobacco* (as all tobacco comes from the growers).

To *full*-cure tobacco takes money and time, so most cigar makers don't do it. The result is the "*unripe*" cigar that *makes "nerves."*

I full-cure *every leaf* in "El Symphonie" Cigars, spending from six weeks to two months on each batch of tobacco. That *in addition* to the grower's "cure."

My process *leaves in* enough nicotine for the flavor but *takes out* the *rank excess* that does *harm*.

It has taken me *31 years* to learn how to make "*ripe*" cigars

"El Symphonies" *taste* "ripe" and—like ripe fruit—you can "*digest*" them. Smoke up to *ten* daily with no ill effects.

But, decide for yourself.

Go to your dealer's *now*—get one and *smoke* it. See if you know another cigar at the price that can equal it.

EL SYMPHONIE

—the ripe Cigar—5c

Made in two shapes—one a big, regular shape smoke; the other a panatella, for light smokers—each 5c

Eddelman Maker

RAILWAY MAN DIES SUDDENLY.

Memphis, Tenn., April 1.—John A. Scott, recently appointed from the post of district passenger agent of the Illinois railroad to that of general passenger agent for the lines of that road south of the Ohio river, died suddenly at his home here today of heart trouble.

APRIL, 1911.

SATURDAY	1
MONDAY	3
TUESDAY	4
WEDNESDAY	5
THURSDAY	6

Savings Deposits

Received during the first (5) business days of April will bear 4% interest from April 1, 1911.

TRI-STATE LOAN & TRUST CO.

811 CALHOUN ST.

Paid-up Capital, $300,000.00
Assets Over $4,400,000.00

WHY

Meigs' Glasses and Service Are Best.

We keep pace with the times. If today an improvement in the method of examination or making glasses can be made, it will be embodied in our glasses of tomorrow.

Combine over 15 years' experience and a sturdy ambition to grow, with high quality, fair treatment and reasonable prices, and you have the secret of our success.

Glasses $2.00 and up.

Examinations without charge.

MEIGS

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

LYRIC THEATER BLDG.

1012 Calhoun Street.

$5 to $100 For A Long Time At a Low Rate. "Easy Money."

WE ARE ALWAYS READY to lend our assistance to those who need it.

TAKE ADVANTAGE of our OFFER of LOW RATES and SMALL PAYMENTS and get a BARGAIN IN MONEY.

We advance money on furniture, pianos, etc., and to the working man on his OWN PLAIN NOTE.

Loans made in all towns, on all steam and interurban lines.

PRIVATE. — CONFIDENTIAL.

Mechanics Loan Co.

1104 CALHOUN ST.

Room 1, 2d Floor. H. Phone 817

NEWS OF FORT WAYNE'S NEIGHBORS

VICTIM GOING TO TAKE OUT POLICY

Samuel Bechtold, Victim of Auto Smash-Up on Way to City to Be Examined for Insurance.

Wabash, Ind., April 1.—It is just learned that Samuel Bechtold, of Belden, who was fatally injured in an automobile accident near Lagro last Saturday, was on his way to this city to be examined for insurance when the frightful tragedy occurred. This was learned through a letter received by Dr. N. H. Thompson, of this city, examiner for a Boston company in which Mr. Bechtold had made application for a policy of $3,000.

On March 8 Mr. Bechtold made out an application for a $3,000 policy through the company's local representative. When the application was made Mr. Bechtold was too busy to be examined, and not believing that there was any haste about the matter it was postponed. On two or three occasions the agent spoke to the Belden man about the examination, but it was postponed from time to time until last Saturday.

On that day Mr. Bechtold had an opportunity to accompany Frank Fults to Wabash in his new car, the owner desiring Mr. Bechtold to make the trip with him to instruct him in driving. It was when the motorists were but six miles away from this city that the fatal accident occurred.

Had the examination been made and recommended by the examining physician the policy would have been good, even though death took place fifteen minutes later. To determine whether or not this examination had been made the company wrote to Dr. Thompson, questioning him in regard to the case. The doctor at once replied that the victim of the wreck was on his way here when the accident happened.

LOOSES WOODEN LEGS.

Marion, Ind., April 1.—Albert Snyder, a glass worker of this city, is legless as a result of a writ of replevin issued from Justice McFeely's court for a pair of artificial limbs he was wearing. Snyder bought the made-to-order pedal extremities from an Indianapolis artificial limb company and paid $75 on account. Unable to settle the balance of the bill, a representative of the company brought suit to replevin the goods, and Snyder's legs were amputated, as it were, by the process of the law. Snyder lost both legs in a railroad accident about a year ago.

TO ERECT NEW PARSONAGE.

Goshen, Ind., April 1.—The trustees of the First Presbyterian church, Messrs. H. H. Gortner, H. M. Sanders and Aaron F. Lambert, have decided to erect a modern parsonage on the lot left the church in the will of the Rev. H. L. Vannuys. Architects will soon be employed. It is the intention to have the parsonage ready for occupancy in the fall.

Majestic Theater

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 3.

Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK

In Recital.

PRICES—$2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 50c

SEAT SALE NOW ON.

10 TEMPLE 10
25 EXTRA 25

WEEK MONDAY MATINEE APL. 3.

BRILLIANT AND COSTLY ARRAY OF STARS

MARKS BROS. & CO. In the Merry Musical Comedy "FUN IN HIGH SCHOOL."

CARROLL & COOKE "The Men of the Hour."

BUSH & PEYSER European Novelty Acrobats LEO FILIER Natural Gipsy Violinist.

ROGERS & McINTOSH In Their Famous Playlet "THE GREEN MOUSE"

MARRIOTT TWINS & CO. Daring, Sensational Cyclists.

LUCY TONGE Charming Comedienne

TEMPLE MOTION PICTURES Latest Comedy Subjects

Nights—10c, 25c, 50c

More Cleaning Helps

No-Fault Varnish, 90c quart. The best all-round varnish for furniture and woodwork.

Liquid Veneer, 25c, 50c and $1.

Young's Dust Absorbent Cloths, Young's Broom Covers, 35c, 25c.

Electric Wall Paper Cleaner, 3 for 25c.

Chamois Skins, 10c to $1.50.

Sponges, 5c to 75c.

Gibson's Soap Polish, 10c. 3 for 25c.

Rubber Gloves, 50c to $1.50.

Burdock Tonic Comp.—The best Spring Medicine. $1.00 bottles 25c.

Bradley Bros.

THE CUT RATE DRUG STORE, 627 Calhoun Street.

"Prescriptions filled at a saving."

LOCAL DIRECTORS ELECTED AT MEET

Wabash Auto Company Stockholders Choose Three Local Representatives—$53,000 Invested.

Wabash, Ind., April 1.—Three of the city's prominent business men have been elected, by the local stockholders of the new Service Motor Car company, to fill the chair of directors. The stockholders met Thursday night and chose the men who will represent their interests.

The men chosen were C. E. Cowgill, N. G. Hunter and J. M. Harter, all of whom are capable men and who will add a certain dignity and reliability to the board that will practically safeguard the investment of the local men who have placed a large sum of money in the stock of the new company.

It is the intention of the men in charge of the work to incorporate soon under the statutes of Indiana and that will probably take place Saturday. A directors' meeting was held this morning and the necessary arrangements preparatory to that end were made.

It will probably require two or three weeks before the plant is working, as the present machinery cannot be disturbed until after the sheriff's sale on Monday, and the purchaser given time to remove the same, after which the unloading of machinery will begin. Two carloads are already here and more is on the way, while other machinery will be sent as soon as it can be unloaded here without demurrage on the cars.

The local people have invested in the stock of the new company over $53,000, which is over half of the capital stock of the company and gives them quite a prominence in the affairs of the new industry that comes to the city.

ODD FELLOWS PLAN RALLY.

Kendallville Lodge Men Will Celebrate Anniversary of Founding.

Kendallville, Ind., April 1.—The Odd Fellows of Kendallville are planing to act as hosts to the other lodges of the county at a big county meet to be held in this city, April 27, the object of the meeting being the celebration of the 92d anniversary of the founding of the order in the United States. A very interesting program is being prepared, there will be a banquet, and the day will be observed in the most fitting manner.

The growth of the Odd Fellows in this country has been phenomenally rapid, and today they stand as one of the strongest fraternal organizations in the country. In this city their membership numbers 262, while the Rebekahs have enrolled about 220 names on their roster. The coming anniversary celebration will partake of the nature of a rally day, and that the city will be captured by the members of the order there is no doubt. The business men and citizens of the city will unite to give the visiting members from other lodges in the county a royal welcome.

HEAVY LOSS AVERTED.

Hand Extinguishers Save Horn Factory From Big Fire Loss.

Elkhart, Ind., April 1.—Timely use of Babcock fire extinguishers possibly saved the Buescher band instrument factory from a heavy loss early yesterday morning.

Peter Nelson, a caretaker, was repairing a defective pipe in the shipping room and in some unaccountable manner the lighted candle which he was carrying came into contact with a quantity of sheet wadding which is used in wrapping the instruments.

Almost instantly the room was enveloped in flames and Mr. Nelson's cries for help were immediately answered from all parts of the factory. The contents of six extinguishers were used in smothering the flames. The damage was small.

In response to a telephone call, the chemical wagons from stations 1 and 2 and the trucks and motor engine from central answered but their services were not required.

MAY BUILD NEW COURT HOUSE.

Portland, Ind., April 1.—Jay county is to lose one of its land marks. The temple of justice that has been the scene of many noted trials is to be razed and a new $20,000 structure erected in its stead, if a petition now being circulated is acted on favorably by the board of commissioners. The present building, a brick structure of ancient architecture, is inadequate for the county's needs and besides is not in keeping with the building growth of this city, bearing sharp contrast to the imposing structures surrounding it.

PREPARE FOR NEW CHURCH.

Portland, Ind., April 1.—The old frame building on the church lot at the corner of Walnut and Commerce streets, is being jacked up preparatory to moving to the Cring lot to make room for the erection of the new Church of Christ which will be begun just as soon as the weather will permit.

COST OF OPTION ELECTION.

Hartford City, Ind., April 1.—County Auditor W. Lea Smith, on Wednesday afternoon, forwarded to James A. Pogue, city clerk of Dunkirk, the bills for expenses occasioned by the option election held at Dunkirk Tuesday. The expenses amounted to a total of $18.45.

IT'S EQUAL DON'T EXIST.

—o—

No one has ever made a salve, ointment or balm to compare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Eczema, Salt Rheum. For Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands or Sprains its supreme. Unrivaled for Piles. Try it. Only 25c at all druggists.

Try it now, Univoco, 10c straight Cigar.

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INSTANTLY KILLED BY TRAIN.

Body of Joseph Stephenson Hurled Many Feet by Express Train.

Butler, Ind., April 1.—Joseph Stevenson of Mechanicksburg, O., was instantly killed on the Lake Shore Thursday afternoon about 4:30, two miles east of Butler, near the old Brown place. Little is known of the man who probably was a sort of a tramp. He was walking on the track coming west carrying a suit case containing some carpenter tools and a shot gun when he stepped out of the way of an east bound freight stepping on the other track not noticing the rapid approach of the fast express No. 31 westward bound. This train struck him with such force that his body was hurled upward in the air for a considerable distance, so that when it came down the train had traveled so far that he lit on the second or third coach back of the engine.

Every bone in his body was broken and the flesh terribly bruised. Death was instantaneous. His body was brought to this city. On his body was found a court summons wherein was the name and address as above given. It was not, however, till late Friday forenoon that the authorities at Butler were able to get into communication with his relatives, who said they would come for his body at once. He was about forty years of age. Where he was going is not known. He was dressed in workingmen's clothes.

NEW CLOSING HOUR FOR STORES

Bluffton, Ind., April 1.—Yesterday the 6 o'clock closing agreement for the dry goods, clothing and shoe stores expired and Monday, unless there should be further arrangement, the stores will keep open until 8 o'clock. There is an agitation to keep the stores closed after 6 o'clock for another month, but this appears undecided. There also has been talk of trying to have adopted a 6 o'clock closing hour for the entire year, with the exception of special occasions or during the holidays, as is the custom in many cities, but thus far there has been nothing definite in that direction.

NEW REAL ESTATE COMPANY.

Columbia City, Ind., April 1.—Squire Theodore Garty, who has offices in the Washburn block, and George F. Jones, a real estate dealer who has been located above the Hood furniture store, have formed a partnership in the real estate business and will occupy the Garty offices. Both are well known and should get their share of business.

DO IT NOW

Fort Wayne People Should Not Wait Until It is Too Late.

The appalling death rate from kidney disease is due in most cases to the fact that the little kidney troubles are usually neglected until they become serious. The slight symptoms give place to chronic disorders and the sufferer goes gradually into the grasp of diabetes, dropsy, Bright's disease, gravel or some other serious form of kidney complaint.

If you suffer from backache, headaches, dizzy spells; if the kidney secretions are irregular of passage and unnatural in appearance, do not delay. Help the kidneys at once.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for kidney disorders—they cure where others fail. Over one hundred thousand people have recommended them. Here's a case at home:

Jacob F. Rempis, 515 Holman street, Fort Wayne, Ind., says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills just as highly today as I did some years ago when I gave a public statement in their favor. I hope that my statement will be the means of leading other kidney sufferers to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. No. 46 8-23

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until tomorrow before you investigate our method of treating Drug, Liquor and Tobacco addictions with Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets.

We remove desire of patients we accept for treatment, if directions are followed, and do it without pain or suffering. Can be given secretly without the knowledge of the patient. Testimonials SENT FREE. Give it a Trial.

Price $1.00 per package. Sold and recommended in Fort Wayne at the four stores of

Meyer Brothers Co. Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE STAGE

Monday Evening—Mme. Schumann-Heink.
All Next Week, Starting Tuesday—"Egypta."

A GREAT MUSICAL EVENT.

Program for the Mme. Schumann-Heink Recital Monday Evening.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will give her much anticipated recital at the Majestic theater Monday evening, April 3rd. It will be without question one of the greatest musical events in the history of Fort Wayne. Not only will the recital be given by the greatest recital artist of the present day, but she will present the greatest program ever heard in this city. Among the numbers are the famous recitative and arie "Vitellia," from Mozart's opera Titus, and Schubert's Earl King, which for drastic possibilities is unsurpassed. Aside from these there will be a generous group of lieder by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Brahms, and a generous group of English songs. To add to the pleasure of the evening word books will be provided giving English translations of all the songs sung. Following is the complete program:

Program.

I.
Recitative and Arie "Vitellia" (from the opera "Titus") ..... Mozart

II.
(a) Ich Liebe Dich .....
(b) Neue Liebe, neues Leben .. Beethoven
(c) Tod und das Madchen .....
(d) Rastlose Liebe .....
(e) Der Erl-Koenig ..... Schubert

III.
(a) Dis Lotos Blume .....
(b) Frullingsfahrt ..... Schumann
(c) Mainacht .....
(d) Meine Liebe ist grun ..... Brahms
(e) Wiegenlied ..... L. Stein
(f) Das Erkennen ..... Lowe

IV.
Five songs in English:
(a) The Rosary ..... Nevin
(b) O Let Night Speak of Me .....
(c) Danza ..... Chadwick
(d) Lullaby ..... C. J. Bond
(e) Love in a Cottage ..... Ganz

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Says American Public Thirst, Even in Small Towns, for Good Things.

The statement of Mme. Schumann-Heink regarding the appreciation of audiences is of special interest to local concert goers in view of her coming appearance at the Majestic theater Monday evening, April 3rd. To a representative of the Boston Transcript Mme. Schumann-Heink said:

"When artists tell you that the American public has no taste even to the small places of the west, you do not believe it; I know. Those little towns and little cities are full of people who hunger and thirst for the good things, and when I sing in a skating rink as I did in Warren, Ohio, or in a great tent, as I did in Monmouth, Illinois, I sing just as well as in a great hall with a great orchestra, and I consider they have just as much right to my best.

"They came in farm wagons and camped out in tents and brought their babies to Monmouth. The dear people, how I loved them for it. And I'm going there again, too. I don't change my programs for these audiences. I sing Brahms, and Strauss, a little heavy, perhaps, but they listen, and they want to hear more. And up in a mining camp in northern Michigan, where the men came in their working clothes and woolen shirts, they cried more over Schubert's 'Death and the Maiden' than they did in Philadelphia."

AVERTS AWFUL TRAGEDY.

—o—

Timely advice given Mrs. C. Willoughby, of Marengo, Wis., (R. No. 1) prevented a dreadful tragedy and saved two lives. Doctors had said her frightful cough was a "consumption" cough and could do little to help her. After many remedies failed, her aunt urged her to take Dr. King's New Discovery. "I have been using it for some time," she wrote "and the awful cough has almost gone. It also saved my little boy when taken with a severe bronchial trouble." This matchless medicine has no equal for throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

CONTINUOUS SERVICE.

Lagrange Soon to Have Continuous Light and Power Service.

Lagrange, Ind., April 1.—Perhaps no greater good fortune could come to Lagrange than that which now seems to be assured in the near future—continuous electric light and power service. This will come about because of the fact that G. F. Avis, of Hudson, Michigan, has purchased the Ontario water power and will at once install new water wheels and electric generators to generate two hundred or more horse power. All necessary machinery will be purchased in a few days, and work will soon begin on the power line which will be built heavy enough to carry 10,000 volts to Lagrange. His plan is to bring the current into the steam power house of the Lagrange Electric Light company, and then by transformers step it down to the same voltage now used here. The steam plant will be maintained, so that in case of accident to the transmission line, the home plant could do the work. It is confidently expected that the power plant and the transmission line will be completed within the next four months when Lagrange will have continuous service 24 hours every day and until its blessings have been experienced, they cannot be fully described.

GIVES AID TO STRIKERS.

—o—

Sometimes liver, kidney and bowels seem to go on a strike and refuse to work right. Then you need those pleasant little strike-breakers — Dr. King's New Life Pills—to give them natural aid and gently compel proper action. Excellent health soon follows. Try them. 25c at all druggists.

We are stickers for quality, Univoco, 10c straight Cigar.

Madam Schumann-Heink at the Majestic on Monday Night.

The Temple Theater

Marks Bros. and Company Presenting the Rollicking Miniature Musical Comedy, "Fun in High School," Tops Big Bill.

Marks Brothers and company, who have just completed a tour of the Orpheum circuit and who were the hit on every bill, come to the Temple Monday matinee with their rollicking musical success, entitled, "Fun in High School." This is entirely different from all of the other school acts. This is said to be the best of them all. The Marks Brothers have a world wide reputation as song writers and comedians. There are nine people in the cast and each one is said to possess an excellent voice. During the action of the sketch seven of the Marks Brothers' latest song hits will be introduced.

Carroll and Cooke, "the men of the hour," the famous comedians, have been creating a sensation all over the circuit. They are said to have the best and most up-to-date line of talk of any act in the business. They come also with a stock of the latest song parodies.

Robert Rogers and Louise Mackintosh will appear in a big comedy success, "The Green Mouse." The author of this laugh-producing act is none other than Ed Locke, the man who wrote "The Climax." The Chicago American said Mr. Locke is to be congratulated for permitting vaudeville to profit by this excellent playlet, but might be criticized for not writing a whole comedy drama from the excellent material he has put into "The Green Mouse."

Mr. Rogers and Miss Mackintosh were prominent in the cast of David Belasco's famous play, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

The Marriot Twins and company are originators of the most daring sensational cycle and vehicle novelty ever devised. They come here direct from the Cleveland hippodrome.

Another excellent feature of the bill will be Leo Filier, violin virtuoso, who is said to be the best in vaudeville. He will be heard in both classical and popular selections.

Bush and Peyser, European novelty acrobats, will appear in a big novelty act. They have only appeared in this country 10 weeks. They opened at Keith's, New York. After the first performance they were handed contracts for one year's solid booking.

Lucy Tonge, a dainty and charming comedienne, will appear in some very stunning gowns. She is said to be striking in appearance and will render some of the very best song hits.

The motion picture man informs us he has two excellent comedy subjects for the week, which complete a most brilliant and costly array of stars.

THEY ARE AT THE TEMPLE NEXT WEEK.

ROBERT ROGERS AND LOUISE M'INTOSH,
Presenting the Famous Playlet "The Green Mouse," Written by Ed Locke the Man Who Wrote "The Climax."

MAJESTIC APRIL 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. MATINEE, SATURDAY, APRIL 8.

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Magnificent Scenery. Gorgeous Costumes. Over 2,000 Singers.

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Do not believe in cleanliness? Then for goodness sake let us do your cleaning and pressing in our modern, sanitary plant. Regis Dry Cleaning Co., 1305 Calhoun street. Phone 2198 for our wagon. Prompt auto delivery.

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The Fort Wayne Sentinel

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY

By E. A. K. HACKETT.

Daily, 10c per Week. Weekly, per year, $1.

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VOL. LXXI ..... No. 208

OUR TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms 850
Counting Rooms 173

12

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1911.

TONIGHT.

Amusements — Vaudeville at Temple theater; motion pictures at Lyric, Colonial, Gaiety, Fairy, Casino, Star, Pearl and Hippodrome.
Unions — Letter Carriers; Iron, Tin and Steel Workers, No. 14.
Fraternities — Pythian Sister; Queen Esther, D. of R.; National Union.

IS IT A BARBAROUS WAR?

The peace that is coming to Mexico seems to be doing a deal of costly moping. Not since the uprising in Northern Mexico began has there been such bloody military activity as the present week developed. Some accounts of the slaughter may be exaggerated, but it nevertheless seems clear that there has been some very sanguinary fighting at several points. If there are to be peace negotiations they should be inaugurated with all dispatch and save what blood can be saved.

A phase of this war which is peculiarly revoting to modern humane thought is that both federals and insurgents seem to be wholly unprovided with approved means of properly caring for the sick and wounded. Medical and sanitary provision is almost entirely lacking, if reports be true, and the disabled shift as best they may for themselves. Of course, if it is the fact, as repeated statement has had it, that there are few if any wounded found on the battlefields, the hospital corps finds little to do, while burial squads doubtless are worked overtime. But that armies are in the field without adequate attendance of Red Cross aid to supplement properly organized and equipped medical corps of their own is shocking to those whose notions are formed upon modern standards of humanity in war.

It is not difficult to conceive there is the barbarity of an older time in this warfare that distracts Mexico. The federal army has for the most part got its seasoning in wars of extermination waged against the unconquerable and intrepid Yaquis, while the men who make up the straggling battalions of the insurrecto force in the field are themselves men who know as little of the world's progress in civilized warfare as of its advance in the grooves of peace. What a general state of civil war in Mexico inevitably would mean should impressively admonish those in whose keeping is peace that every diligence employed for the cessation of hostilities will be mercifully employed.

A CLIMAX OF VILLAINY.

What the unconventional westerners at Las Vegas will want to and probably will do to the dastards who ravished a mother of her baby and compelled her to pay an enormous ransom for its return need be guessed at no longer than it takes to bring the criminals back to the scene of their crime. This kidnaping case in New Mexico has features of peculiar atrocity. The stolen babe was only two years old and unspeakable suffering at the hands of the ruffians who stole it was mitigated only by the diligence of the mother in concluding her arrangements for the ransom of it. It takes no stretch of the imagination to conclude that if possession of the child had exposed its abductors to any peril of capture they would have ruthlessly slain it or abandoned it to die in the wilderness. The Rogers child is the tenderest game that so far as we know kidnapers have stalked in this country and that it was restored to its distracted mother unharmed must have been that it was specially under the care of providence, for it was left alone in the wilderness miles distant from the point where the criminals were handed the price of the little one's deliverance. Only mothers have capacity to imagine the anguish of this child's mother as under threat of her own and her child's life she surrendered her cherished babe over to the ruffianly hands of those desperate criminals. It was a crime for which the law can inflict no adequate punishment should the abductors be taken and the people of the community will be quite apt to take that view of it. Child-stealing of all crimes is the most heartless and only villainy that recks neither of God nor man is capable of it. Justice will be cheated of her richest due if the perpetrators of the Las Vegas ravishment go unscourged.

COLONEL DIEHL AND MR. BEACH.

The Associated Press and the hundreds of newspapers served by that magnificent agency sustain a great loss in the retirement of Col. Charles S. Diehl and Mr. Harry L. Beach, who have resigned to embark in journalism on their own account. They have purchased the Light at San Antonio, Texas, and will take charge at once. Colonel Diehl for the last twenty-eight years has been connected with the Associated Press, for the past eighteen years as assistant general manager. Mr. Beach's term of service spans a score of years. For the past two years he has been superintendent of the central division with headquarters in Chicago. The value of Colonel Diehl's service to the Associated Press and to each of the newspapers of which it is comprised is beyond estimate. He has had a great part in giving the Associated Press as a news-gathering, news-distributing agency veritably covering the whole earth a class of its own. Mr. Beach is a journalist of exclusive attainments and intensive force. Such a combination of talent, training and experience vouchsafes more than a promise that even the lively journalism of the Lone Star state is due for awakening and advancement. Hundreds of publishers and thousands of newspaper men will unite in wishing Colonel Diehl and Mr. Beach not only unlimited success in business but the choicest of life's blessings. They deserve all they may get, howsoever much it be.

The long deadlock in the New York legislature has been broken by the election to the United States senate of James Aloysius O'Gorman, now a justice of the supreme court of that state. Justice O'Gorman was picked after canvass had been made of at least a dozen democrats proposed at different times as alternative to William F. Sheehan, the Murphy candidate and caucus nominee whom the democratic insurgents stubbornly refused to support. Justice O'Gorman is a Tammany man, but is free from the most salient objections raised to the election of Sheehan, and is considered to be in point of ability and character fit for the exalted distinction that has come to him. At all events, it does not appear that he will be as distinctly and completely a Murphy senator as would have been the case with Sheehan. The election of Justice O'Gorman ends the most obstinate senatorial deadlock in the history of New York state and the insurgents have triumphed in so far at least as making good their earliest declaration that William F. Sheehan should not go to the senate. Senator O'Gorman will take his seat next Tuesday, when the extra session of congress begins.

The week of entertainment for the benefit of the Playgrounds association begins next Tuesday night at the Majestic theater. Out of this benevolent enterprise it is hoped to realize money enough to carry out the immediate plans of the organization, which now is engaged in fitting and equipping a really elaborate public playground for the children of Fort Wayne. This movement deserves every encouragement that can be given it and whether you go or do not go to the fine entertainment that has been prepared for five nights next week, the money you pay for a ticket will go just as far to help the association to carry forward its splendid work for the little folks of Fort Wayne.

It certainly is a hopeful sign when George B. Cox goes into court and makes oath that there exists in Cincinnati such a state of public sentiment against him as that he cannot have the constitutional guarantee of a fair and impartial trial at the hands of his neighbors and acquaintances and prays therefore that hearing of the cause to which he is made defendant be sent to some other county where he is not so well known. Supposed Cincinnati regarded its much esteemed and unhorseable boss in any fashion he commanded it to regard him.

Summoning a democratic house in extra session to help him redeem one of the immemorial pledges of his party is no joke to William Howard Taft. He knows what he wants, has some notion of what to expect and doubtless has some confidence in the house majority's magnanimity, but there's an Aldrich tariff that needs a lot done to it. So there's no knowing. If the president has any doubt, it's coming to him.

Governor Marshall stipulates with indisputable positiveness that his boom for the presidency is not to be taken later on as a boom for the vice presidency. The governor knows the nature of that job through a campaign. The candidate for vice president is the fellow who goes out and does the hard work to elect the candidate for president.

The Lorimer seat and the way it was got have developed several different kinds of unpleasant muss, but not one of them seems to have suggested to the sitter in the Lorimer seat that there could be any propriety in resigning.

When New York gets her hideous old pile piled up again she will have the only thirty-three million dollar statehouse in North America. But she will not excite envy of sister states.

A senator named O'Gorman ought to be on most accounts as satisfactory to a Warrick named Murphy as a senator named Sheehan.

With all the fine timber she has raised twenty-four years between presidents is a good while for the state of Indiana to wait.

From muzzle to tail-brush March acquitted herself like a lion. Now let April live up to herself like a lady.

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATION DICTIONARY.

In America "Webster's" is the universal and established synonym for dictionary. Since that greatest lexicographer the English language has known first gave his name to Webster's dictionary it has been the standard authority alike of students and scholars. Generations of Americans have made it the unquestioned source of their consultatory inquiries and its authority has always been satisfactory and final. And Webster's has not only kept pace, but has always led in lexicographical progress. Great as was the monumental work to which Noah Webster imparted his name, it bears no comparison with the superlatively Webster's New International Dictionary, otherwise the Merriam Webster. This new creation embraces every field of the world's thought, comprehends the world's knowledge, reflects the world's culture. It is in every meaning of the term an Unabridged Dictionary and it is the first new one in many years. It defines over 400,000 words, it presents over 6,000 illustrations, it offers in the scope of one volume of 2,700 pages a true encyclopaedic knowledge. Courts, schools and press accept it as the one supreme authority. At a cost of half a million dollars it has been made possible to offer this assemblage of encyclopaedic knowledge in a single volume. G. & C. Merriam, of Springfield, Mass., whose name is as inseparably connected with Webster's Dictionary as the name of Noah Webster himself, are still the publishers.

Distinct traces of light have been detected at the great depth of five hundred fathoms below the ocean surface by Sir John Murray's oceano-graphical expedition of 1910. More recently brightly colored organisms have been dredged up from an even greater depth, in the form of rose foraminifers with rose pink shells.

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS

After 20 Years of Intense Suffering When All Thought He Had but Short Time to Live, Earnestly Prayed to Die. Condition Deplorable Beyond Description.

Tries 'Cuticura', Eureka! Relief at Once. Stopped Terrible Burning Sensation from Word Go. In Six Weeks Skin Smooth as This Paper.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skilful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. —— treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone; hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer.

"My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up; said, 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N.Y."

"We hereby certify that we are acquainted with the aforesaid Hiram E. Carpenter, and know his condition to have been as stated. We believe his statement to be true in every particular." L. B. Simmons & Son, Merchants; G. A. Thompson, Merchant; A. A. Davis; Millard E. Joiner, Merchant; John Carpenter; A. M. Ledingwell, Attorney and Counselor-at-law, all of Henderson, N. Y.

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

Since this cure was made by the Cuticura Remedies, they have made their way to every part of the civilized world. Depots in all world centers. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 139 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Mailed free, samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, with 32-p. book on skin treatment.

GASOLINE EXPLODED.

Mrs. Thomas Keys, who lives on the third floor of the building at the corner of Lafayette and Lewis streets, while cleaning clothes with a pan full of gasoline Friday afternoon, struck a match and the fumes immediately exploded. She threw the blazing pan out of the window before any damage was done.

The bakery at 114 West Washington street, was damaged to the extent of $10 by fire which broke out in the kitchen Friday afternoon.

Halftones—Fort Wayne Engraving Co. s11-tf

One hour in Havana, Univoco, 10c Cigar.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE

Compiled by J. C. Heller, Abstractor, 725 Court Street.

CITY.

Lee J. Ninde to Katherine C. Greene, east 10 feet of west 75 feet of north 20 feet lot 166, and east 10 feet of west 75 feet of lots 106, 107, 108 and 109, Ninde's to South Wayne addition, for $200.

James B. White to Edith M. Shell, lot 8, Taylor and Abbott's addition, for $250.

Elias Auman to Sophia D. Jahn, west ½ lot 1, Ewing's addition, for $4,000.

Mary M. Rufpel to Walburga Rufpel, west 30 feet lot 351, Hanna addition, for $2,000.

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Most People Keep Their Property and Household Goods WELL INSURED. Do You?

It Has Been Said:
"Unusual advantages are no advantages."
And Again
"Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain."
A Little Preparation May Prevent A Multitude of Regrets!

Zedespiel & Thorey
628 Calhoun St. Phone 611.

? SOME OF THE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF FORT WAYNE. ?

"Who Burned Strope's Barn?" "Who Stole Whitehead's Ducks?" "Where is Oscar Strayer?" and "Who Killed Harry Shaw?" Remain Unanswered.

Apparently the local newspapers and the police officials have about given up their efforts to solve the Harry Shaw murder mystery and establish the identity of the person guilty of the supposed crime. The murder, if such it was, and the party committing it seem to be placed in the niche that holds "the mysteries of Fort Wayne." With the other questions—unanswered ones and unsolved mysteries—of the shadowy past a big "?" has been placed behind the latest of Fort Wayne's mysteries. "Who killed Harry Shaw?"

The Fort Wayne mysteries of the past, a few of them, at any rate, oftenest heard spoken of—two of which have become common sayings in newspaper prints and in the conversation of many—are. "Who Burned Strope's Barn?" "Who Stole Whitehead's Ducks?" and "Where is Oscar Strayer?"

Who Burned Strope's Barn?

This is a question that about every person who has lived in Fort Wayne a half dozen years or so has often heard. In fact, it had long been a sort of standing joke question. And yet very few know the story connected with it.

For many years there lived in Fort Wayne a man well known by many of our present old-time residents—Dennis B. Strope. He was a railroad man. He had long been in the service of the Pennsylvania railroad, for years as a locomotive engineer and afterwards as the road foreman of engineers, preceding Road Foreman of Engineers Polhamus. He was also for some time a member of the city council and in partnership with H. F. Beverforden from 1877 to 1882, owned the drugstore at the corner of Calhoun and Grand streets.

Mr. Strope resided at the northwest corner of Calhoun and Highland. One night in the years long ago, possibly thirty-five or more of them, Strope's barn, situated on the rear of his living lot, burned down. Scarcely a timber was left standing or remained uncharred when the light of the following morning came.

How it caught fire nobody knew. It is not known to this day. Engineer Strope was vigorous and active in his attempt to find out the cause of the fire. It was supposed to be of incendiary origin. Who was it that set it on fire? The fire and its cause engaged the attention of his railroad friends and others for many weeks and months until it go to be a standing joke. It has been kept up in the long years since then and when a new mystery is brought to the attention of one of the old-timers he very frequently says, "Oh, its another case of 'who burned Strope's barn?'" It has become a local proverb.

Who Stole Whitehead's Ducks?

Another old-time engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad was Arthur Whitehead. He had run on the road for years and was well known. He was a close friend of Mr. Strope and no one had been more active in keeping alive the question, "Who burned Strope's barn?" than was he. He thought, after the question had run for a few months, that it was a pretty good joke on Strope and he used it for all it was worth. One afternoon preceding a Christmas holiday, not many months after the burning of Strope's barn, Engineer Whitehead bought a brace of fine ducks for his family Christmas dinner. He took them home and put them in a coop. The next morning he went to slaughter them and the ducks were gone. Some person had stolen them—who he was never able to find out.

Then Strope got even with his friend and he was as vigorous in cir- friend and he was as vigorous in cir- Whitehead's ducks?" It got to be just as much of a standing joke, almost, as "Who burned Strope's barn?" While it isn't heard as frequently, it is yet a familiar joke question with many, the companion piece to "Who burned Strope's barn?"

Mr. Strope was one of the first engineers on the Pennsylvania. He left here some time after his retirement from the position of foreman of engineers and went to California, where his death occurred about ten years ago. Engineer Whitehead also went to California later and is yet residing there.

Where Is Oscar Strayer?

On Christmas eve in the year of 1892 John Johnson was murdered on West DeWald street, in front of his residence. The murderer was Oscar Strayer. The two had been engaged in a quarrel and Strayer had stabbed Johnson to death with a knife, a half dozen wounds being on his body when it was picked up a short time after and carried into his home. That evening the murderer had gone to a public dance with the wife of Johnson, the latter being away from home engaged in work. Johnson returned home about midnight and found his wife absent. He suspected, almost knew, that she was out with some man and he waited at the gate of the yard for their return.

Shortly before 1 o'clock Strayer and Mrs. Johnson returned. Johnson met them on the sidewalk just outside the gate and a quarrel ensued. Johnson was killed and when the police arrived, called by the neighbors who had heard the quarrel, Strayer had escaped. A search all that night and the next day and for days and weeks afterward failed to find his whereabouts or any trace of him. It is supposed he boarded a passing train on the railroads and got out of the city that night.

Had the earth opened and swallowed him up and then closed again suddenly his disappearance could not have been more mysterious and from that day to this, although the officers prosecuted a vigorous search, nothing has been heard of him, at least nothing of a definite character has come to the knowledge of the police officials. "Where is Oscar Strayer?" has long been a mooted question, one of the mysteries of Fort Wayne.

Other questions long objects of controversy, but which some claim are now definitely settled, are "Where was the old French fort located?" and "Where is the grave of Little Turtle?"

WOMEN AND LITERATURE.

The desire for expression in writing is legitimate, but to turn to it with the idea of making it a bread-winning art, after fifty, is seldom feasible. If a young girl feels in herself the stirring of genius she should not be discouraged. She may not have genius, but there may be within her breast a useful working talent susceptible of cultivation, if she shall prove herself patient, persevering and willing to climb from the foot of the ladder. Many girls make the mistake of fancying that they may reach the top of the ladder at a single bound. To every youthful aspirant who thinks she can write I pass on the word, blessed be drudgery. Read, work, study, accept criticism and hold on with a definite goal in view. As Emerson has inimitably said, "Get your brick ready for the wall."—The Christian Herald.

One 6-acre and one 3-acre garden tract for sale one-half mile from interurban station. Five cent car fare from court house. Choicest of soil, $165 per acre. Louis F. Curdes, Shoaff Bldg. 31-2t

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What the Sentinel Had to Say About Persons and Events Twenty-Five Years Ago.

There was no police court this morning. An April Fool for the chief magistrate.

C. L. Centlivre will this summer erect an addition 30x90 to the French brewery.

During the month of March 67 persons were buried by the undertakers of this city.

Strawberry festivals will soon be in order, notwithstanding the fact that March went out like a lion.

Transfer Agents Mannix and Ormiston will alternate on day and night duty at the south depot hereafter.

Christ. Krah has moved his bookstore from South Calhoun street to Grand street, next to John Shaffer's grocery.

Henry W. Reinewald, recently a druggist, this morning received notice from Postmaster General Vilas to report at Cincinnati for service as a railway postal clerk.

City Weighmaster Ryan collected $152.45 for the month of March and has paid every penny into the city treasury. This is the largest amount ever collected in one month.

Louis Centlivre jr. has invented a box register to keep a record of the beer cases given to customers. He has been urged to apply for patent papers, so ingenius is the contrivance.

Mr. A. A. Purman was hurriedly summoned to the Aveline house today to see a client. He discovered Mr. April 1 in waiting. Mr. Purman is good-natured and took in the situation nicely.

Louis Schroeder, assessor of Wayne township, has completed his list of deputies by naming Valentine Kintz and Gust Legraw to assess personal property in that portion of Wayne township outside of the city.

Mr. Frank P. Mensch, a bright, clever fellow, this morning succeeded Adolph Kiefer, who has long and efficiently served as superintendent of mail carriers at the postoffice. William C. Baade will be transferred to carry Mr. Mensch's route, and Fred C. Vollmer, an employe in the Pittsburg shop, will take Mr. Baade's route.

READ THIS!

Following Extract Taken in Part from the New York MUSIC TRADE REVIEW, March 25th, 1911.

"THE NEW KIMBALL PLAYER.

The Dominant Idea in the Constructional Work of This Player Product Has Been Simplicity —Interesting Results Have Been Achieved in the Production of This Player.

"Have you seen the new player-piano? Well, it is worth while.

"For a long time past, and amidst all the smoke and noise of controversy, the W. W. Kimball Co. have been quietly working out their own player destiny along lines which have, since the very beginning, been well settled, consistently planned and thoroughly carried out. The result of these labors has been to produce a mechanism which differs, in certain features, quite considerably from the common type, but which nevertheless contains nothing not well conceived and practically realized.

"Several of these features are of such interest as to make a description of them valuable. Moreover, from such an analysis we can obtain some basis for appreciation of the individual points which distinguish the Kimball player-action from all others.

"To put the matter in a word, examination of the Kimball action shows that the presiding idea in the whole design and construction has been simplicity. The term is used in the widest sense. Every effort has been made to concentrate, to simplify, to eliminate unnecessary detail. And the total result is very interesting.

"For instance, the first thing that strikes the player expert is the fact that the bellows of the Kimball player-action are connected with the foot-pedals directly, instead of through a system of moving rods. The pull of the pedals is directly downward, the exhausters being vertically positioned. This is a friction eliminator and an energy conserver.

"Then, again, the Kimball striking action is of the single-valve type. Secondary valves have been eliminated. It should be noted that we have in this a further step in the attainment of utmost simplicity.

"The Kimball four-point, two-valve motor is another example of the same striving after simplicity, and has given first-class satisfaction everywhere.

"A further refinement is seen in the sensitiveness of the bellows set, whereby much complication in the way of accent devices, etc., is avoided. All possible accentuation is performed through the feet, and the expression control is therefore refined to the utmost of simplicity.

"It is also to be noted that the net result of all these simplifications has been the production of a mechanism which goes into a case substantially the same as that of the ordinary instrument. Thus an objection often made to the player-piano, and based upon its clumsiness of case, is entirely avoided.

"Summing up the above, it will be seen that the Kimball player-piano presents ideas and practically realized conceptions in completed form which show individuality of thought and design throughout. Instead of slavishly following the ideas of others the Kimball Co. have thought the player problem out for themselves, with the results above noted. To this consideration should be added, furthermore, the reflection that Kimball experience in pneumatics has been long and various. Kimball pipe-organs, made according to Kimball patented designs, have for years been prominent all over the country. Such construction as is seen in the great organ in the Morris High School, New York, or in the rebuilding of the Tabernacle organ at Salt Lake City, would alone entitle the Kimball Co. to a high place as pneumatic experts. It is not at all surprising that they have solved their player problems along distinct and individual lines, nor that they have departed in many places from common practice."

We invite you to inspect these magnificent Player Pianos before buying. They are sold at a moderate price and on easy terms. Liberal allowance made on old instruments.

MARTTENE PIANO CO.

917-921 Calhoun St. Second Floor.

THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY.

IN THE CITY'S CHURCHES

LEADERS IN LOCAL UNION

Sunday Evening Meetings of the Young People's Societies of City.

OTHER LOCAL NEWS

On Sunday evening the various societies of the local union of the Young People's societies will take up the second of the series of subjects assigned in the study of the booklet, "His Last Week." Reports from the various societies are very gratifying and show much interest is being taken in this series of meetings preceding Easter. The leaders announced are as follows:

Plymouth Congregational—Miss Anna Souder.

West Jefferson Street Church—Miss Ollie Swinehart.

Crescent Avenue Church—Miss Helen Clark.

Bethany Presbyterian—Henry Miller.

Bethel Evangelical—Misses Alva English and Elma Stall.

First Baptist—D. J. Shaw.

Third Presbyterian—Miss Mary Seaton.

Grace Reformed—Geo. Shiffer.

West Creighton Avenue Church—Miss Mattie Keeler.

A business meeting of the Young People's society of the First Baptist church will be held next Tuesday evening at the home of Clifford Hutchinson, 610 West Wayne street.

A business and social meeting of the Christian Endeavor society of the Grace Reformed church will be held next Tuesday evening at the home of Miss Stella Boitger, 1126 West Jefferson street.

At a recent meeting of the Christian Endeavor society of the West Jefferson street church officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:

President—W. C. Rogers.

First Vice President—H. C. Bradley.

Second Vice President—Miss Augusta Winkler.

Recording Secretary—Miss G. Lakey.

Financial Secretary—Miss Ollie Swinehart.

Treasurer—George Myers.

A business meeting of the Christian Endeavor society of the West Creighton avenue Church of Christ will be held on next Tuesday evening at the home of Harry Brunner, on Heustis avenue.

Great preparations are now being made for the union meeting to be held at 6 o'clock on Easter evening at the First Baptist church. The prayer meeting committee of the union is now in communication with a noted speaker, at present engaged in young people's work in this state, and whom they expect to bring here on that evening.

* * *

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Sermon Topics and the Musical Program.

At the First Baptist church Sunday the pastor, Rev. J. F. Vichert, will preach both morning and evening. The subject of the morning sermon will be "The Lost Leader" and the sermon will be followed by the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. The subject of the evening sermon will be "Man's Sin, and What God Does With It." The musical program is as follows:

Morning.

Prelude—"Longing" .....Jungmann
Quartette—"Deus Miseratur in C" .. ..Danks
Offertory—"Melody in F"..Rubinstein
Quartette—"There Is a Land of Pure Delight" ..... Shelley
Postlude—"Elevation" .....Dubois

Evening.

Prelude—"Slumber Song" .....Bizet
Quartette—"What Hast Thou Given For Me?" .....Ambrose
Offertory—"Serenade" ..... Flagler
Quartette—"I Lay My Sins on Jesus" ..... Hawley
Postlude—"Triumphal Marche"..Dolby

Like Dropping A Load

off one's shoulders—the change from coffee to

POSTUM

Many fail to appreciate how much of a load coffee is until they leave it off and try well-made Postum.

With the coffee handicap removed—there comes the springy step, clear eye and alert brain of better health—

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Limited. Battle Creek, Mich.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Calendar for the Week at the Fort Wayne Y. W. C. A.

The services for Sunday and the events of the week at the Young Women's Christian association are as follows:

Rev. A. K. Zartman will speak at the 4:30 vesper service. The class of Miss Ruth Beers will be hostesses at the social hour.

Monday—7:30, millinery class; 7:30, physical culture and expression.

Tuesday—7:30, the French class will not meet this week, but will meet next week as usual; 7:30, the Wayne Knitting mills have organized a Glee club under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and have elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Gross; secretary, Miss Eberman; librarian, Miss Johnson. With Miss Flora Todd as director and Mr. Alfred Halsworth as pianist. Practice will begin at once for a concert, which will serve to introduce the club to the public; 7:30, shirt waist making.

Wednesday—12:00, Troy laundry meeting; 4:30, basket ball, Freshmen vs. Sophomores.

Thursday—7:30, bible class; 8:00, parliamentary law.

Friday—7:30, bible class.

* * *

CHRIST'S LUTHERAN.

Sunday Services and Meetings of the Week.

At the morning worship at the Christ's Lutheran church, the pastor, Rev. P. J. Alberthus, will preach on the theme "The Life in Christ Jesus," and at the vespers, "Seasons for Prayer." The Sunday school opens at 9:30 a. m. The Luther League begins its session at 6:45 p. m.; Mrs. Merillat is the leader at this time and "Missions" the topic.

The Mite society meets on Friday at 2:30 p. m. This is a very important business meeting and all members are earnestly requested to be present. The regular monthly supper is served between the hours of 5 and 7 in the evening.

On Palm Sunday the Catechumens will be confirmed. Passion services will be held Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of Holy Week.

* * *

A CHANGE.

The pastor of the M. P. church of New Haven, Ind., will be absent next Sabbath. Prof. Hollopeter, of our New Haven schools, will address the congregation in the evening at 7:30 p. m. (instead of the usual hour of 7 o'clock) The time of our evening services will change from now on during the summer months as above mentioned. The morning services continue at the same hours. Class meeting Sunday morning after Sunday school. Everybody come. Hillis L. Avery, pastor.

* * *

West Jefferson Street Church of Christ.

The pastor, Rev. Earle Marion Todd, will preach in the morning at 10:45 and in the evening at 7:30. The morning theme will be, "With Christ in the Wilderness."

The Men's Bible class, taught by the pastor, will meet at 9:30, and will take up the study of the problem of immigration. This is one of the live questions of the day, and is of vital interest to the democracy. All men invited.

The meetings for the day are as follows: Sunday school, Men's and Women's Bible classes, at 9:30; communion service at 10:30; morning worship at 10:45; Junior Enedavor at 3; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30; evening worship at 7:30.

The Bible council will meet on Monday at 6:30 p. m., and the church officiary will hold its monthly meeting on Wednesday evening.

* * *

Westminster Presbyterian.

Westminster Presbyterian church, corner of Berry and Webster streets, one and one-half blocks west of the Anthony hotel; the Rev. H. S. Morrison, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; James Johnson, superintendent. Sermon by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Members will kindly take notice of the annual congregational meeting, which will be held in the church lecture room on Monday, April 3rd, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., by order of the session. At this meeting elders, deacons and trustees are to be elected and such other business as may logically come before the annual meeting will be under consideration. It is earnestly hoped that every member will feel under obligations to attend this congregational meeting.

* * *

Adult Bible Class.

Another adult bible class was organized by Simpson M. E. Sunday school at a meeting held at the residence of Miss Florence Bricker, No. 1911 Oliver street, on Thursday evening by the adoption of a constitution and election of John Greider, president; Fernando Krick, vice president; Nelson Commer, secretary; Miss Goldie Densel, assistant secretary; Frank Ensien, treasurer; Noah Egly, Mrs. J. G. Thompson and Otto Britzenhoff, executive committee. A charter will be secured from the Sunday school board. There is now an enrollment of about forty members. At the conclusion of the business an enjoyable social session was held. The hostess served elegant refreshments.

* * *

Calvary U. B. Church.

The themes of Rev. G. F. Byrer, pastor of the Calvary U. B. church, Sunday, will be: "The Power of a Child" and "A Perfect Cure." A special invitation for the children to stay for the morning service. Busy Bees at 2 p. m.; Young People's service at 6:30, led by Miss Emma Davidson. The Sunday school will meet at 9:30 a. m., superintended by A. A. Bowser.

The official board of Calvary United Brethren church will meet at the parsonage Monday evening.

* * *

First Independent Spiritual.

Services every Sunday evening at the K. of P. home. Golden text, "And the father loved me, so have I loved you; continue in my love." John, 15:9.

Program.

Prelude ..... Miss Bruner
Prayer ..... Rev. Mrs. Brindle
Bible lesson, 2 Cor. 5:1-10 .... President
Hymn—"I Need Thee," No. 4 .... Audience
Sermon ..... Rev. Mrs. Myers
Hymn—"Working On," No. 3 .... Audience
Tests ..... Mrs. Miller
Offertory .....Miss Bruner
Benediction ..... Rev. Mrs. Myers

Regular business session after services. Important business; every member should be present.

* * *

Plymouth Congregational.

Rev. Arthur J. Folsom, the pastor, will preach on the following themes on Sunday, April 2nd, at the Plymouth Congregational church. In the morning—"Christian Life Possible Only by Way of the Cross." Following this the church will observe the communion of the Lord's Supper. In the evening—"The Misfortune of Indecision."

Beginning with April 9th Passion week meetings will be held every evening. The members of the church are arranging to make Passion week a most effectual effort for a real spiritual awakening. Those who have been delaying their decision for the Christian life will have opportunity to meet the call of the Master in a straightforward manner.

* * *

Wayne Street M. E. Church.

At 9:30 a. m. the Sabbath school will hold its regular session. Two new classes have been organized, one for young men from 13 to 18 years old. Mr. Orval Cooper is the teacher. Classes for everybody, and everybody invited.

At 10:30 the pastor, Rev. C. Claud Travis, will conduct the morning worship and preach on the theme "Purity Through Hope." The Epworth league will conduct a devotional hour at 6:30 p. m. Louisa Driftmeyer is the leader.

At 7:30 p. m. the pastor will preach and the sermon subject will be "Fate." This is the last Sunday before conference and all the members of the church are urged to be present and all strangers in the city are cordially invited to attend.

* * *

Third Presbyterian.

Services at the Third Presbyterian church, Rev. Edward Montgomery, pastor, are as follows: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; communion service at 10:45; Junior C. E. at 2:30 p. m.; C. E. at 6:45; evening service at 7:30 p. m., subject, "From Nilo to Nebo." The midweek prayer service on Wednesday evening at 7:45. The annual meeting of the congregation will be held on Friday evening, April the 7th.

Music for Sunday.

Morning:

Anthem—"There is a Green Hill"... ..... Somerset

Evening:

Anthem—"He Shall Feed His Flock" ..... Harker
Anthem—"I'm a Pilgrim".....Marston

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Musical Program.

The musical program at the Plymouth Congregational church for Sunday is as follows:

Prelude—"Largo," from New World Symphony ..... Dvorak
Quartette—"O For a Closer Walk With God" .....M. B. Foster
Offertory—"Berceuse" .....Iljinsky
Postlude—Grand Chorus .....Dubolse

Evening.

Prelude—"At Evening" ..Dudley Buck
Quartette—"The Radiant Morn" ... . Woodward
Offertory—"Album Leaf" .....Wagner
Quartette—"The Stars in Heaven Now are Shining .....Rheinberger
Postlude—"March" .....Scotson Clark

* * *

Christian Science.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 916 Harrison street. Services at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:40. Subject for tomorrow, "Unreality." Golden text: "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." Jeremiah 23:28. Wednesday evening services at 8 o'clock in the church.

Beginning on Easter Sunday the local Christian Science church will also hold evening services at 8 o'clock.

The reading rooms at 816 and 817 Shoaff building, are open daily except Sunday from 1:30 till 5 p. m., and on Saturday evening from 7 to 9. All are welcome both to the church services and to the reading room.

* * *

Simpson M. E. Church.

Services for Sunday are as follows: Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; morning worship, 10:30 a. m. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. Wm. A. Griest. Theme, "A Character Sketch of John Mark." Junior league, 2:30 p. m.; Epworth league, 6:30 p. m.; evening worship, 7:30 p. m.; sermon by the pastor.

The annual reports of the church will be read at the morning service. You will surely be pleased when you hear them read. Be sure and come.

The pastor will leave for Kokomo, the seat of the annual conference, Tuesday noon. All reports should therefore be in hand not later than Sunday evening.

* * *

Lenten Music.

The third of the Lenten musical services will be held at the First Presbyterian church tomorrow at 4 o'clock, when the choir, assisted by Howard Van Sweringen, will sing the last two divisions of Alfred Gaul's passion music. These comprise "The Shadow of Death" and "The Holy Sepulchre" and are the most beautiful portions of this devotional work.

On Palm Sunday MacFarlane's "Setting of the Seven Last Words of Christ" will be sung by a chorus of twenty voices and on Easter Sunday the chorus will sing Shelley's Easter cantata, "Death and Life."

* * *

Grace Reformed.

The pastor, Rev. Dr. A. K. Zartman, will have as his sermon subject Sunday at 10:30 a. m. "The Call to the Heights." Preaching at 7:30 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 6:45 p. m.; Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.

Special services will be held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of next week. There will also be services during passion week.

The monthly meeting of the Woman's Aid society will be held Thursday afternoon; supper served from 5 to 7:30.

* * *

West Creighton Avenue Church.

Notice in particular change in time of bible school hour and Christian Endeavor at the West Creighton avenue Church of Christ; Rev. J. H. McCartney, pastor. Services are as follows: Bible school, 9:20 a. m.; church at 10:30 a. m.; sermon subject, "Public Opinion and Truth." Junior Endeavor, 2:30 p. m.; Christian Endeavor, 6:45 p. m.; church at 7:45 p. m.; sermon subject, "A Man's Work."

* * *

Free Methodist Church.

There will be preaching by the pastor, Rev. Wilson T. Loring at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m., at the church on Holton avenue. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

The special meetings which were advertised to begin last night have been postponed until the 14th inst. Rev. F. H. Ashcraft, general conference evangelist, of Greenville, Illinois, will have charge of the special services beginning April 14th, on Friday evening.

* * *

First Methodist Episcopal Church.

—Morning.—

Prelude—Andante Grazioso....Ashford
Anthem—The Grace of God..Barnby
Offertory—Arioso ..... Frey
Postlude—Allegro Maestoso ....West

—Evening.—

Prelude—Gondelierio ..... Ashford
Anthem—Tarry With Me....Baldwin
Offertory——Canzonette .... Marshall
Postlude—Festival March.....Stark

The pastor will preach at both the morning and evening service.

* * *

Bethany Presbyterian.

Morning worship at 10:30 at the Bethany Presbyterian church, Rev. C. O. Shirey, pastor. Morning subject, "God Revealing Himself." Evening service at 7:30, subject, "Christ the Light of the World," illustrated with the stereopticon. This is one of the series of Sunday evening Lenten services. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., Mr. Harry McMillan superintendent. Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.

* * *

Bethel Evangelical Church.

The Sunday school will meet at 9:30; Junior Endeavor at 2 p. m., and the Y. P. A. at 6:45. Rev. F. A. Zeller, of Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada, will preach in the morning at 10:30. The closing service of the conference year will be at 7:30. One of the former pastors is expected to be present and preach. All are invited to be present. C. D. Rarey, pastor.

* * *

The Bible Training School.

Regular preaching services will be held at 10:30, including the observance of the Lord's Supper. The Sunday school meets at 9:30. The Students' Mission band will hold its weekly meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30. On Friday evening at 7:30 there will be given "Spurgeon's Sermon in Candles," illustrated by about forty-five stereopticon slides.

* * *

Trinity M. E. Church.

Public worship with sermons at 10:30 and 7:30. The subject of the morning sermon will be "Christ Versus Self." In the evening the pastor will give an address on "The Life of Moses." Sunday school, 9:30; Junior league, 2:30; Epworth league, 6:30. Topic: "Temptations;" leader, Sarah Frase. Cordial welcome to strangers. T. M. Hill, pastor.

* * *

Pastors' Meeting.

The Fort Wayne Ministerial association will meet in regular session at the Wayne Street M. E. church Monday at 4:30 p. m. The program consists of a review of Shaller Mathews' "The Gospel and the Modern Man," by Rev. H. B. Master, followed by general discussion. The association will be the guests of Revs. B. King and H. H. Spiher.

* * *

Crescent Avenue Church.

Rev. F. A. Zeller, of the British northwest, will speak at the Crescent Avenue Evangelical church next Sunday evening. Miss Helen Clark will conduct the Young People's Alliance at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., and morning worship conducted by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. as usual. C. A. Hirschman, pastor.

* * *

St. Paul's M. E. Church.

The sermon topics of Rev. C. W. Jeffras, the pastor, at the St. Paul's M. E. church Sunday will be: Morning, "Harvesters in the White Field;" evening, "The Tragedy of a Human Life." This will be the last Sunday of the conference year. The pastor will leave Tuesday morning for Kokomo to attend the conference.

* * *

The Church of God.

The Church of God—Rev. H. H. Spiher, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m., leader Mr. C. Martin. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., subject, "The Lamb of God as the Light of Heaven;" at 7:30 p. m., "The Apostolic Courage."

* * *

The Epworth League

The Epworth league of the Simpson M. E. church entertained at the parsonage home of Rev. and Mrs. Griest last evening in honor of Brother Frank S. Hickman, who expects to enter the pastorate this next week.

* * *

Spiritual Meeting.

There will be a spiritual meeting Sunday evening at 7:30, in the Elektron building, East Berry street. Trumpet demonstrations in lighted room.

* * *

The Redeemer Church.

Rev. J. R. Graebner, the pastor, will preach at the 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. services at the Redeemer Lutheran church. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.

* * *

Railroad Y. M. C. A.

Paul F. Shivers will address the 3 p. m. meeting at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Sunday. Bible study at 3:45, the leader being the general secretary.

* * *

Silver Cross Circle.

The Silver Cross circle of the King's Daughters will meet Monday at 2 p. m. with Mrs. Charles Parham, 621 DeWald street.

* * *

Third Church of Christ.

The services at the Third Church of Christ will be as usual, the pastor preaching morning and evening.

* * *

On Wednesday night, April 5th, the theme will be, "Life's School and Its Teachers."

Zinc etchings—Fort Wayne Engraving Co. s11-tf

TO-NIGHT Cascarets THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Cream of Barley Gems

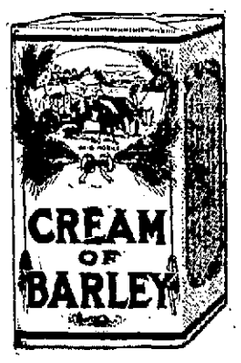
Dainty, Delicious, Nourishing

CREAM OF BARLEY GEMS are healthy, substantial. Every bite is loaded down with nutriment—every mouthful supplies strength for the body.

CREAM OF BARLEY GEMS are appetizing—quickly, easily digested, and the high percentage of gluten contained is rapidly assimilated.

Cream of Barley

is sold in original packages—never in bulk. It can be prepared in a variety of ways—always appetizing—always satisfying. Complete directions in every package.



At Your Grocer's—15 Cents

Minne-Paul Cereal & Milling Company
Carver, Minnesota

Makers of Pure Barley Products

Minne-Paul Barley Coffee has a delightful aroma. An ideal tonic for worn-out nerves. 15c pound.

Minne-Paul Barley Flour makes appetizing and nourishing bread. 15c a package at your grocer's.

NOGI DID NOT GRUMBLE.

Japanese Hotels Turned Away the Old General, Believing Him a Tramp.

(Tokio, Japan, Herald.)

General Nogi is famous for the simplicity of his habits, and his personal appearance is in no wise calculated to inspire awe and respect if he is attired in a dress of a shabby description, as he generally is when bound on pleasure trips. The general repaired to Chuzenji last year-end for a sojourn, and on New Year's day he paid a visit to the imperial detached palace at Atami, where the three young sons of the crown prince were sojourning.

After being entertained by the princes, the general took his leave and set out for Yugahara. After trudging over the mountinous paths he reached Yugahara in the gray of the evening. When he arrived at the Hotel Amanoya—the best establishment in the place—he was much fatigued, and the evening was unusually cold. Unfortunately the hotel was full, and the maid refused to admit him. The general tried another reputable looking hotel, but he was again peremptorily refused. He tried a third, but with no better result. He vainly tried all the respectable looking hotels of the place until he came to a small inn called Idzuya, on the extreme border of the place, where he at last obtained the consent of the landlord to remain for the night. The general was ushered into a small, dirty, cobwebby room, in which he retired to sleep without grumbling.

In the meantime the imperial princes at Chuzenji wished to convey a message to the general, and telephoned on the same evening to the police station at Yugahara to ascertain the lodging place of the general. The chief of police at once made inquiries, but could not find out his whereabouts. He returned a message to the detached palace that General Nogi had not come to Yugahara, but was agin assured that the general was certainly there and was ordered to search once more. Policemen were again dispatched in all directions in quest of the geenral. At last the chief of the local police was informed by one of his emissaries that an ugly old fellow had taken up his quarters at an inn called Idzuya. The ceihf knew at once from the description who the old man was, and repaired in person to the hotel in uniform, and carrying a formidable official lantern.

Arriving at the inn the chief of police announced to the innkeeper in terrifying tones that he had come to wait upon His Excellency General Count Nogi, president of the nobles' school, and member of the supreme military council. The alarmed landlord denied that there was such a person in his hotel, but the chief insisted on interviewing his excellency, and went upstairs and made a domiciliary search when he found Count Nogi crouching in the corner of a dirty little room in the murky shadow cast by a miserable paper lantern.

FIRST INCOMING EXCURSION.

Agent Harry Pinniger, of the Lake Shore and Lake Erie and Western, announces an excursion into this city from the south April 16 and also one from this city to Cincinnati on the same date. The rates in effect last year will prevail this year also.

Doctors! Salesmen! Contractors!

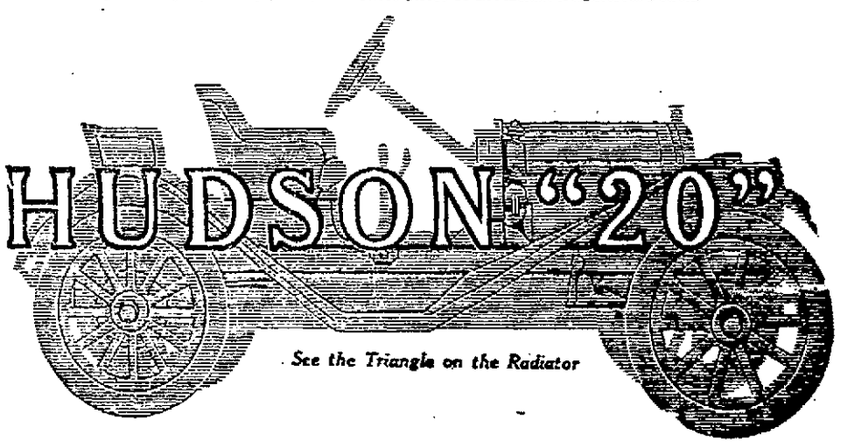
See What This Car Will Do For You

"The Most Widely Copied Car in America"

A KANSAS doctor used six horses in serving a small country practice. A HUDSON "20" Roadster displaced his horses, widened the field of his practice and increased his income. In cities—contractors, salesmen and doctors, more than 1,500 in all, use these cars every day in the year. The beauty of line and finish gives the HUDSON "20" a distinction not possessed by other cars of similar type.

THE powerful and flexible motor, the ease with which the car can be operated and its comfortable riding qualities enable its driver to go anywhere that other cars can be driven, and to do it quickly, cheaply and without annoyance. Let us demonstrate these qualities to you and prove how the ownership of such a car will reduce costs, add to your income and improve your efficiency.

The HUDSON "20" is furnished in two models: the Roadster at $1,150 and the Fore-door at $1,200, fully equipped. Either, on option, is furnished to carry two, three or four passengers. Equipment includes Bosch magneto, top, glass front, Prest-o-Lite tank, gas headlights, oil lamps, tools, etc. These prices do not include freight from Detroit.



Bryan Motor Car Company
716 Harrison Street

SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight L. Bridgman, of Westhampton, Mass., announced on Thursday of this week the engagement of their daughter, Marian L. Bridgman to D. Burns Douglass, of this city. Miss Bridgman is a descendant of an old New England family and is a cultured and attractive young woman. Mr. Douglass is one of Fort Wayne's prominent young men. He was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1903 and completed his law studies and was admitted to the Allen county bar in 1905. Aside from his legal business Mr. Douglass has also taken active part in county and city politics and is a republican who is well liked and regarded with high esteem. Mr. Douglass is also secretary of the Fort Wayne Auto-Motor company. Personally Mr. Douglass is very popular. He has a baritone voice of beautiful quality and for many years has been prominent in the choir and other work of Plymouth Congregational church. Miss Bridgman is a niece of Miss Harriet E. Leonard, who will be remembered in this city for her work for many years as principal of the Jefferson school. No exact time has been set for the wedding but it will take place during the coming summer. Mr. Douglass with his brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William V. Douglass, spend a part of each summer in New England and it was during one of these visits that Mr. Douglass met his fiancee.

* * *

The ladies who form the Eastern Star organization are issuing invitations for a benefit card party which they will hold in the reception hall of the Masons over the Temple theater auditorium, on April 6. Those in charge look for fifty tables at a game of five hundred. The money to be raised is for charity work of the order.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lowe, of Washington boulevard west, have returned from a trip of some weeks spent in Florida.

The junior branch of the Orphans' Home club, will meet on Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. W. A. Campbell, of 702 Wildwood avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lavine, of Indianapolis, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Cuney, of 2507 Oliver street.

Miss Elsie Heck, who is principal of the Geneva High school has come home to spend the spring vacation here with her parents.

Miss Katherine and Miss Hildegarde Wagenhals have gone to Aurora to spend a week with their aunt, Miss Margaret Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Weil have returned after a month's tour of southern cities during which they stopped at New Orleans and San Antonio.

Mrs. Edward Bell and children, of Baltimore, are expected in the city soon to visit Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Averill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson, of West Berry street, have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Earl Palmer, of Paducah, Ky. Mrs. Palmer has been here several days.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Haberly and small son and Miss Esther Paul are expected home tomorrow from a fortnight's visit in New York and Washington.

Mrs. Belle Raeder gave a family dinner party yesterday in honor of Mrs. Theodore H. Haberkorn. Mrs. Haberkorn expects to leave next Tuesday for the far west to live.

Miss Mary Evans, of West Berry street, entertained a small company of young people last evening in honor of Miss Margaret Scott, of Madison, who is here on a visit to Miss Julia Kelsey, of West DeWald street.

Mrs. T. H. Dascomb is going to Lafayette next week to join her husband who is now located there. Since breaking up housekeeping preparatory to moving away Mrs. Dascomb has been the guest of her father, T. A. Wilkinson.

Mrs. Adams, of Yellow Springs, O., who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. G. Thieme, of West Berry street, for some weeks, met a number of friends on Thursday afternoon over a cup of coffee, whom Mrs. Thieme had asked to call wholly informally.

Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Lee Morgan returned from their wedding trip this week. Mr. Morgan has gone on to Bloomington and Mrs. Morgan is here supervising the packing of household effects. Mrs. Morgan was formerly Miss Irene Smith.

The Willing Workers' Aid society will meet on Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. C. M. Menefee, of 2440 Thomas street. The assisting hostesses will be Mrs. A. A. Bowser, Mrs. L. E. Bowser, Mrs. M. G. Walker, Mrs. John Terry. The members are requested to bring fruit and jelly for the sick.

Mrs. Ed Wegmiller invited a few ladies to her home in South Broadway, on Friday afternoon, to meet Mrs. Harry Weissinger, of Toledo, O. A game of five-hundred was much enjoyed. Prizes were won by Mrs. E. Reed and Mrs. Earl Henschen. Mr. Weissinger will be joined tomorrow by her husband who will make a short visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rulo were taken completely unawares last evening when the members of a social club to which they belong arrived at their home in West DeWald street to celebrate their eighteenth wedding anniversary. In addition to the surprise of the visit the guests presented Mr. and Mrs. Rulo with a handsome gift of silver. Cards were the amusement of the evening. There were present Messrs. and Mesdames Place, Carver, Conklin, Kynaston, Obenchain, Strodel, Lacky, Smith and Mrs. Watis and daughter, Helen, of Anderson.

Miss Gertrude and Miss Grace Townley returned to Terre Haute today after a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Page Yarnelle. Among the several small parties given in honor of these young ladies was a small dancing party which Mr. and Mrs. Yarnelle gave last evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. M. F. Porter.

Mrs. John Buchfink, of 605 High street, pleasantly entertained a company of friends on yesterday afternoon in celebration of their twentieth wedding anniversary. Mrs. Buchfink received several beautiful gifts in honor of the day. A game of progressive pedro was the principal event of the afternoon. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. Charles Reed, Miss Eliza Nestle and Miss Clara Roeger. An elegant supper was served after the card playing. Those participating in the good time were Mrs. Henry Eckart, Mrs. Harry Minich, Mrs. William Silverwood, Mrs. Charles Reed, Mrs. Henry Hilgeman, Mrs. Charles Meyers, Mrs. Norman Nestle, Mrs. A. T. Lipes, Mrs. Dan Bentz, Mrs. Garry Desler, Mrs. John Helmcamp, Mrs. John Brewer, Mrs. C. W. Smitly, Mrs. Paul Koehler, Mrs. H. Rohyans, Miss Nestle, Miss Roeger.

Sentinel Want Ads. Pay.

AN EASTER LILY SOCIABLE AND FAIR

New Ways to Entertain Both Young and Old at an Eastertide Party—Novel Games and Favors.

Members of a progressive church and Sunday school devised a plan for raising money at Easter season, which, although a venture, turned out very successfully. It contains the germ of an idea for other committees which, although good at carrying out a plan when presented, lack the power to originate.

The event was hearalded by green and white posters tacked up in public places and decorated in a design of Easter lilies, while invitations printed on white cards shaped in outline like the lovely blooms themselves, were sent to all church members likely to be interested. Purchase of a ticket costing but twenty-five cents admitted the buyer to the social event in the school hall, with refreshments and a souvenir, and adjoining this was the room where the lily fair was held, so that visitors passed easily from one to the other.

Green for Trimming.

Both rooms were prettily trimmed with garlands of green and white tissue paper caught up at intervals with big bunches of crepe paper lilies fashioned by the nimble feminine fingers of the congregation. Each member of the committee undertook to supply one or more flowering Easter lilies in pots to be sold for the good of the cause.

These flowers with nicely covered pots made up the stock in trade of the lily sale and were sold at regular market prices. A few remaining over toward the close of the evening were auctioned off to the highest bidder. Meanwhile in the adjoining amusement hall an appropriate program was being given. This began with a short paper on "The Story of the Lily," illustrated with tableux. This was followed by some well rendered Easter music and a lily drill performed by the young girls of the congregation. The performers were dressed in white with green trimmings and each carried a long beautiful lily spray. It was all very graceful and pretty and won much applause.

The Social Program.

The social part of the program was purely social. It began with games, one of which consisted in blindfolding the players and seeing each in turn armed with a pair of scissors to clip a lily from an artificial plant of extraordinary size specially prepared for the game. Each blossom contained an inexpensive gift or fortune, and any one who succeeded in clipping one retained the contents of the calyx as a souvenir of the evening.

During another round cards and pencils were passed and each player had ten minutes in which to think up a quotation about a lily with the name of the author. Bell signals were sounded at the beginning and end of the ten minute round and all who succeeded in remembering a verse or an apt phrase about the appropriate bloom drew for the possesion of a beautiful natural plant with numerous flowers.

The Lily White Table.

White and green were the colors chosen for the buffet table on which the refreshments were set forth. The center piece consisted of the blossom of the hour in vases of green Bohemian glass. There were white rolled sandwiches tied with pale green ribbon, and others square in shape wrapped in green tissue paper of pale shade.

Almost all of the viands were donated by tradesmen interested in the church work. Quantities of little cakes iced in white and green and of the most delicious sort were the contribution of a neighborhood baker, while the local confectioner supplied free of cost the little individual blocks of ice cream welded white and green. Tea, coffee and chocolate were poured by several popular patronesses of the affair.

EGYPTA STAGE REHEARSAL.

As one sat last night and witnessed the stage rehearsal of Egypta it was hard to realize that so short a time had elapsed since the beginning of the rehearsals. The splendid festival chorus sings with a spirit and enthusiasm betokening thorough appreciation of the artistic merits of the score no less than ample preparation. Equally proficient is the chorus of several hundred little girls who appear in the fete scene at the palace of Pharaoh's daughter. Fort Wayne's favorite vocalists are in the solo cast, and their well trained voices and past experience in dramatic entertainments lend a gratifying artistic finish to this production. The rich costumes and superb stage settings form a feast of color and brightness as delightful to the eye as the floods of melody are to the ear.

The oriental nature of the story of the opera gives scope for the most elaborate and sumptuous scenic effects.

The scenery, which was painted especially for this production from sketches submitted by the author of "Egypta," represents many scenes of great historical interest, while every beholder is delighted with the beauty and richness of the spectacular display.

There are twelve complete stage settings showing the pomp and splendor of ancient Egypt in the days of its greatest glory.

Seven of these scenes are from the studios of Moses and Hamilton of the Broadway and American theaters of New York city.

The electrical effects were designed especially for "Egypta" by A. Olenin, 234 East Fifty-second street, New York, formerly electrician of the Metropolitan opera house, and show the "Pillar of Fire," the "Waves of the Nile," "Clouds in the Temptest," "Tumbling Waters of the Cascades," "Fluttering Fireflies, etc.

Costumes by Dazien of New York.

The Majestic lobby was packed this morning with patrons eager to secure reservations for Tuesday night.

WITH THE CLUBS.

The Health and Happiness club will meet Monday afternoon with Mrs. Beattie.

The meeting of the Saturday club appointed for Monday has been postponed for a week.

The Nos Temps club will meet on Monday afternoon with Mrs. R. A. Gale, 1131 Edgewater avenue. The club is studying India.

The Nineteenth Century club will meet on Tuesday with Mrs. Ralph Yarnelis. "The World Beautiful, As Seen by the Poets," is the subject and the hostess will present it.

The Travel club will meet with Mrs. Hunt on Monday afternoon. Hans Andersen's fairy tales will be discussed by Mrs. Langford. Music will also be a part of the program.

The Duodecimo club will meet with Mrs. A. E. Richey, on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. McKeehan and Mrs. W. E. Davis will present the study subjects of "Bjornson's 'Editor,'" and "The King."

"Legislature Methods" is the subject which Charles M. Niezer will present a paper on to the Fortnightly club on Monday night. The discussion will be led by Judge O. N. Heaton, F. B. Shoaff, Judge Walter Olds and C. R. Lane.

The General Culture club will meet on Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Carey. The Shakespeare study will be continued and "The War with Spain" will be the historical subject. Mrs. Bowen and Mrs. Sarver are the appointed leaders of the day.

The monthly meeting of Mary Penrose Wayne chapter, D. A. R., will be held next Monday with Mrs. James M. Barrett. The subject of the day is "Early Modes of Travel," and Mrs. Heaton will present it. Mrs. C. D. Emmons is an assisting hostess for the afternoon.

HIS WIFE FLIES, TOO.

And an American Pupil of Grahame-White Is Coming Home.

Letters received in Boston from James V. Martin, who last year served as manager of the Harvard Aeronautical society for the flying meet at Atlantic, and who has been studying aviation with Claude Grahame-White in England since last fall, announce that Mr. Martin and his wife, and probably Grahame-White, will come here for the second meet to be held August 26 to September 4.

Mr. Martin has been making a fine record as a flier since taking the course with the noted English aviator, and his wife, whom he married after he went to England, also is said to be showing much ability as an aviator. She is only 19 years old. Mr. Martin enjoys the distinction of being the first professional "aviatress," as Mr. Martin styles her, in either England or America, and when she comes to Atlantic is likely to prove a great addition to the meet. At present she is flying with her husband at the London Aerodrome.

Mr. Martin tells of being the first aviator to make the flight from Grahame-White's school at Hendon, to Brooklands, where the other English flying school is located, on the grounds of the famous old race track. This flight was made March 11 and covered a distance of about seventy-five miles. The highest altitude attained by Mr. Martin during the flight was 3,000 feet, and part of the trip was over a thickly settled portion of the English capital, where he found the smoke so dense that he lost his way. He landed in a cornfield and was obliged to inquire the way of farmers who had been attracted to the place by sight of his machine. Mr. Martin says that he is the first man to cover this course, for which a number of prizes have been offered.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

Middle-aged women whose experience of life has been profound, and who have arrived at a tableland of comparative leisure, often think wistfully that they could write for the magazines and surpass the authors whose stories are constantly in print. It is indeed true that fact is stranger than fiction, and that successful fiction often has a foundation in fact. Authorship, however, is not to be picked up without previous training, and this is why disappointment so often is the portion of the woman who does her best and yet, in this day of eager competition, fails to write in the manner which attracts a publisher. The woman who cuts and makes the gown, the woman who paints a picture, the woman who succeeds in any line of business must serve an apprenticeship, and it is not especially easy for the ordinary woman to do this in these trades after her youth is past.—The Christian Herald.

The boisterous weather is given as the cause of the shortage of lobsters in Portland and Biddeford. Hard blows along the coast have prevented the boatment from getting out to haul in their traps, some being unable to set their pots. Up to within a few days it has been thought that the supply on hand would carry the dealers through, but the fishermen seem unable to bring enough of the crustaceans to make a showing and orders are going unfilled.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

That Peculiar Lightness and Flavor

Found in the finest biscuit, rolls, cake, etc., is due to the absolute purity, fitness, and accurate combination of the ingredients of the Royal Baking Powder. The best things in cookery are always made with the Royal Baking Powder. Hence its use is universal—in the most celebrated restaurants, in the homes of the people, wherever delicious, wholesome food is appreciated.

Royal Baking Powder

is sold in every civilized country, the world over.

It is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

Royal Cook Book—800 Receipts—Free. Send Name and Address.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE CUCKOO CLOCK.

Phillip had been visiting his grandfather for a week, and he had not yet seen the cuckoo. The little clock of carved wood hung in the hall and Philip had heard the clear call of "cuckoo, cuckoo" over and over again, but always when he had been upstairs, or out on the piazza, and no matter how fast he ran the little bird had stepped back into the clock and the door had shut with a click when he reached the hall.

Today he was in the nursery when he heard the cuckoo call. He dashed downstairs, but he was too late, the cuckoo had disappeared when he got down where he could see the clock. This time he made up his mind to see if it would come out again. It was a hot afternoon and Philip had hard work to keep his eyes open. It was after they had been closed for some time that the cuckoo opened the little door above the face of the clock and came out on the little platform. He did not call "cuckoo," but he began talking to Philip instead.

The Little Bird's Story.

"It's very tiresome being shut up in this wooden box, when one has been accustomed to all out of doors," he said fretfully. "You see, I was one of a large family, there were twelve of us, downy little fellows and we always had a good time together. After we got older we learned to call to each other. 'Cuckoo,' one would cry, and 'cuckoo' another would answer.

"But one day a man came into the yard where we were playing. He called 'cuckoo' and we all answered 'cuckoo,' just as if it were a game. He nodded his head and went away. But that night he came back in the dark. He took us out of our warm nests and I don't remember anything more that happened to me until I found myself shut up in this dark little box. Whenever the door springs open I hope I shall find some of my family again. So I step out on the platform and sing 'cuckoo, cuckoo,'"

Philip opened his eyes with a start. The little bird was standing on the little platform over the face of the clock. He called "cuckoo" once more, stepped back and the door closed. Philip had seen him at last, but he never cared to see him again. It was too sad. So never again did he run to the hall when he heard the clear call of the cuckoo bird.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

TEACHERS

Arrangements have been made with the L. E. & W. Railroad, for a Special Vestibule Train for the accommodation of the Teachers to attend the State Convention at INDIANAPOLIS. Leave Fort Wayne at 9:00 a. m., arrive at Indianapolis at 12:15 p. m., Thursday, April 6th. Returning, leave Indianapolis at 2:00 p. m., Saturday, April 8th.

FARE, $3.40 ROUND TRIP. Tickets will also be sold for regular trains April 5th and 6th; good returning on any train to and including Sunday, April 9th.

LAKE ERIE & WESTERN R. R.

OUR CULINARY DEPARTMENT

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR HOUSEKEEPER'S DAILY USE

SATURDAY, APRIL 1.

Breakfast.

Fruit.
Cereal Sugar and Cream
Flaked Fish on Toast
Muffins Coffee

Lunch.

Baked Cheese Pudding
Sliced Oranges Seed Cakes
Tea

Dinner.

Asparagus Soup
Deviled Clams Boiled Rice
Baked Onions
Shaved Cabbage Cooked Dressing
Wafers Cheese
Currant Roll Soft Sauce
Coffee

RECIPES.

Seed Cakes.

Into one quart of sifted pastry flour rub one-half cupful of butter. Add a half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of granulated or light brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Turn on a floured board, knead lightly for a few minutes, then roll out half an inch thick. Sprinkle with caraway or other small seeds, press lightly with the pin so that they will adhere to the dough, then cut into rounds or squares. Bake in a quick oven.

Deviled Clams.

Scrub twenty-five hardshell clams and steam them until the shells open. The liquor can be used in making broth. Chop the clams fine. Make a sauce with half a cupful of the clam liquor, a half cupful of cream or milk and one tablespoonful each of butter and flour. Add the chopped clams, the smoothly mashed yolks of three hard boiled eggs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a half teaspoonful of lemon juice and a high seasoning of salt and pepper. Cook for five minutes, fill large clam shells with the mixture, smooth well over the top and let cool. Brush over each with beaten egg and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Immerse two at a time in smoking hot fat until golden brown or bake in a quick oven.

☞ Cut out Coupon, fill in the name of your favorite candidate, and mail or bring it to Press Committee, Elks' Temple.

COUPON— S.

Vote For Queen of the Elks

Mardi Gras, May 24, 25, 26, 1911.

I wish to cast this vote for

M.....

.....

.....

Who is the.....of a member of Fort Wayne Lodge No. 155, B. P. O. Elks.

THE PARTY VOTED FOR MUST BE THE WIFE, DAUGHTER, OR SISTER OF A FORT WAYNE ELK.

Mail or deliver coupons to

PRESS COMMITTEE, Elks' Temple, City.

Voting Closes May 7th.

Domestic Bread

Is never allowed to overferment. You always find it

At Your Grocers. Sweet and Well Baked

Myron Downing Bakery

THE RETURN OF THE ETON JACKET.

One of the most noticeable features of the new French designs which are now being imported by the leading modistes is the triumphant return to favor of the Eton jacket. At a recent showing of French frocks meant for spring and summer wear the short, chic garment appeared not only as a part of afternoon costumes in voile, chiffon and marquisette, but also with the serge and other worsted costumes which are not strictly tailored, but take the place of tailored costumes for women who do not like severe effects.

One very striking costume of this sort was of gray and black striped suiting, the skirt made with a front panel and a habit back, the sides of the skirt draped with pointed overskirts of the material over a black satin underskirt. This gown had the lowe rpart of the bodice of black satin and the upper part of the striped material, the neck being finished with a chemisette of embroidered batiste. With this was worn an Eton jacket made with kimono sleeves and a sailor collar faced with the black satin.

The small jacket is also to be used for wear with lingerie frocks, and for this it will be made of colored taffeta. Old fashioned shades of pink, blue and green will be popular for these jackets, which are quite separate from the lingerie gown and may be regarded as a sort of wrap. One jacket is of old blue taffeta worn with a lingerie gown of embroidered ecru batiste, made in empire style, was finished with a pleating of the silk along the lower edge. The jacket was trimmed with braided silk in inch bands. The sleeves were quite wide and reached to the elbow, and were finished with turn back cuffs of the silk covered with Venetian lace.

All new costumes from Paris have the short waist line, and all afternoon and evening gowns are made in the empire style. The skirts are elaborately trimmed and quite scanty, the sleeves of elbow length and somewhat fuller than they have been. When the Eton jackets are not used the coats to the new suits are made short waisted and cutaway and are usually quite elaborately trimmed. Many of the waists are draped in surplice fashion, the skirts being joined to the bodice by a cording.

Diamonds For April

The birthstone for April is the world's most precious gem—the diamond.

It is a mistake to think all diamonds expensive. We have innumerable little articles with various styles of sets, including diamonds that are very moderate in price.

Rings, Pins, Brooches, Bracelets, etc.

TRENKLEY & KOERBER

816 Calhoun Street

Est. 1865

Music cheers the home—as Spring cheers the world

¶ Nothing dispels the gloom like happy, joyous, swinging, lively melody. Its magic drives away worry and care, and makes life more worth living.

PACKARD INTERPRETING PIANO

¶ Will add immeasurably to your home joys and comforts. It's the one perfect player piano.

A one-price and easy-payment system will make its acquirement an easy matter. Be sure to come in and hear this cheer-giving and wonderful instrument today.

The Packard Music House

930 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana

A Page of Interest to Women

SMART EASTER HATS

PHOTOS BY JOEL FEDER

Very few of the new spring hats are freaks. As you stroll about the millinery shops you are impressed with the grace, prettiness, and above all, "wearableness" of the new shapes. Picture hats there are galore, but they are quaint, small picture affairs, rather than the overpowering picture styles which were worn last year.

The straw bonnet is the very latest notion of Madam Fashion, and so captivating are these little affairs and so fascinatingly becoming, that their success is assured in advance. Any woman, whether she has pretty hair or not, may wear a bonnet, for the bonnet fits so snugly over the head that the hair scarcely shows except in a few soft little curls at brow and temples. Some of the bonnets have strings; others merely show two little tabs of the straw at either side of the back to prove that they are bonnets and must not be mistaken for ordinary toques. One bonnet illustrated is made of blue and brown rough straw with a crown of blue chenille, and above this is an arrangement of satin ribbon in two shades of blue. Another bonnet is of draped rose straw with a matching bow at the back. Still another bonnet of flexible pink straw has rose colored ribbons and a lining of rose and hellotrope.

In contrast to the high toques there are quoer coolie shapes with conical crowns rising from a rolled up brim and trimming emanating from a hole in the exact center of the crown. The coolie hat pictured is of cream leghorn faced with black and the shako feather is in a pale coral shade. The continental model is of black Milan with a brim facing of royal blue velvet and plumes of the same rich blue.

HAIR RIBBONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS

There is to be no diminution in the size of hair ribbons which little people will wear this summer. Precisely why some of the tiniest youngsters are not blown away with their bows as sails, no one knows. A very awe inspiring structure of loops and ends can be made from one and one-half yards of ribbon six inches wide, and that is what girls of ten years of age demand. Their smaller sisters, envious in the extreme, are limited to widths of four inches, and one yard and an eighth is considered a proper length. Mothers should take care not to exceed this, too, for otherwise the bow becomes grotesque in proportion to the figure.

Plain colors will always be regulation, both for morning and afternoon wear in the hair, but there is a decided preference for plaids and stripes for school hours. A good deal of smartness is given to a plain frock by topping it with a striking contrast of colors. A blue serge, for example, looks vastly better if a big blue, red and green plaid hair ribbon catches the eye at the same time.

Plaids are not suitable for afternoon. When a little miss changes her dress for the afternoon she may wear a flowered ribbon in her hair, if she likes. It may have rather a wide border of a solid color, the centre being sprinkled with blossoms on a ground of contrasting color, preferably white. Such ribbons are decidedly dressy.

Figures are always introduced in self colors, though these are not apt to become very popular. It is difficult to find those having sufficient body to make bows stiff enough to please critical young persons, and unless a bow is very perky it is highly unsuccessful.

Brocade ribbons will be worn in the hair with party dresses, and when possible they should match the shades. When suitable hair ribbons are not made in brocade one of the light plain colors appearing in the sash should be matched.

A JAPANESE DANCE.

A pretty dance given for the younger set was in Japanese style. Invitations were written on cards imitating flower petals and the hall was decorated as for a Japanese party, with screens, porcelains, Jap parasols and lanterns, cherry and other fruit blossoms. The girls of the party wore Japanese costumes. The dance programs were printed on little fans. (Writing can be substituted for this detail when the printing is inconvenient.)

A novel feature was carried out in the refreshments, which were served from a tea house constructed in the dining room and covered with tea chest matting and plum blossoms, Oriental signs, etc. From the tea house were served iced tea, rice wafers and dainty cakes in several varieties, also stuffed dates and figs, fig paste sweetmeats and crystallized fruits. Ice cream was served in tall cone shaped glasses with whipped cream on top, and each portion was inserted a spray of fruit blossoms, real or artificial.

A pretty feature of the cotillion worth mentioning was the dance paper lanterns were distributed and lighted, the young people holding them as they swept to and fro.

This dance was a subscription affair, each participant paying fifty cents, and the entertainer assuring the charges of the evening as to decorations, musicians, programs and refreshments.

AN EASTER BUNNY ENTERTAINMENT.

An entertainment which afforded the greatest delight to a certain little flock of suburban children and their school friends was a rabbit party.

The merrymaking was scheduled for Easter week, and when the inventive mind of the household found herself called on to devise still another party plan after it had seemed that human inventiveness could no further go, the idea of the Easter bunny occurred to her as an inspiration.

The blank cards for the invitations were secured at a stationer's, purchased by the package, and on each was drawn a tiny pen and ink design of a rabbit in some cunning posture, "begging," issuing from an egg shell, fleeing over the ground. This made interesting pick-up work for in between times. On each card in due season an invitation was written.

Preparing the Room.

The big square living hall of the suburban home was used as the scene of the party. Unnecessary ornaments were put away for the time being in order that the children might feel free to run about a little without danger of breaking things. The wall of the room was specially decorated with a striking frieze of big rabbits cut from black paper and represented as chasing each other in a merry romp. There were also pictures of prints of natural rabbits clipped from magazines, advertisements, etc., and mounted prettily on mats or art cardboard, while a big papier mache rabbit displayed on the top of a low book case wore around his neck a card which read:

"Draw My Portrait and Win Me"

Drawing a picture of this handsome specimen of the bunnp tribe led off the fun of the party. Cards wirn pencil attached to them with ribbon, were passed to all, and fifteen minutes was allowed for the sketching. AAt the end of that time some older person collected the sketches and awarded the rabbit for the best likeness of himself.

In another game ten minutes was allowed for forming smaller words out of the letters found in the term "Easter rabbit," which was done by juggling the letters around mentally as in the ordinary word game called "Verbarium," which all the children had played. The child forming the longest list of smaller words which no one else had discovered won a rabbit in hard chocolate.

A rather lighter game was played like the good old favorite "pig tail," except for the fact that instead of answering "Pig tail" to all questions asked, one answers "Rabbit."

All those who succeeded in so answering the diverse questions asked without once laughing or smiling drew for the prize, a copy of the popular "Story of Peter Rabbit."

The child, on the contrary, who laughed most was condemned to redeem a forfeit by hopping around the room like a bunny.

Rabbit Silhouettes.

A game, too, which consisted in cutting out rabbit shapes from half-sheets of heavy white note paper provided with scissors for the purpose, made a great hit, for as the stage management was well aware, every youngster enjoys "cutting out."

A bell rang telling the clippers when to start and a second one sounded just as a warning that time was nearly up. Everyone followed his or her own fancy as to whether the bunny should be entire or simply a head, and whether it should be represented as running, sitting or standing.

The refreshment table for this bunny entertainment was certainly a charming one, and came as a surprise to the little guests, who, naturally supposed that the many good games and jokes already enjoyed had about exhausted all the rabbit ideas available.

A Nest of Rabbits

The centerpiece was a huge nest made of branches (very supple, to admit of manipulation) covered with pretty yellow blossoms. These branches were interwoven and shaped to resemble a springtime dwelling from birdland. Instead of eggs this nest, which occupied the middle of the table, was filled with daffodils and small papier mache rabbits. There was a rabbit for every one and around each bunny's neck appeared a ribbon with a circular tag bearing the name of the child for whom it was intended and a wish in verse for a "happy Easter."

Instead of cake, cookies in the form of rabbits were served with the ice cream.

EAST AND EASTER

[By Amos R. Wells.]

Out of the East the royal Sun,
Sign of a glad new day begun,
Out of the East to heal and bless,
Rises the Sun of Righteousness:
Out of the East is Easter.

Out of the East the Stars arise,
Myriad suns of other skies:
So is Judea's Savior found
Lord of all races the Earth around:
Out of the East is Easter.

Out of the East the Wise Men came,
Led by the wondrous heavenly flame
Now the King of their starry lore
Rises to reign forever more:
Out of the East is Easter.

Out of the East the warmth and power,
Light and love for the living hour,
Joy unceasing and full and free,
Meant for the lowliest, even me:
Out of the East is Easter.

—Christian Herald.

FLOWERS FOR THE EASTER BRIDES

FROM JOHN WANAMAKER

Now and then appears a bride who— in order to be individual—dispenses with the traditional wedding bouquet and carries instead a small prayer book: but so beautiful in its suggestion is the bridal cluster of white flowers, that it is the usual custom, and the prayer book only the exception, with snowy wedding robes.

Lilies of the valley are the bride's own particular flower—even more peculiarly hers, nowadays, than the traditional orange blossom. Sometimes orange blossoms are added at the center of the great bouquet of valley lilies. Sometimes white bride roses form the center. Sometimes orchids are used, if the bridegroom, who of course presents the wedding flowers, is able to give his florist carte blanche as far as expense is concerned.

Two exquisite bridal bouquets of the "shower" type are illustrated. One of these bouquets is made entirely of the valley lilies combined with maiden hair fern and the shower clusters fall around a large, soft bow of white bride ribbon. The other ouquet is smaller—in the empire style, with a quaint satin paper frill backing the bouquet and a bunch of white roses at the center. Also illustrated is a bridesmaid's bouquet of pink mermet roses, carried in sheaf fashion over one arm. The bride's bouquet is invariably held in both hands, straight in front, like a muff.

The bride who has no heirloom lace veil may satisfy herself with the thought that this year tulle wedding veils are more fashionable than those of lace. The tulle veil pictured is arranged very gracefully in the new "bonnet" effect, with an orange blossom cabuchon over each ear.

NOVEL TOUCHES FOR THE BRIDAL SHOWER.

An Old Festivity Made New by the Use of Clever and Original Conceits—The Umbrella Shower.

The times are becoming showery and are likely to continue so right along until the week after Easter—not Jupiter Pluvius, however, but just a rainfall of things pretty, desirable and useful on the heads of Easter brides to be.

It has become the thing, according to the dictum of the younger set, to have these little functions as original as possible and to keep each event a dark secret from the recipient.

It is possible to vary even the conventional linen or kitchen shower, which still remains, despite all innovations, the best for the average girl who has married love and moderate means. For instance, the future bride can be invited to attend, on note paper of the most correctly conventional form, while others likely to be interested could receive their biddings tucked away in tiny umbrellas the length of one's forefinger.

The affair might be announced as a progressive needle party, and during the first half hour or so of the afternoon it takes this form.

At this progression there are various little tables, the number regulated according to the number of guests who will play, and at each table are a basket of needles of various sizes and several spools of cotton. The rounds are five minutes' long, marked by bell signals or a Chinese gong, and the object in each becomes to thread as many needles as possible before the second bell rings. The length of the thread is prescribed, but this is the only restriction.

The two girls threading most receive stars on their tallies, and progress to the next table.

These same tables, by the way, may be designed to afford a hint to the bride if she be specially alert, but the probabilities are that she will fail to seize it, and in any case it comes too late to spoil the fun. They are little umbrella shapes cut from cardboard and tinted if desired on one side with water color. The stars when pasted on them become symbolic of those which follow the heaviest shower.

A very dainty needlebook could reward the person winning most stars in all the rounds. When this has been awarded the hostess rises and suggests another game into which the bride is led all unsuspectingly.

"In an adjoining room a fortune game has been arranged," announces the hostess. One or two of the company are blindfolded in turn and are ushered into the ante-room to try their fortunes. This they do by selecting cards having fortunes written on them which are pinned face down upon a screen. The bride is then blindfolded and conducted to select her fortune card. Just as she is about to take it four girls, stationed nearby, clip two ribbons which support a sheet in which are handkerchiefs, lace, dusters, towels and all kinds of smaller cotton and linen gifts with confetti and tiny flowers. Two corners of the sheet drop, scattering the pretty gifts literally upon the guest of honor.

When the bandage is removed from her eyes the larger gifts, all pretty and festively tied, should be discovered on a table just beyond. Some of the lighter articles with the confetti may be used to pelt her "for good luck."

Of course refreshments follow with toasts and songs.

FEMININE FRIPPERIES.

Goulard grenadines, the newest development of the popular spring silk, will find instant favor with the woman just past middle age or even in the winter of life.

The new fabric has all the suppleness of foulard, with the sheerness of grenadine as an added attraction. From a distance it has the appearance of foulard, but closer examination reveals a sheer material with heavier figures in flowers and conventional patterns woven in the cloth.

One of the prettiest patterns is in black and white. The ground is black with a narrow strip of heavier weave, and scattered at irregular intervals are sprigs of roses with their foliage, all in black. A tiny white pin dot completes the design, and the fabric drapes and shimmers exactly like satin foulard.

A white lining brings out the pattern most distinctly, and is extremely striking. Such a combination would be smart for afternoon or evening wear, and if combined with real lace in a shallow yoke and a touch of the lace at the wrists, would make a rich as well as a becoming gown.

THE Base Ball Bowling DAILY Boxing and All SENTINEL Worth Printing SPORTS

SPLITS IN LAST BEAT BERGHOFFS

Also Kept Team from Taking Season Average for Series.

HEIDELBERGS WIN

Hecht and Pappert had three splits each in the last game of the series at the Brunswick between the Berghoffs and the White Fruit House, and Henry Pranger went them one better with four and these mishaps kept the club from landing three straight games and the high average of the season for a series.

The men totaled 2,840 pins for their work and lost the final game by three pins. George Stang opened proceedings with 253 and tabbed 640 pins for his three games, taking all the high marks. Brossard shot 223 in his final effort and was second high man and Pranger picked off 202 in the first. None of the Fruit House men got as high as a double and Hills was high. The scores:

—White Fruit House.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Tot.	Av.
Reynolds	170	161	188	519	173
Farnan	182	164	190	536	179
Hamilton	117	176	129	422	141
Hofer	192	161	175	528	176
Hills	169	189	191	549	183
Totals	830	851	873	2554	851

—Berghoffs.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Tot.	Av.
Brossard	186	198	223	607	202
Pranger	202	179	156	537	179
Pappert	192	191	159	542	181
Hecht	187	184	154	514	171
Stang	253	198	189	640	213
Totals	1020	950	870	2840	947

HEIDELBERGS IN A WALK.

Fox Brothers Easy Victims and Lose Three More Battles.

The Heidelbergs took three games in a walk from the Fox Brothers' five and the winners did not have to extend themselves at any time. Siedler was the best man in the winning squad, taking high score with 198 and annexing the average. Cope was high for the losers. The scores:

—Heidelbergs.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Tot.	Av.
Krill	169	164	181	514	171
Rahe	176	194	181	551	184
Siedler	182	190	198	570	190
Hill	138	...	149	287	143
Tuttle	...	146	...	146	146
Schiefer	192	147	190	529	176
Totals	857	841	899	2597	866

—Fox Brothers.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Tot.	Av.
Hindmarch	115	97	169	381	127
Schwab	149	151	168	468	156
Belt	135	151	135	421	140
Cope	164	189	150	503	168
Michelfelder	145	147	133	425	142
Totals	708	735	755	2198	733

COONEYS WIN IN HOT FIGHT.

Weinand Picks Off First, But Get Trimming in Others.

In the Second league series the Weinand Lunch five got the first game, but Cooney's Little Havanas put on steam in the second and third and won two in three. Kampe doubled in the first and got the average and Lenz led the losing team. The scores:

—Weinand Lunch.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Tot.	Av.
Lenz	162	191	189	542	181
Buechner	168	157	156	481	160
Wefel	...	146	165	311	155
Ruchel	161	138	...	299	149
Brinkroeger	143	...	162	162	162
Quinn	211	147	193	551	184
Totals	845	779	865	2489	830

—Cooney's Little Havanas.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Tot.	Av.
Holmes	172	181	155	508	169
Kampe	202	168	182	552	184
Shoub	129	...	...	129	129
Miller	...	140	154	294	147
Urbine	126	137	214	480	160
H. Miller	157	188	183	528	176
Totals	789	814	888	2491	830

PENNSYLVANIAS LOSE MEN.

Lorain and Bennett Among Those Who Were Laid Off Yesterday.

Manager Al Ringle of the Pennsylvania Shop League team is good and sore and he has ample reason to be as the retrenchment policy that was opened in the local shops caught Lorain and Bennett, two of his best players, and he will have to get along without their services.

Both of these men were of great aid in winning the championship last season and their loss will be keenly felt in the ranks. The rule on the subject will be enforced, which means that these players are lost for this summer at least. Then there is another thing to be considered. They may find employment in some of the other shops represented in the league and in event they do, they will play against their old shopmates.

Although the weather looked more like ice hockey than baseball this morning the Electro-Technics reported at the works ready to take on the Concordia college team this afternoon. Manager Borchert had his line-up arranged as follows:

Franke, first; Prince, second; Lopshire, shortstop; Hatch, third; Hines, left field; Archbald, center field; Bartles, right field; Baals, catcher; Cashdollar and Hoyt, pitchers.

FIRST OVERCOAT IN SIX WINTERS

Ike Butler Had to Purchase When He Got to Grand Rapids.

LIST OF THE PLAYERS

Grand Rapids, Mich., April 1.—Ike Butler alighted here fresh from the sunshine and daisies down in southern California and the first thing he ran into was a March snow storm. The next thing he ran into was an overcoat, which is the first he has owned in six years, as the climate out on the coast has not been severe enough since he left here to force him into heavy marching order.

Isaac had a few copecs in small change when he got off the train and the rest of his available assets were tied up in a draft and after he had selected an overcoat of a type that met his approval and that of several admiring friends he asked a clothier to lay it away for him until he could find an open bank.

However, his credit had remained good since he left John Ganzel's second-place bunch and the salesman told him to take it along and settle later and instead of shivering through an evening devoted to the renewal of old acquaintances he was prepared to meet the parting kicks of Old Boreas.

The first year of John Ganzel's reign here in partnership with Phil Arnold, Ike was the pitcher who did most to bring the team up to second place. In the fall he left for California and has been there ever since. He will run up to Stanton tonight to stay until Monday or Tuesday, visiting old friends.

Dr. Harvey Parker has gone to Chicago to round up his practice squad for Monday morning and if the weather will permit he expects to have the men out for preliminary work on Monday afternoon and his list of players is as follows:

Catchers—Tim O'Brien, St. Louis, four years in professional ball; Fred Klimp, Chicago, five years semi-pro; Jim McDonnough, Chicago, three years semi-pro; Jim McKenty, Chicago, one year semi-pro; Burnet Fish, Lawrence, Mich., one year with Benton Harbor pro team; Fred Nebel, Chicago, amateur player.

Pitchers—Ray Hale, Allegan, nine years professional company; Ike Butler, Grand Rapids, 10 years professional; Earl McQuillan, Dearfield, Ill., three years professional; William Reilly, Lima, Ohio, four years professional; Corey Backus, Popular Bluff, Mo., one year professional; Harry Shelly, Chicago, one year professional; Joe Flannigan, Chicago, three years college ball; Arthur Lovell, Chicago, amateur; Harry Bellock, Chicago, four years college; William Goldrick, Chicago, one year semi-pro; Fred Turner, Philadelphia, two years professional.

Infielders—"Dummy" Kihm, Delphos, Ohio, 15 years professional; E. R. Somerlott, Lagrange, Ind., two years independent ball; "Sandy" Murray, Newark, Ohio, seven years professional; Claude Petts, Bridgeport, Ill., five years professional; Al Schall, Chicago, four years professional; Joe Pentry, Cleveland, five years professional; Frank Donahue, Springfield, Ohio, five years professional; Ed Martin, Chicago, three years college ball; Frank Diederich, Chicago, three years college ball; John Coveney, Fonlenef, Ind., three years professional; Frank Cragen, Ashtabula, Ohio, two years semi-pro.

Outfielders—Arthur Wicklund, Chicago, three years semi-pro; Charles Thomas, Salem, Ind., four years professional; J. J. Spehn, Chicago, one year professional; Walter Pipp, Grand Rapids, amateur; Dick Malgren, Chicago, one year professional.

DISBROW BREAKS A RECORD.

Sent His Car Over 300-Mile Course in Less Than Four Hours.

Jacksonville, Fla., April 1.—Taking the lead in the first mile and never being headed, Louis Disbrow, driving a Pope-Hartford, won the 300-mile automobile race over the Atlantic-Pablo Beach course.

The time was 3 hours 53 minutes 33½ seconds, lowering the world's mark for fifty miles held by Fletcher, made in the de Dietrich in 1905 and the 200-mile record made by Tobin de Hemel last year, and establishing new world's records for 250 and 300 miles.

DOAK STILL HOLDS OUT.

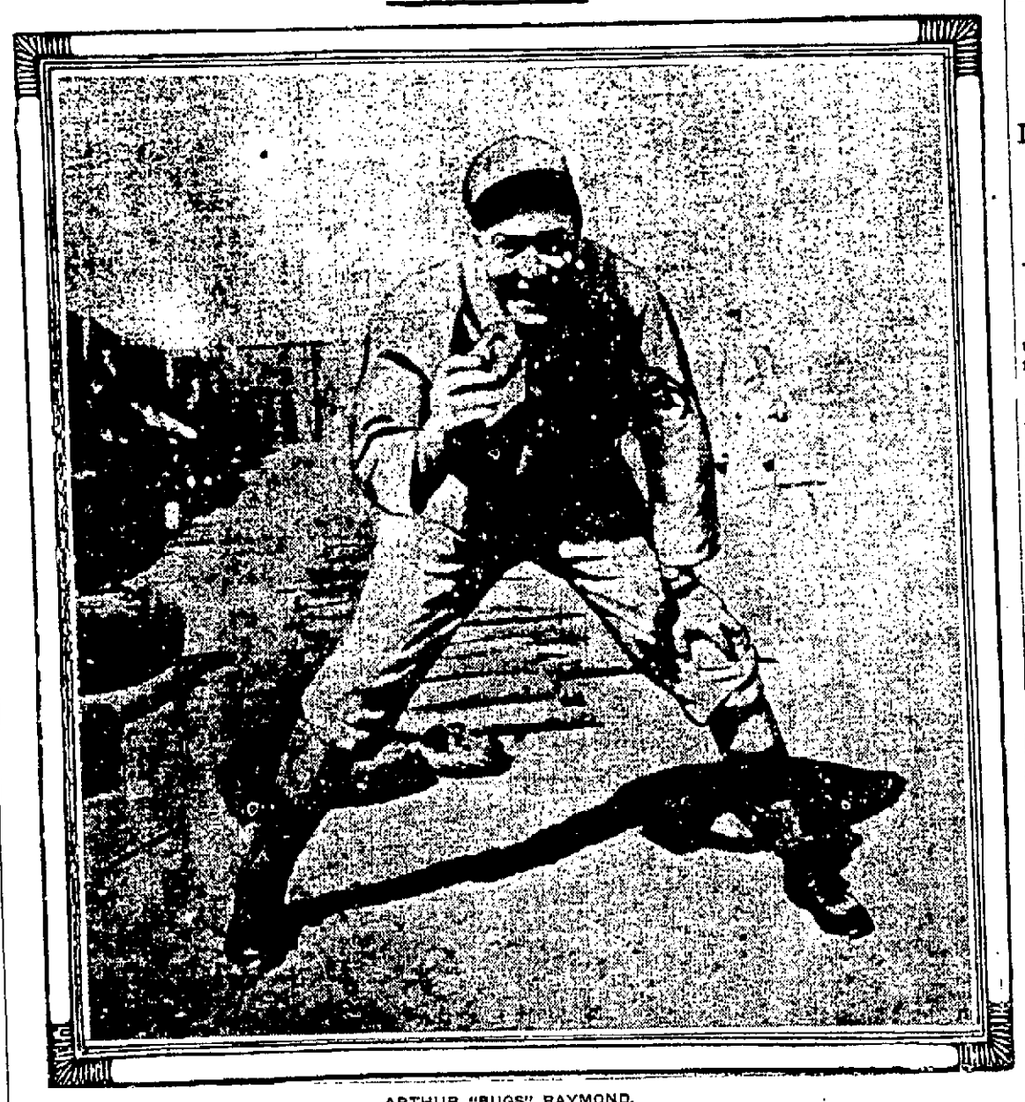
Wheeling, W. Va., April 1.—"Whitie" Doak, the tall pitcher of the Wheeling team in the Central league last season, is the latest man to refuse to sign his contract and he has been given until April 10 to come to terms with the Wheeling management. If by that date he has not signed up he will be placed on Farrell's black list.

PULLS OFF BIG DEAL.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Ed Ashenbach, manager of the Syracuse club, pulled off his first big deal of the season yesterday. He traded a copy of his new book, "Humor Among the Miners," to Louis Heilbroner, of Fort Wayne, for Louis' new edition of the baseball blue book. It was an even trade, with no cash consideration.

WANTED HIS WIFE TO PITCH A BALL GAME



ARTHUR "BUGS" RAYMOND.

Jack Nagle, of the Naps, caught Bugs Raymond on the Atlantic City club, and he tells the following story:

"Mrs. Raymond went to the manager one day and asked that she be given Bugs' pay," says Jack. "She explained that Bugs sometimes failed to divide with her. The next pay envelope went to Mrs. Raymond, and Bugs did not show up. The manager found him at the hotel reading a paper.

"'What's up?' he asked Bugs. 'Don't you know you are going to pitch today?'

"'No, I'm not going to pitch today,' Bugs answered. 'My wife has a strong sense of duty and since she gets my pay she will take my place. She'll be down in a minute. She's upstairs putting on my uniform.' And Bugs wasn't moved by a long argument.

"Bugs struck out three batters in one inning one time during the season, but his feat was unnoticed. He bowed to the stand and said, 'Ladies, gentlemen and fellow citizens, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your round of applause.'

"He was told to bunt one day after the first man up had reached first base. The base runner was caught napping, but Bugs bunted anyway. He was called for it. 'Looky here,' he came back, 'the first rule I was taught was to obey orders, and I'll be darned if I'm going to break it now.'"

JOHNNY FISHER'S CONTRACT IS IN

Has Signed With Dayton and is Satisfied to Play There.

DELL IS A VICTIM

Dayton, O., April 1.—With Johnny Fisher's contract in his office safe, President Elmer Redelle feels that a great burden has been lifted off his shoulders, as he expects a lot of the Noblesville lad this season.

He did not balk long on the contract and when it was all signed, sealed and handed over to the president the midget hurler announced that he was perfectly satisfied with its contents and that he hoped to do as well for the Veterans as he did for the Stogies before he was drafted by Louisville and sent to Mobile.

This week has been one continuous nightmare for Manager Punch Knoll. Corralling his athletes earlier than the other managers in the Central league he expected to get a good line on his recruits in the exhibition games between clubs selected from the big lot of men who are here and in this he has been sorely disappointed.

Most of the time has been spent in the clubhouse at Fairview park telling baseball yarns and saying unkind things about the weather man. A long string of exhibition games has been arranged, but it is likely that few of them will be played.

Johnny Bell sprung a Charley Horse the other day and this gave rise to the following story by Punch Knoll:

"When I was with the Washington club several years ago Trainer Quirk, who is still with them, used to be bragging about his speed all the time," said Punch. "He is an old fellow, all bent out of shape and it seemed foolish that any one in his condition could show any speed. But Quirk never let up his bragging.

"One day when we were training in the south he was speed crazy. Tom Hughes was jogging around the park and Quirk was sitting on the bench with several of the players. 'Look at that long-legged rascal,' said Quirk, 'he thinks he can run, but I'll bet a new hat I can beat him in an 100-yard race, and give him a 15-yard handicap.' When Hughes reached our side of the park we stopped him and told him of Quirk's boast. 'Anytime you're ready to run that race, just let me know, Quirk,' said Tom.

"We thought that would get Quirk, but the old boy was game and offered to run the race right on the spot. We marked off 100 yards and long Tom took his place 15 yards ahead of Quirk. The old boy started out at a fair clip but he hadn't taken more than 15 steps when he tumbled to the ground yelling like he had been shot.

"His leg went double at the knee and he couldn't straighten it out. Several of us tried to make it straight but he grabbed a bat lying close to him and hit at us with it. He had sprung a charley horse just as he went to put his foot down and it was several hours before he could stand on the leg. Quirk never boasted about his speed after that."

WELLS JOINS JERSEY CITY.

Broncho Catcher Leaves South Bend to Begin His Training.

South Bend, Ind., April 1.—Bob Wells, the Bender catcher drafted at the close of last season by Jersey City of the Eastern league, has gone to Jersey City, where he will work out with the Skeeters. He was accompanied by Mrs. Wells and the couple, who were married but a short time ago, will make their home in the east.

Wells was the most finished receiver in the league last season, and, in addition to being a pretty worker behind the bat, he clouted for .280, and was exceptionally fast on the paths. His friends here have little doubt of his ability to make good in the Eastern league.

Best of all Cigars—Univoco, 10c straight.

GOOD EXAMPLE FOR MEN

Hot Springs, Ark., April 1.—In order to be consistent and set their men a good example, both President Barney Dreyfuss and Manager Fred Clarke of the Pittsburg club, have climbed aboard the water wagon—have become strict teetotalers. Neither has tasted beer nor other spirituous beverages since the descent on Hot Springs, and, what's more, both declare they won't for some time to come.

The secret leaked out tonight in the rotunda of the Hotel Eastman. Mr. Dreyfuss, with John P. Harris, was invited by a friend from Cincinnati to indulge.

"I'm on the water wagon now," exclaimed Colonel Barney. "I've quit taking my usual glass of beer. I seldom drank anything else, but I'm off even that now."

Asked for his reason, the Pirate owner explained that the anti-booze contract in the Pittsburg players' contract was being literally enforced and would be enforced throughout the season.

"It wouldn't be right for me to drink beer and deny my players the same privilege, would it?" he asked.

Fred Clarke, according to Mr. Dreyfuss, formerly enjoyed a glass of beer, but Fred, too, has "sworn off" in order to set the players a good example and to be fair with them.

Good money in good Cigars—Univoco, 10c straight.

COMBINATION OF ELEVENS.

Eleven People See Eleven-Inning Battle at Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., April 1.—Eleven frozen fans sat through eleven innings of baseball here in the game between the Colonels and the Cubs and saw an eleven-to-eleven tie.

Harry Howell, former St. Louis Spitballer, is making a hot fight for steady work on first base and looks to be in a good way to land the berth. Chance went through the game without a hit, going to bat six times and reaching first only once, scoring in the opening round after drawing a pass.

Quit worrying. Buy Al. Hazzard's make of Cigars.

NEW YORK BOUT POSTPONED.

McFarland and Tommy Murphy Will Not Meet Until April 18.

New York, April 1.—A telegram from Packey McFarland of Chicago, was received here today informing the management of the Fairmont Athletic club that he could not get into condition in season for his fight with Tommy Murphy, scheduled for Tuesday, April 4. As both boxers refuse to go on during holy week, the bout was accordingly postponed until April 18.

HOLLOW VICTORY FOR AD WOLGAST

Champion Finished His Man But Victory Added Little Glory.

LITTLE MONEY IS BET

San Francisco, April 1.—Ad Wolgast added nothing to his reputation in his victory over Anton Lagrave last night, nor did he prove to coast fight fans that he is any better than the top notchers among the lightweights who are clamoring for his title.

It was conceded that he could beat George Memsic and he did it in jig time and last night with Lagrave as his opponent he made short work of his man and had him going so fast in the fifth round that a towel was chucked in the ring to stop further punishment. The fight by rounds follow:

Round 1—Wolgast crouched low and tapped his man lightly several times. After some ineffectual infighting the champion drove a solid left to the jaw and they mixed at close quarters, Wolgast landing right and left to the body and head. Lagrave made no showing in this round, which was all Wolgasts.

Round 2—The Cadillac boy rushed "the Buttercrown idol" from one end of ring to the other, planting solid lefts and rights to the body in quick succession. Wolgast in one of his rushes drove Lagrave almost through the ropes with a left hook to the jaw and a moment later sent his man prone with a similar punch. The gong rang in the nick of time and found Lagrave staggering blindly.

Round 3—Lagrave came up trembling like a leaf, Wolgast drove his man against the rope with a rain of blows and all but sent him to the floor. Lagrave went to his corner wobbling.

Round 4—Wolgast chased his opponent around the ring and sent him to the floor three times with left and right hooks to the jaw. Lagrave took the count on each occasion. The spectators began to yell stop it! stop it! Lagrave went down for the fourth time, but the round ended, saving him from certain defeat.

Round 5—Wolgast went right after his man and the latter closed in, hoping thereby to avoid the heavy punishment being administered. Wolgast drove in short snappy right and left and when Lagrave went down again his seconds threw a towel into the ring.

Sure! The man that smokes the Univoco, 10c straight Cigar gets the best.

KILROY GOT DONOVAN OFF BAG

Monroe, La., April 1.—In one of the early practice games played at Monroe there was considerable discussion regarding a throw made by Pitcher Pug Cavat to catch Charlie O'Leary leading off first. The little utility man was declared out all right, but many of the players claimed that the hurler had been guilty of a palpable balk.

This brought up an argument regarding balks, and half-balks and near balks, and set some of the old timers to reminiscing. Joe Sugden cited Matty Kilroy's motion as the most effective that ever had come to his notice, and said that the best base runners in the league were caught napping by this curver's peculiar delivery in throwing to the initial sack.

Kilroy was at his best when a member of the Louisville club of the old National league when it was a twelve-club circuit. He was a southpaw, which gave him the advantage of looking at the initial bag without twisting his head off. Some wonderful stories are told of his skill in nabbing the unwary occupants of sack No. 1. It is said that one day when Louisville was playing Pittsburg, Pat Donovan scoffed at Kilroy's reputed prowess and offered to bet that he wouldn't be able to get two of the Pirates asleep in the course of the game. Kilroy said nothing at the time, but pretty soon Mr. Donovan got a life, and before he could bat an eye Kilroy had him nailed too dead to skip.

A couple of innings later the doubtful Donovan again reached the first station by some means, and in a twinkling Kilroy had snagged him for the second time.

"I heard that you were betting I couldn't pick two of your men off," said Matty, "so I thought I would make you the two and thus remove any doubts. The next time you get on there you better stand on the bag until you see the ball traveling toward the batter."

Sugden doesn't believe the story that batsmen sometimes swung at the ball when it was thrown to first base, so deceptive was Kilroy's motion, but he states as a fact that the southpaw often "crossed" his catcher, the first baseman and the coacher.

"It seemed at times as though Matty purposely let men get on just to enjoy the pleasure of picking them off when he got ready," said the veteran catcher.

VARNELL COMING TO START SQUAD

Dr. James Casey Due in Fort Wayne Today for Training.

YOUNG FIRST MAN

Claude H. Varnell has engaged by telegraph a room at the Baltes hotel for tomorrow, which is advance notice that he will be here to receive his advance squad of ball players who are expected to drop in Sunday and Monday to take up the work of preparing for their annual attempt to capture the Central league pennant.

Dr. James Casey was due to arrive today and he and the boss will confer tomorrow on the details for the opening of the training camp at league park at 9 o'clock Monday morning. All of the men have received instructions to be on hand on time and if the weather offers any sort of inducements a workout will be scheduled for Monday afternoon.

Secretary Bert Dennis has made arrangements for the reception of the men who will be quartered at the Rich hotel until the season opens unless they prefer to seek quarters on their own book, a privilege that has always been granted by the management.

Delmer Dewaine Young was the first man to report and he came in with a snow storm yesterday and found another to greet him this morning. Mrs. Young and the younger Youngs will come over later to spend the season watching the husband and father engage in a line of endeavor with his trusty bat.

Young expects a better season than he had last year. He learned a lot of baseball under Jimmy Burke and he will find a capable instructor in Dr. Casey and as he has always been a most willing worker there is no reason why his play in general should not show improvement all along the line.

Jack Raidy has been as busy as the weather would permit getting the ball yard in gala attire for the reception of the band of sturdy athletes who will draw pay envelopes here during the season and he has made good progress when it is taken into account that the handicaps have been heavier than usual.

The ground is soft and a couple of days of dry weather will be necessary to get the diamond in shape for regular practice. The stands are to be treated to a brand new coat of paint and carpenters will be put to work repairing in order to give the patrons all the comforts that usually go with well regulated minor league ball.

The men will get a little more than three weeks of work before the opening game at Wheeling, scheduled for April 26.

WARRENDER ASKS RAIDY FOR SHOW

Says He is Feeling Fine and Believes He Can Make Good.

MAY GET A CHANCE

Zanesville, O., April 1.—Frank "Mum" Warrander has asked Manager Joe Raidy for a job in his outfield and the Potter Pilot has just about half a mind to try the veteran out in the hope that he has come back and is still strong enough for Central league going.

Warranger's last place in the Central was at Dayton when Bade Myers started the season with him, but soon found that he was not up to the standard and had to get rid of him. In spite of the fact that he led the O.-P. league last season in batting and assists he was declared a free agent this spring and has been looking for an engagement for several months. He finished with Kalamazoo, of the Michigan State league, in the memorable pennant fight of last season.

Warrender broke into the Central league as manager of the Anderson club which was transferred to Grand Rapids, and the next year found him at Terre Haute, where he finished in second place, losing the pennant in the last two or three days of the schedule.

Players have been arriving on most every train during the last couple of days and the task of assigning them to rooming places has been taken up by Manager Raidy. He hopes to have all of his men in line by the first of next week and hopes also for a better brand of weather. It has been cold here for several days and the players have had little opportunity for out of door work.

Much is expected of the Zanesville outfield this season, as there is a likely lot to pick from. Reilly, Farrell, Wylie, Baggan, Kalal and Hillinger present an excellent lot to draw from.

While it may not be generally known, yet it is a fact, Outfielder Baggan is one of the most promising youngsters in the Central league. His speed is marvelous and he is fast becoming a good slugger and learning the fine points of the game. Last season Secretary Bernard of the Cleveland club made a special trip to Dayton when the Potters were playing there to put over a deal for Baggan, but he was so impressed with the work of Pitcher Veazey that the contract hung fire for the remainder of the season.

Kalal is from the lots in Cleveland, where he has been gaining more than local fame by his great judgment and fielding and his splendid batting. He was recommended to Raidy by Paddy Livingston, catcher for the Philadelphia Americans. Livingston says he is one of the best "comers" in the business and will be a find for any club.

Hillinger is capable and fast and ought to have his best season with a winning team. Gus has so far failed to sign a contract, but it is understood that he is nibbling and will be on hand in a few days. It will require long deliberation on the part of the powers in control to figure him in a trade unless something extra good in the way of pitchers come across.

Taken from the dope and facts and figures, Raidy is going to have the greatest outfield in the history of the game in this city.

Harem Skirt Dance, Thursday, Minuet, Mulqueen's. 1-4t

UMPIRING JOB GREAT FOR MEN WHO DON'T VALUE LIVES

Jack Evans, the Dorchester umpire, who has had considerable minor-league experience with the indicator, will umpire in the South Atlantic league this season. President Joyner has shipped Jack transportation southward, just to show the Dorchester decision-maker how highly he esteems him.

In his roamings about the Carolinas and Virginias Jack has certainly bumped into some Frank Merriwell situations. Here is one of the most interesting ones. It happened in the Carolinas and Jack was down to umpire two games between the league leaders, who were neck and neck.

With the home team two runs to the bad and two men on, the final batsman was sent up instructed to wait for a mase, the home manager figuring that the crazy fans and his batting in the early innings would make Ump Jack hand the young man his base on balls as an act of discretion. Jack called the batsman out on strikes, however, and then the bargain rush was on. Headed by one of those sure-thing chaps who had got his wires crossed and dropped $1,500 on the game, 500 bloodthirsty fans besieged Evans in the ticket office, with one lone and very timid policeman as a guardian. Jack implored the policeman to flash his gun, but the policeman decided that the less he did the more intact his skin was likely to remain, so he refused. Finally the chief of police arrived just as preparations were under way to burn the office, and taking the timid policeman's gun, he handed it to Evans. The two with loaded guns managed to get a street car. The fans then rocked the car until it was nearly off the rails, whereas our ump fled to an auto.

Lying flat on the floor of the car with two women sitting on top of him he managed to get to his hotel alive, but it was not over yet. After supper Jack made the mistake of seeking a soda in a drug store. The gambler, Simon Legree, was close on his trail, and, backed by a bunch of his friends, suggested that Evans buy him a drink. Evans renegged, whereat the Legree person purchased a drink for Jack.

In just one minute there came very near being a lynching in this peaceful Carolina hamlet, for Jack absent-minded poured the beverage into a cuspidor. The chief of police was the hero again, arriving just as the crowd was hustling the ump outside, where they all could get at him.

Peaceful job, this umpiring.

SPORTING NEWS IN TABLET FORM

The Toledo club has eight men on the roster who hit from the first base side of the plate.

Walter Johnson is truly a wonder. In addition to having the best fast ball in the country, he has a 19-year-old uncle.

Germany Schaefer likes to play first base with the Senators in practice, but he won't reach two feet out of the way for the ball. "I demand accuracy from my infielders," is his explanation to Washington fans.

Because he is teaching country school near Caldwell, Ohio, and cannot secure his release from the township board of education until late in April, Larry Bevan, signed by the Senators as a third baseman, has been given his release by the Columbus club.

"Harry Martin, the new Pirate catcher, bears a striking facial resemblance to Sam Leever—when Sam wears his hat," says an exchange. Come to think of it, Charley Leonin bears a striking facial resemblance to Connie Mack when Connie is looking the other way.

Kid Elberfeld has issued a defi to Schaefer, Cunningham and "Stabby" Street of the Washington club. He challenges them to knock him down with line drives when he is in close for bunts. The Kid declares they are unable to do it, and the Senators are all beginning to believe him, too.

Floyd Kroh, the former Cub southpaw and now with the Colonels, has mysteriously disappeared. He dropped the team when it was playing in New Orleans, and dire reports that Kroh has joined the insurrectos in Mexico have been circulated. Manager Del Howard is worrying over the absence of the big twirler.

Rube Waddell showed plenty of speed during the three innings that he worked against the Vicksburg team the other day. The Rube started off with some wicked fast ones and struck out the two first players that faced him. Manager Joe then made him cut out the speed ball and he did not do so well. He yielded four hits in three innings.

Waido Jackley, of Cameron, the young backstop picked out of the West Virginia State league last season and signed with Philadelphia Nationals, has been ordered to report as a regular catcher for this season. Jackley has been working out at Birmingham, Ala., for several weeks, but will be here in a day or two before reporting for the opening of the season.

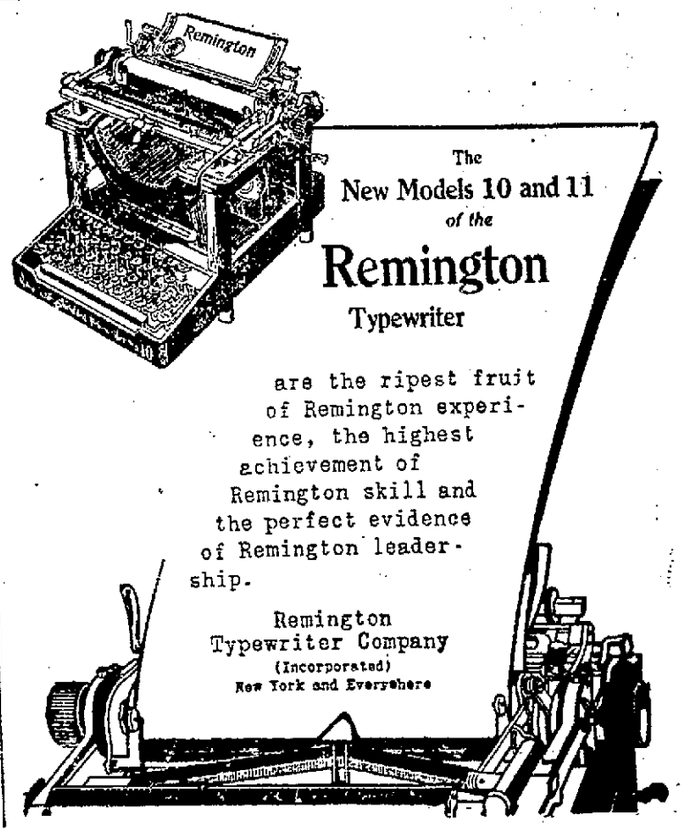
Dayton scribes have a little problem in hand which they can't solve. It is this: Fred Toney, now considered a second King Cole with the Chicago Cubs, finished fourth in the Blue Grass league 1910 pitching records. Frank Winchell, drafted by the Vets from the same circuit, ended second. The question is, the Vet scribes say, who is the better twirler? They're hoping.

Cleon Webb, the young southpaw who caught Jimmy Burke's eye in the Central league last season and who was purchased from Grand Rapids, was due to report in Indianapolis today, according to Watkins. The southpaw has just completed a course in dentistry at Cleveland. With the addition of Webb, there will be twelve pitchers in the Indian squad, from which Burke expects to pick seven regulars.

Johnny McGraw is convinced that the Giants are right for the opening of the season. The umpire they took down south with them has quit because he couldn't stand the abuse of the players.

"Tenney banks on the delayed steal this year," says a correspondent down south with the Boston Nationals. Yes, it probably will be delayed so long that it will be October before it is pulled off.

New Orleans—The majority of the older players feel that Cleveland fans need not worry about Turner, declaring that Terry will be ready in a week or so, or as soon as the natural soreness works out of his arm. In fact, Manager McGuire thinks that he will soon be able to send Bronkie along to the second squad and thus allow Grigas to go to the outfield, where he wants him to practice.



Eighth Annual Report

....of....

The Tri-State Loan and Trust Company

ENDING MARCH 31st, 1911

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts	$ 3,919,094.27
Bonds and Stocks	46,550.42
Real Estate	36,950.12
Furniture and Fixtures	14,548.81
Current Expenses and Taxes	15,392.60
Auxiliary Saving Banks	400.00
Clearing House Deposit	2,000.00
Insurance Department	1,193.96
Cash Resources	**548,096.08**
	$4,584,226.26

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 300,000.00
Surplus	107,000.00
Undivided Profits	899.72
Interest, Discount and Other Earnings	52,462.94
Dividends Unpaid	290.00
Secretary's Checks	16,735.87
Certified Checks	339.71
Collections	661.26
Deposits	**4,105,836.76**
	$4,584,226.26

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT

Assets March 31, 1904	$ 607,340.01
Assets March 31, 1905	928,763.34
Assets March 31, 1906	1,434,539.88
Assets March 31, 1907	2,779,507.10
Assets March 31, 1908	3,227,720.62
Assets March 31, 1909	3,626,306.79
Assets March 31, 1910	4,141,957.95
Assets March 31, 1911	**4,584,226.26**

DIRECTORS

William E. Mossman. Louis Fox. George W. Pixley. Charles A. Wilding. August Becker. D. N. Foster. John Sale.
Robert L. Romy. Harry G. Hogan. Louis F. Curdes. Wm. J. Vesey. Fred S. Hunting. Leo Freiburger. John B. McKim.
John Dreibelbiss. Henry C. Paul. John B. Reuss. Charles F. Pfeiffer. Fred C. Heine. Edward G. Hoffman. Theodore F. Thieme.

SCHOLARS WON HIGH HONORS

Harry D. Kirchhoff First in Examinations of Eighth Grade.

GRADUATES OF YEAR

County School Superintendent Henry G. Felger has completed the grading of the examination papers of the 271 eighth grade pupils of the schools of the county, the examination having been held to determine their eligibility as graduates this year. Of the number 156 passed the requisite percentage.

The highest grading, 95½, was won by Henry D. Kirchhoff, of Sheldon; the teacher of the school being Louis A. Wilkie. The second rating was given to Orval I. Nesbit, a scholar of Jefferson township, of the school taught by Oliver Lenhart, the percentage being 95¼.

Three pupils tied for third honors, each receiving 94¾. They were Margaret J. Wolf, Harry N. Whittern and Everett J. Thurber, all of the Sheldon schools. Four others receiving high rating, 94 and above, were James W. Brown, Georgia McDonald, James L. McComb and Albert McCartney. The gradings generally of those passing was high.

The 115 who failed to pass at the required percentage have two more chances, as examinations will be held on the third Saturday of this month and of May. A large number will pass at these two examinations and the graduates this year will number over 200.

In the Courts.

The missing defendant at the Swansea quarter sessions who was found among the grand jury and explained that he thought they were all prisoners reminds one of the late Judge Morris.

He once said to the jury, "Gentlemen, take your proper places." "I give you my word," Lord Morris used to add, "they all walked into the dock."

A witness who gave his evidence very badly explained that he was unaccustomed to his position; he was more at home there, pointing to the dock.

Lord Morris was reputed the wittiest judge on the beach, and as a matter of course every witty story, especially if Irish, was attributed to him, just as every piece of judicial sarcasm used to be fathered on Justice Maule and examples of extraordinary politeness to Justice Greham.

Lord Morris once met his match. At a circuit mess one barrister refused to listen to his tales.

"Surely," Lord Morris said in despair, "you want to hear of the rint breaker of Ballyskibereen?"

"No, me lord," answered the incorrigible one. "That's the lie I told you meself yesterday."—Tit-Bits.

WOLF & DESSAUER

After Supper Specials From the Bargain Basement

Pure Silk Hose, 39c

Pure black silk hose, guaranteed first quality. Mercerized heel and toe; sizes 8½ to 10. This is the greatest silk stocking bargain ever offered.

While they last, 39c pair.

Limit, 3 pairs to a customer.

Men's Lisle Half Hose, 15c Value

7 1-2c

Men's fancy Lisle Half Hose, in all colors; regular 15c value, at

7 1-2c a pair

Limit, 6 pairs to a customer.

Wide Silk Ribbons, 25c and 35c Qualities..... 10c

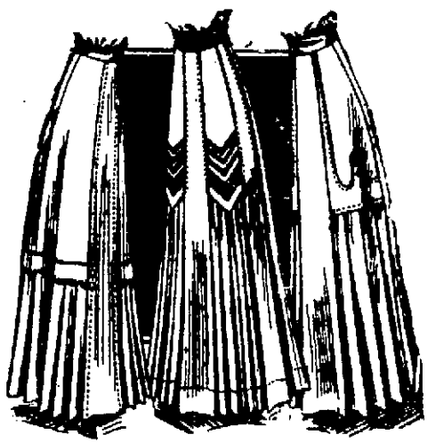
Wide Silk Ribbons, in plain colors and Persian effects, for hat trimmings and hair Ribbons; regular 25c to 35c qualities,

10c A YARD.

$3.00 Separate Dress Skirts..... $1.98

160 Women's Dress Skirts, in attractive new models, made of navy and black materials, in a variety of styles; regular $3.00 values—

CHOICE, $1.98



Good For Evil.

Tommy returned sobbing from school with a very bad black eye. "But I'll pay Billy Blobbs off for this in the morning," he said. "No, no," replied his mother, "you must return good for evil. I'll make you a nice jam tart, and you must take it to Billy Blobbs and say, 'I told mother how you'd punished me, and she says I must return good for evil, so here's a nice tart for you.'"

The following morning, with tart in one hand and his books in the other, poor Tommy hastened joyfully to school, only to return in a sadder plight than the day before, saying between his sobs, "Mother, I gave your message and tart to Billy Blobbs, and he's blacked my other eye and says he wants you to send him a pudding!"—Ideas.

AUTO TRUCK CAUSES RUNAWAY.

Mishap on the Market When Auto Truck Strikes a Horse.

A horse hitched to a wagon and standing in front of stall No. 52, on the market, between Wayne and Washington streets, ran away this morning, when an automobile truck, going north on Barr street struck it in the face, breaking both of the rear wheels of the wagon, and scattering produce along the way. The horse ran north on Barr street, turning into Berry and from Berry on to Lafayette and on to Columbia street, and was stopped just west of the Columbia street bridge. The driver of the automobile truck instead of stopping put on more speed and disappeared before it could be ascertained who he was or the firm the truck belonged to.

The rig was driven to market by Harry Larson and his sister Alma, who live three and one-half miles from the city on the Maysville road, and they had arrived about half an hour before the accident occured. Neither was in the wagon at the time of the accident. They registered a complaint with the police about the accident and the failure of the driver of the truck to stop.

As early as 196 the exportation of tobacco from Bahio, Brazil, to Portugal amounted to over eighteen million pounds a year.

Led by the Nose.

"Pa, what is a 'leading woman?'"

"Any woman, my son."—Boston Transcript.

EDITS "THE MUNICIPAL NEWS."

Jos. S. Shuey, Formerly of This City, in Journalism in Pittsburg.

A new journal, called "The Municipal News," has just been issued in the city of Pittsburg, Pa., and is edited by Joseph S. Shuey, a former Fort Wayne young man, who has many friends here. The publication is twofold in its aim, to furnish the taxpayers of Pitsburg with a fair and accurate report of all municipal activities and to publish the attractive features of the district by mailing copies through the country to advance Pittsburg. The contents of the first issue, March 25, are wide in scope, presenting handsomely illustrated facts about Pittsburg's park system, resumes of city affairs, official transactions and similar topics of interest and value to residents of a city. The publication states editorially that there will be strictly an impartial and non-partisan statement of municipal transactions.

LOCAL BANK CLEARINGS

Show But Small Increase Over Last Week's Figures.

Bank clearings in Fort Wayne this week were $978,384.01, as against a total of $961,869.04 for last week and $1,002,087.25 for the corresponding week of last year. Balances are $171,829.09. By days this week the clearings were:

Monday	$161,115.09
Tuesday	148,547.58
Wednesday	170,214.64
Thursday	165,172.53
Friday	167,778.57
Saturday	165,555.55

HAS FORT WAYNE DRY BY 588

City Figures in April Fool Joke in Indianapolis Newspaper.

In an assortment of rather startling "news" printed under flaming headlines as an April fool joke, the Indianapolis Star today has Fort Wayne voting "dry" in a local option election by 588 majority, with Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Evansville and South Bend also falling into line in the dry column.

Other sensational intelligence disseminated in the same department includes the resignation of Senator Shively, the appointment of Joseph B. Kealing as United States marshal for Indiana, "because of his well known aversion to factional politics," and the declaration that Dr. Hurty would abandon his crusade against pestilence and disease.

Sentinel Want Ads. Pay.

The Motionless Motorcar.

If to its gearings I could bring
The power employed to crank the thing
With weary nerves and muscles sore
'Twould run a thousand miles or more.
—Washington Star.

Sentinel Want Ads. Pay.

Try Sentinel Want Ads.

ANNUAL ACCO UNT.

(CONDENSED.)

WILLIAM P. BREEN, President. ROBERT W. T. DEWALD, Vice Pres. PATRICK J. McDONALD, Secretary. PATRICK J. McDONALD, Treasurer.

Condensed statement of the condition of The Peoples Trust & Savings Co., at Fort Wayne, in the State of Indiana, at the close of business on March 31, 1911.

RESOUURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and discounts	$1,192,748 50	Capital stock—paid in	$ 200,000 00
Overdrafts	291 77	Surplus	10,000 00
Bonds and stocks	2,977 38	Undivided profits	15,497 00
Premiums paid on bonds	622 00	Interest, discount and other earnings	22,322 72
Company's building	94,034 41	Time deposits	1,251,977 43
Furniture and fixtures	5,672 92	Trust deposits	22,713 43
Other real estate	1,335 15		
Current expenses and taxes paid	10,493 15		
Due from departments	421 62		
Due from banks and trust companies	197,431 10		
Cash on hand	11,407 41		
Cash items	3,075 17		
Clearing house deposit	2,000 00		
Total resources	$1,522,510 58	Total liabilities	$1,522,510 58

State of Indiana, County of Allen, ss:

I, Patrick J. McDonald, Secretary and Treasurer of The Peoples Trust & Savings Co., of Fort Wayne, Ind., do solemnly swear that the above statement is true.

PATRICK J. McDONALD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 31st day of March, 1911.

BENITA A. FOX, Notary Public.
My commission expires Oct. 26, 1913.
[SEAL.]

New James Hotel

(NOW OPEN.)

Formerly the Arlington Hotel. Open under new management as a first-class, up-to-date hotel. Rates 50c up. Special weekly rates.

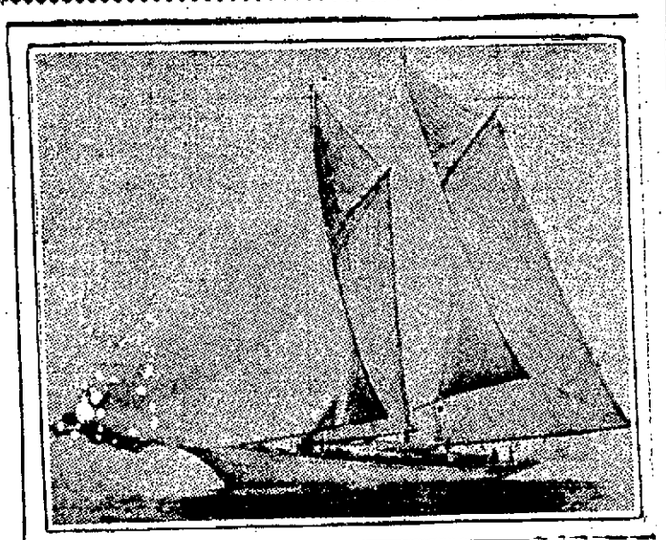
EUROPEAN PLAN.

343 and 345 E. Columbia St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

JAMES G. CAPIE, Prop.

Formerly of New York City.

Seized on Suspicion That She Was to Carry Arms and Ammunition to Hayti.



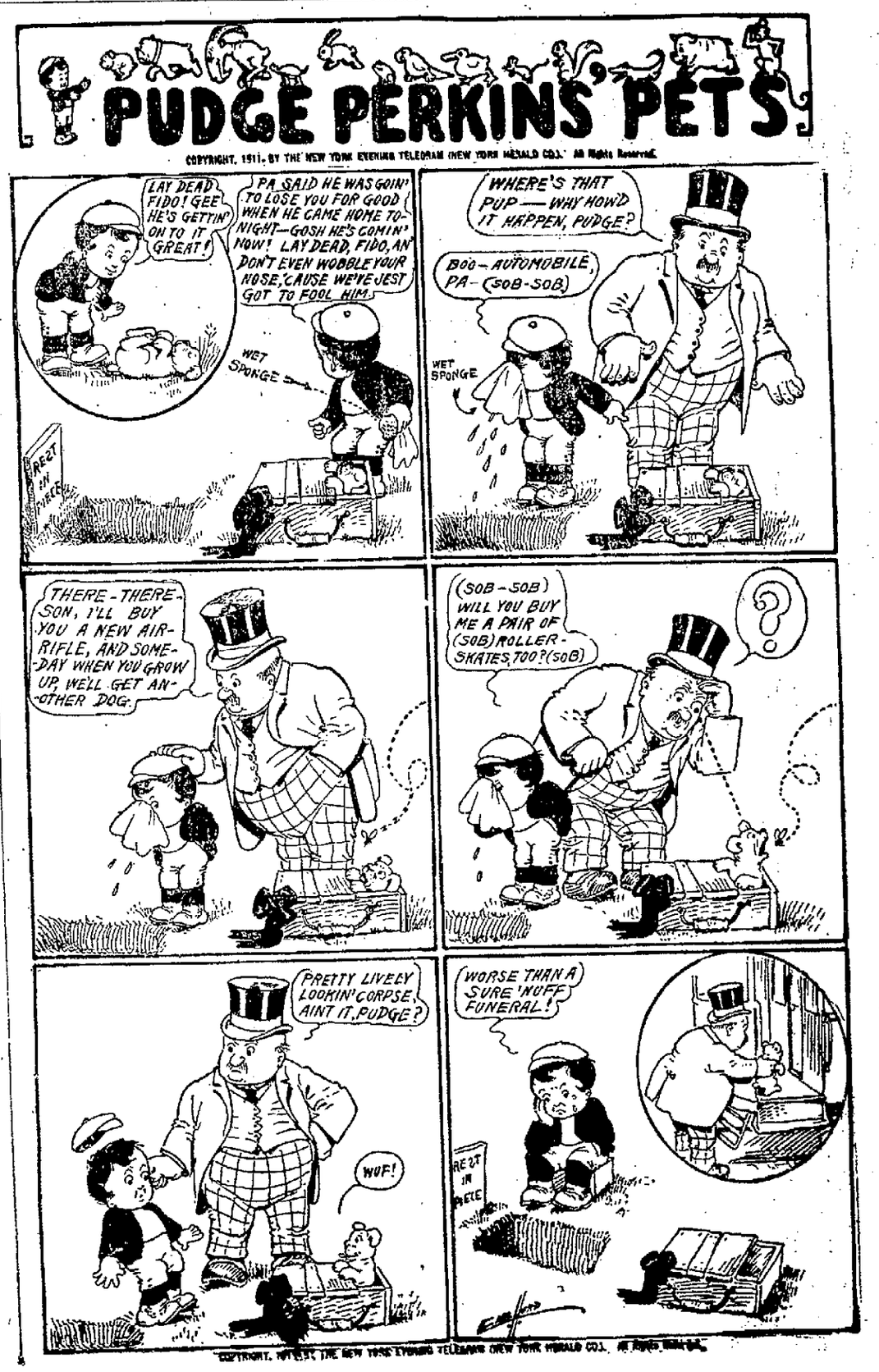
THE SCHOONER YACHT LOYAL

New York, March 29.—On her way out from Sandy Hook bay the Loyal, a seventy-foot schooner yacht, was seized by Captain Carmine, commander of the Seneca, the revenue cutter service derelict destroyer, on orders from the treasury department in Washington. All night the Seneca had cruised below the Hook with her searchlight playing on all sailing craft. As the Seneca came back to the Hook at daylight the Loyal was found drifting out with all sails set. The Loyal was taken in tow by the Seneca and brought to an anchorage off Tompkinsville.

According to the information given out by the state department in Washington the Loyal was seized because of the representations of Mons. H. Pauleus Sannon, the Haytian minister to the United States, who said that he understood that arms and ammunition were being put on board the Loyal, which was to clear for Hayti.

A FAMINE SCENE IN CHINA.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DIGGING ROOTS FOR FOOD



THE SHOP AND RAIL NEWS

FORT WAYNE BOY IS ADVANCED

J. H. Franke Superintendent of Peoria Terminal Company.

WABASH BEGINS RETRENCHMENTS

Abolishes Night Yard Clerk Office and Agent's Messenger.

This morning John H. Franke, Jr., assumed the superintendency of the Peoria Railway Terminal company, with headquarters at South Bartonville, Ill., quite a responsible position. Mr. Franke is a son of Machinist J. H. Franke, of the Wabash shops, and was born and educated in Fort Wayne. When old enough, he entered the Pennsylvania shops, where his father was then employed, as an apprentice in the mechanical department, completing the term and afterwards working awhile there as a journeyman machinist. He went to Peoria eleven years ago to work for the Toledo, Peoria and Western road, of which Theodore Kucher, a former Fort Wayne man, is the master mechanic. Mr. Franke soon took employment with the Terminal company and for several years was trainmaster and master mechanic.

AN UNFORTUNATE MACHINIST.

Lloyd H. Keller, a machinist of the Pennsylvania shops, has been the victim of three accidents within the past six months and has been unable to work but little in that time. The first accident occurred last fall at the machine shop at the round house, where he had one of his legs caught and crushed in the gearing of a machine. When he recovered sufficiently to resume work, he was transferred to the machine shop down town and the next day had one of his hands badly hurt. This was a month ago and he was not able to work until last week. This morning the fourth finger of one of his hands was caught in the gearing of a slotter and the end of the digit was crushed off. Mr. Keller was recently married and is preparing to move into a house on Masterson avenue.

NEW SPEED RECORD.

A Lake Shore mail train of five cars established a new speed record on that line a few days ago, when it covered the 142 miles between Cleveland and Dunkirk in 134 minutes, including all stops and slow-ups. Six minutes were lost in stops, which deducted from the time consumed in the trip, makes the actual running time 128 minutes. The train was a section of No. 32, which left Cleveland one hour and six minutes late and went into Buffalo on time, making the run in two-thirds of the allotted time for the regular train. Engineer Keefe was at the throttle.

MUD AXLE DEEP.

The recent "soft" weather is responsible for the bad condition of the street beneath the Pennsylvania tracks at Fairfield avenue. The mud there is hub deep and almost impassable. Yesterday the team attached to a dray pulled the vehicle's tongue out and before repairs could be made and the dray removed, eight of ten drays and a dozen other vehicles were lined up on each side of the railroad awaiting opportunity to proceed. Excavation for the necessary depression of the street under the railway tracks was recently made by Contractor Trippeer.

PLENTY OF SMALL JOBS.

"While we have not booked any very important contracts lately," said Manager O. O. Thwing, of the Western Gas Construction company, this morning, "we have received a number of small contracts which give work sufficient to keep the employes in the shops fairly busy. The outlook for business in our line is fair, though I notice a falling off in business generally throughout the country," continued Mr. Thwing. "I look for a general revival, however, after the special session of congress, which convenes next week."

ONLY ASKS FOR $50,000.

Engineer T. J. Williams, of the Wabash, has filed a claim for $50,000 for injuries sustained through negligence of an employe. One day while out on a run the brake beam under Engineer Williams' engine tender dropped down and while he was under the tank in the effort to remove the brake, another train ran into the rear of his train and he had some fingers crushed off, his kees hurt, and numerous bruises and cuts over the body. The accident happened near Missouri City, Mo.

STUDY OF BIOGRAPHY.

The Women's Foreign Missionary society of the Wayne Street M. E. church will meet Thursday afternoon with Mrs. J. N. Study, 634 East Wayne street, the assisting hostesses being Miss Ellen Spencer and Mrs. A. R. Walter and Mrs. M. A. Mason. The program will be "Life of Mrs. Doremus" by Miss Lillian Schrader, "Life of Isaella Thoburn" by Mrs. Blake-Hedges, and "Life of Dr. Carl Swaine" by Mrs. M. A. Mason.

WABASH AT IT ALSO.

The Wabash has also inaugurated a retrenchment move, but so far it has not hit Fort Wayne very hard. Beginning today the position of night yard clerk and messenger for Agent A. L. Gilbert are abolished. W. Brennan was the yard clerk and Harry Patterson was the messenger. Mr. Brennan will act as assistant day clerk at the yards for a week or two, while John Miller is away on a vacation.

COTTER HERE AN HOUR.

General Supt. S. E. Cotter, of the Wabash, spent an hour in the city yesterday. He had been east with President F. A. Delano and was en route to his headquarters in St. Louis, stopping off between trains. Division officials who accompanied Mr. Cotter were Supt. J. C. Sullivan, Division Engineer W. S. Danes, Master Mechanic G. W. Smith, Civil Engineer Lumm and Bridge Supt. John Danes.

REPAIRED FIFTEEN ENGINES.

The output from the Pennsylvania erecting shops for the week ending today consisted of eight engines which received general repairs and seven which received boiler repairs. The generally repaired engines were Nos. 7451, 7512, 7615, 9010, 9089, 9257, 9259 and 9319, and those receiving only light repairs were Nos. 7210, 7251, 7429, 7440, 7518, 7739 and 9927.

CONDUCTOR GUNN HURT.

Len C. Gunn, a Wabash freight conductor, received a painful wound in his head early this morning, as he was about to leave the city on an extra westbound train. When the engineer applied the brakes the caboose gave a lurch and Mr. Gunn was thrown down. Dr. C. F. Kaadt, the company surgeon, attended the injured man and he left immediately afterwards for the hospital in Peru.

OLD EMPLOYE RETIRED.

A bulletin from the general offices of the Pennsylvania announce the retirement to the pension roll today of Joseph Lohle, station storekeeper at Pittsburg for the Pennsylvania, and the appointment of James Cranston as his successor. Lohle had been in the Pennsylvania company's employe forty-seven consecutive years.

RELIEF DISBURSEMENTS

In February, the relief fund of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg paid out a total of $64,185.30, of which $17,750 were for the families of members who died, and $46,435.30 for members unable to work. The sum of $8,252,883.46 represents the total payments of the relief fund of the Pennsylvania lines west since it was established in 1889.

WILL TAKE WESTERN TRIP.

C. E. Hankins, Wabash fineman, will leave next week upon a pleasure trip to southern Illinois and Missouri. He expects to be gone about two weeks. John Miller, assistant yard clerk of the Wabash, will also leave next week on a pleasure trip. He will visit Denver, Pueblo and Salt Lake City and be gone about three weeks.

WILL BE A GROCER.

Frank H. Gaylord is preparing to engage in the grocery business in the northern part of the city and with that object in view he resigned a position at the Pennsylvania shops last evening. Mr. Gaylord is a blacksmith and has been employed at the shops ten years. He is quite popular with the shopmen.

BIG BUNCH OF ITALIANS.

Five car loads of Italian immigrants passed through the city over the Wabash this morning, bound for points west of St. Louis. Women and children made up the greater portion of the party.

CAB BUILDER HURT BY FALL.

J. Schmidt, a cab builder at the Pennsylvania shops, will be unable to work for a few days as the result of injuries sustained yesterday afternoon. As he was passing through the company's lumber yards, he slipped and in the fall his thigh struck a piece of timber and was badly bruised.

BIG PARTY OF FOREIGNERS.

There were two sections of westbound Nickel Plate train No. 3 last night. The second train was loaded with foreigners who are going into the farming districts of the northwest to make themselves homes. This was the fifth special train loaded with immigrants handled by the Nickel Plate this week.

MOVING ON A FARM.

J. C. Sullivan, a draughtsman at the Western Gas works, severed connection with that establishment today. He has purchased a five-acre farm a half-mile west of the city and is moving his family thereon, with the intention of devoting his time to growing fruit and garden truck.

TOLLESTON INTERLOCKER.

Tomorrow the Tolleston interlocking plant will be put in service by the Pennsylvania and the Michigan Central roads. This plant was destroyed by fire last January and since that time primitive crossing rules have governed the movements of trains at that point.

GRAVEL PIT OPENED.

The Wabash has opened the Attica gravel pit and next Monday will commence distributing gravel on the line between Peru and Decatur, using hopper bottom cars for the purpose.

FOUNDRY CLOSED TODAY.

Except the boiler and the blacksmith shops, the big plant of the Bass Foundry and Machine company is idle today. It is expected to resume work in all departments Monday.

TO MALDEN ON BUSINESS.

S. D. Hanna, of the Hanna-Brackenridge company, left last night for Malden, Mo., on business for the company. The plant is quite busy.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

G. R. Schultz and Nicholas Mattes, of the Pennsylvania shops, are sick and off duty.

J. A. Keplinger, the well known retired Pennsylvania engineer, is sick at his home in the southside.

Raymond Hoffman left for Battle Creek, Mich., yesterday on business for the Fort Wayne Electric works.

A. C. Vodde, a pipefitter at the Pennsylvania shops, is off duty on account of the death of his gradfather.

Walter Kops, a packer at the Fort Wayne Electric works, has gone to Decatur to spend Sunday with his relatives.

Mel Campbell, traveling freight agent for the Missouri Pacific road, was in the city yesterday looking up business.

W. J. Bright, a retired Pennsylvania employe, has returned to the city after spending three months with a daughter in Chicago.

General Foreman B. F. Sarver, of the boiler department of the Pennsylvania shops, has returned from a business trip to Pittsburg and Cleveland.

Assistant Foreman A. S. Courtney, of the Pennsylvania machine shop, returned from Pittsburg this morning. He was in that city a week in the interest of the Pennsylvania.

The stork recently visited the homes of two Wabash machinists, leaving happiness in its wake. Charles Kloepper was presented with a son and Will Koenig was presented with a daughter.

George Emrick, who completed an apprenticeship in the Pennsylvania machine shops yesterday, has been assigned to the boring mill in the gang of Foreman Charles Schafer, in the erecting department building.

Thomas W. Stone, of the engineering department of the Western Gas Construction company, returned from Streator, Ill., yesterday. He spent a couple days in that city in the interest of the construction company.

W. E. Davis is here to spend a Sunday with his wife. Tomorrow night he will leave for Pittsburg, where he will attend a meeting of the Pennsylvania general offices Monday. Mr. Davis is the assistant to General Superintendent A. M. Schoyer.

Frank Shepherd, acting trainmaster of the Ninth and Thirteenth district of the Wabash, has received the appointment to that office. J. B. Hurley has been appointed road foreman of engines of the Moberly division of the Wabash, succeeding James Robertson, who resumed a run as passenger engineer. Mr. Hurley worked at the throttle on this part of the system awhile.

Sentinel Want Ads. Pay.

MONEY LOANED
On Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry at Wartell's Cut Rate Jeweler, 1318 Calhoun.

LOANS

Your furniture, piano or like chattels will do as security without removal.

$5.00 TO $100

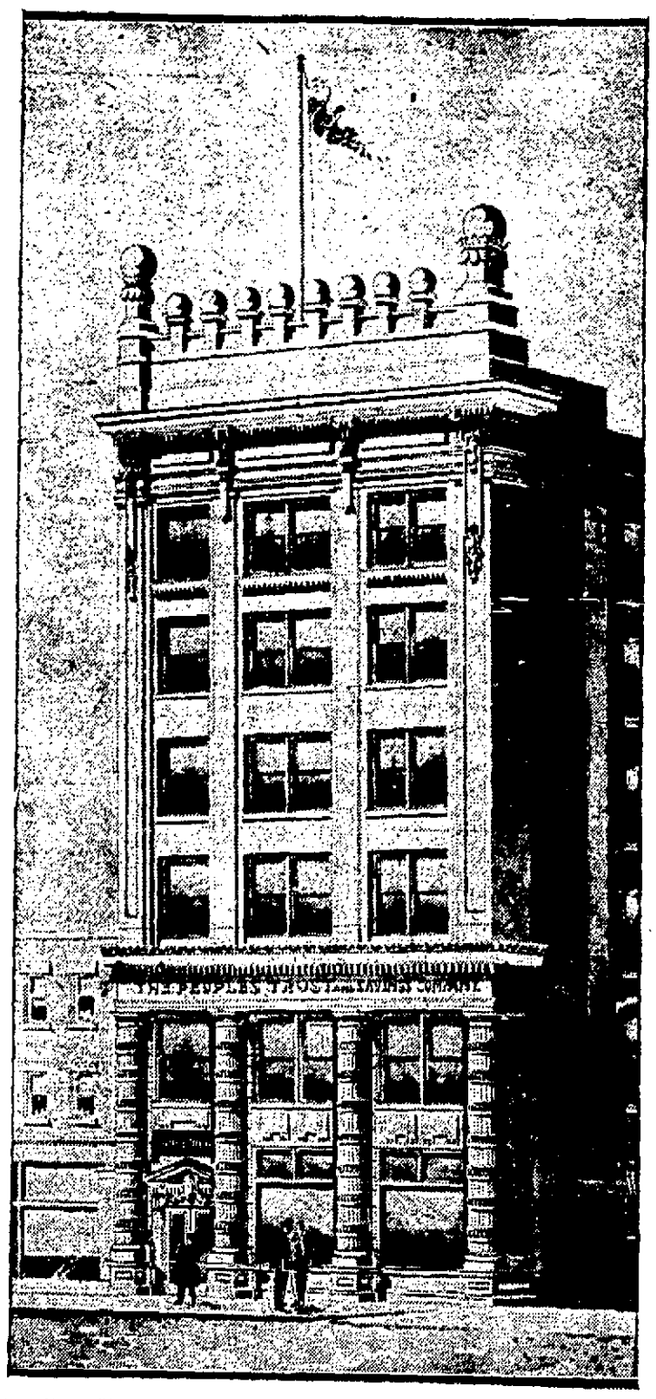
One month to one year's time and pay weekly or monthly. We are accommodating and confidential. Come in and talk it over.

6 per cent. Interest

We loan on a plain note if you hold a permanent position with a reliable firm.

INDIANA LOAN CO.
Suite 211-212 Shoaff Building.
Second Floor.

Eighth Annual Statement of the People's Trust and Savings Company, 913-915 Calhoun Street, at the Close of Business, March 31, 1911.



ASSETS

Loans Secured by Mortgage and Collaterals	$1,192,748.50	
City of Fort Wayne Bonds	2,977.38	
		$1,195,725.88
Overdrafts		291.77
Insurance Department		421.62
Furniture and Fixtures		5,672.92
Current Expenses and Taxes Paid		10,493.15
Real Estate		95,369.56
Clearing House Deposit		2,000.00
Bond Premiums		622.00
Cash on Hand and in Bank		211,913.68
Total		$1,522,510.58

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 200,000.00
Surplus Fund	10,000.00
Undivided Profits	15,497.00
Interest, Commissions, etc.	22,322.72
Deposits	1,274,690.86
Total	$1,522,510.58

NOTICE OUR GROWTH IN ASSETS

March 31, 1904	$ 687,149.35
March 31, 1905	827,860.63
March 31, 1906	868,897.16
March 31, 1907	951,595.00
March 31, 1908	1,044,402.11
March 31, 1909	1,151,219.78
March 31, 1910	1,447,984.84
March 31, 1911	$1,522,510.58

OFFICERS

WILLIAM P. BREEN, President. ... ROBERT W. T. DeWALD, Vice Pres.
JAMES M. McKAY, Vice President.
PATRICK J. McDONALD, Secretary and Treasurer.

DIRECTORS

AUGUST E. C. BECKER, Dry Goods and Groceries.
M. C. MacDOUGAL, President the Paragon Manufacturing Co.
PATRICK J. McDONALD, Secretary and Treasurer.
HENRY BEADELL, President of Beadell & Co., Dry Goods.
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WILLIAM STEPHAN, Mechanical Engineer Pennsylvania Co.
WILLIAM P. BREEN, President.

Give your Ad. a chance to make good.
Run It in
The Sentinel

Try Sentinel Want Ads.

Did It Ever Occur to You

That the economical housewife uses a Gas Range because it means a saving for her in many ways?

Saves dirt, saves in cost of fuel, saves the flavor, saves in cost of food, saves time and saves health.

Ask any of our representatives how all this is done and he will explain it to you.

Order Your Range Now

Indiana Lighting Co.

Phone 107

OUR TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

DRUNKARDS AND JAGS.

(New York American.)

Drunkards are gradually being organized into a class by themselves. There is a disposition to take them seriously and place them on a farm where they may substitute agriculture for thirst. In the legislature the required appropriation is known as the "jag bill." In the domestic realm jag committees of one—reception committees for jags—are now lifting up their eyes to the stars and wondering if it will do any good.

The drunkard is taken very seriously in his home. He holds the whip hand, and often he drives the whole family tandem. It's very wearing, and sometimes the folks go down and out, and—well—I leave it to you if the family drunkard doesn't generally outlive everybody. At least he ruins all the dispositions, and everybody might as well be dead!

When the drunkard is a war veteran he requires the family to sit up all night listening to his war stories. No one can go to bed. Can you see the mental picture of the family all sitting around the fire all night while he reels off his tiresome old war bromides?

When he decides to sober up, having squandered all his pension, then he has to be taken more seriously than ever. He goes to bed upstairs, and sends for the doctor. If he is a fat man and there is no derrick handy, it's something of an achievement to get him up the stairs. Two of the family precede him and tug, while two follow behind and boost. Naturally it's a serious matter.

After that he must be nursed. All day and all night for a week the patient, tireless legs of the family run up and down stirs carrying clam broth, milk and ice water. While one-half rests the others take turns reading aloud to him while he sleeps. It's all very serious. After a few years of this regime he belongs to a family of trained nurses. No wonder if the women are lifting their eyes to the stars and hoping that agriculture will do some good.

Statistics are busy with the liquor idea. Last year there was enough liquor spilled into the human anatomy in these United States to afford four drinks a day to every man, woman and child. The W. C. T. U. must have accomplished something, else Frances Willard would not now be in the Hall of Fame, and in the circular marble room with other immortals in the capitol at Washington.

A woman in Denver contributed to the temperance statistics the other day. In a married life of nineteen years she constituted a jag committee of one, to wait for and receive the family drunkard 2,033 times by actual count. The judge granted the decree. Even if she were to blame the judge still believed she had served her term and earned her release.

Uncle Sam admits—talking of statistics—that his greatest source of revenue is through the liquor traffic. However, he says he doesn't make much out of it, for he has to spend it all in prisons and poorhouses, worse luck. In addition to those expenses he has to pay out a lot in lawsuits and electrocution and things like that, in order to keep up with the trouble the liquor causes, and to administer justice.

There is another paradox, viz.—the man who drinks it is not so respectable a person as the man who sells it to him; then, again, the man who manufactures it is as good as anybody, and better than most, although his value depends principally on the amount of reputable and enterprising publicity he can command, as well as on how much taxes he pays.

realm of thetma(dk' ioshrdl uluouau

In the domestic department, the realm of the hearthstone, the wives, mothers, daughters and sisters are reading about agriculture for drunkards, as set forth in the jag bill before the New York legislature, and, lifting their eyes to the stars, are wondering if it will do any good!

Abroad and Here.

Noting the rapid changes that are taking place in the social life of his native land, a Scotchman remarked not long ago that already nearly three-fourths of the Scotch ministers are total abstainers. Perhaps that was intended as a joke. At all events, if the other-one fourth should come to America to fill Presbyterian pulpits, they would find it absolutely necessary to become total abstainers if they would avoid trouble for themselves and their churches. To the credit of the American church it may be said that it has no room for the drinking parson. One such was expelled from his denomination in Michigan a few years ago because he allowed his name to be used in an advertisement of whisky. To us the surprise is not that changes are taking place so rapidly across the sea, but that the churches of Great Britain are so insensible to the terrible damage constantly wrought by the drinking habits of the people. The deliverance of our own general assembly is, that "the Presbyterian church must ever be the open, active and persistent enemy of the liquor traffic in all its forms."—Ex.

Two Victims.

Two cases of delirium tremens in the city prison tell the tale of the open saloon.

One of the unfortunate victims is a bartender whose physical body, nervous system and mentality have been ruined by dalliance with the poison he has been selling to hundreds of others, many of them boys growing into manhood that is to be for good or evil.

The other is a great big, good-hearted fellow, with a world of friends, who has been for some time in the employ of a local wholesale and retail liquor establishment, whose goods he poured into his system.

Either one of these men, without the blight of liquor, would have made excellent citizens, and more than likely would have accomplished much good for the world.

In the fact of their downfall along with thousands of others annually, the reason for the abolishment of the saloon is not hard to find.—Lima Times-Democrat.

It Saves the Boys.

I found an argument in Maine for prohibition. It was from an editor of a paper in Portland. I had a conversation with him that ran something like this:

"Where were you born?"

"In a little village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?"

"Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of prohibition?"

"It shut up all the drink shops and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years, or until after I was twenty-one years of age. Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

That is all there is in it.

Regulation of Saloons.

Is there such a thing as "regulation of saloons" which can do more than "minimize" the harm being done by the traffic?

Doubtless those who say that the only solution of the saloon problem is through proper regulation, are often sincere in their advocacy of the "license and proper regulation"—of the unregulable!

Some of you have heard of the experiment of the old farmer who undertook to play yoke-fellow to a young bull—with proper regulation!

Placing one end of the yoke over the animal's neck, he stuck his head through the other end.

The start was admirable, but the beast's sprinting quality proved to be superior to that of the old man (regulation not working as expected), and he began to call lustily, "Stop us! Goldarn it, stop us! We're running away!"

That is the way it may be expected to operate when a municipal government sticks its head through the yoke of saloon regulation, and proposes to give them a good race—for the money there is in it.

The race is pulled off all right, but the other fellow has the bull's end of the yoke, and Mr. City Government will ultimately yell, "Stop us! We're running away!"

The superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league of Los Angeles, Cal., who is in a position to know whereof he speaks, says, regarding the "proper regulation of the saloon:"

"It will produce an increase in liquor drinking, and all the vices connected with the saloon.

"An increase in liquor adulteration.

"An increase in lawlessness.

"An enlargement of the saloon zone an increase in the number of saloons.

"An increase in blind tigers.

"An increase in the power of the saloon to resist efforts to remove it."

The testimony of the prominent liquor men throughout the country is to the effect that "a high license, with regulation," is the way to make the sale of intoxicants appear indispensible, and more difficult to be attacked by any legislative enactment.

By no process of reasoning can we reach the conclusion that it is right for any set of men, "under proper regulation," to engage in a business that fills our jails, destroys the peace of families, and debases the manhood of every one who comes in contact with it.—Golden Age.

THE SIN OF DISCOURAGEMENT.

Discouragement is always distrust, therefore it is always sin. We do not like to admit this. We prefer to listen to those who tell us that every strong man has his periods of discouragement, and that it is only a part of our human nature, from which we must not expect to escape, and for which we are not always to blame. Yet God is never discouraged. Christ is never discouraged. Christ cannot fail; and he is working for us. We who know God in Christ know that all his resources, his very life itself, are instantly and always at the disposal of those who will receive them. What room is there honestly, therefore, in our lives, for discouragement? Are our own failures so overwhelming, so hopeless, as to justify it? Christ is more than equal to all our failures put together. Is the pressure of our circumstances so heavy upon us that we must yield to discouragement? Christ controls our circumstances; and God has given his word for it, that all things work together for good to them that love him. For one who knows God, to yield to discouragement is as unreasonable and unnecessary as for one who knows the solar system to doubt that the sun is shining. Discouragement has no more place in the life of any trusting, loving child of God than has any other form of sin. The instant we feel its approach we may be freed from it by flinging it, with ourselves, upon the forgiving love of our ever present Savior. For he, always undiscouraged, can forgive and heal even the sin of discouragement.—Sunday School Times.

WORTH REPEATING.

"Alcohol is a poison; so is strychnine; so is arsenic; so is opium. It ranks with these agents. Health is always in some or other injured by it"—Sir Andrew Clark, physician to H. M. Queen Victoria.

"The bad effect of alcohol on persons performing muscular work is well known. The evidence is overwhelming that alcohol in small amounts has a most harmful effect on voluntary muscular work."—Sir Victor Horsley, M. D. F. R. S., author of "Alcohol on the Human Body."

"I never use it (strong drink). I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets."—Stonewall Jackson.

"To use liquor is to the nervous system like placing sand in a watch; it wears out rapidly, making it a worthless, useles thing."—Luther Burbank.

"Alcohol antagonizes every manifestation of life, stamps every tissue with the seal of disease, depraves the morals and destroys the soul. Instead of the 'Elixir of Life,' the 'Fountain of Immortal Youth,' it is the essence of depravity, the grave of hope, the advance of death."—Dr. Alexander MacNicholl, New York city.

Nyal's Lightens the Daily Task

Household duties with their accompanying strain and worries are responsible for many of the functional disorders of women.

And even when in constant pain and misery but few women take the time to think over the proper course to pursue—most of them dread to do so thinking that the household duties come first.

Wouldn't It Be Much Easier

to commence on an efficient treatment—have the functional disorders corrected in a short time—return to normal—than to be in a state of nervous collapse?

NYAL'S

Vegetable Prescription

Acts directly on the functional organs and brings about a regularity

It acts as a sedative to the nerves and a tonic to the system—its use results in permanent good health.

Let us tell you more about it. **The price is $1.00 the bottle.**

Ask the Nyal Druggists.

Jacob Bill's Drug Store, 1401 E. Creighton Ave.
Clapesattle Drug Store, 2514 Broadway.
Roham's Drug Store, 1706 Calhoun St.
Zimmerman's Drug Store, 1312 Broadway.
JOHN C. WENZLER, Cor. Barr and Wayne Sts.
Meinzen Drug Store, 1129 Maumee Ave.
Hutzell's Drug Store, 1402 West Main St.
D. & N. Pharmacy, 624 Calhoun St.

A RELIABLE MEDICINE—NOT A NARCOTIC.

Mrs. F. Marti, St. Joe, Mich., says: "Our little boy contracted a severe bronchial trouble and as the doctor's medicine did not cure him, I gave him Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in which I have great faith. It cured the cough as well as the choking and gagging spells, and he got well in a short time. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound has many times saved us much trouble and we are never without it in the house." The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes.—Dreier Drug Co.

FAITH FOR TODAY.

Life to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real; half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp and cutting edges;
Though the joy-bells may be ringing,
Not a note you'll hear them singing;
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.
All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see the shade of sorrows—
Sad todays and worse tomorrows;
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover;
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring
Drinking from the bitter fountain,
Lo! your mole-hill seems a mountain;
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into a mighty main;
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fall with power;
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat
Rich and royal, 'neath your feet.
Let it not be so, my neighbor;
Look up, as you love and labor;
Not for one alone woe's vial,
Every one has cares and trials;
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather
That we have, oh, let us pray,
Faith and patience for each day!

—Anonymous.

Catchy advertising cuts — Fort Wayne Engraving Co. s11-tf

Miss Maude Gardner, of St. Paul, Minn., is here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Gardner, of Clay street.

Healthy Mothers

The bearing of children is frequently followed by poor health for the mother. This supreme crisis of life finding her physical system unprepared for the demands of nature, leaves her with weakened resistive powers and sometimes chronic ailments. This can be avoided if Mother's Friend is used before the coming of baby, and the healthy woman can remain a healthy mother. It is the only remedy that perfectly and thoroughly prepares the system for healthy motherhood, and brings about a natural and easy consummation of the term. Women who use Mother's Friend are always saved much suffering when the little one arrives, and recover more quickly, and with no ill effects, or chronic troubles. Every expectant mother should safeguard her health by using Mother's Friend, thus preparing her physical condition for the hour of motherhood. This medicine is for sale at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Mother's Friend

DON'T PULL OUT THE GRAY HAIRS; A SIMPLE REMEDY RESTORES COLOR

Cures Dandruff, Stops Falling Hair and Makes It Grow.

"Pull out one gray hair and a dozen will take its place" is an old saying, which is, to a great extent, true, if no steps are taken to stop the cause. When gray hairs appear it is a sign that Nature needs assistance. It is Nature's call for help. Gray hair, dull, lifeless hair, or hair that is falling out, is not necessarily a sign of advancing age, for there are thousands of elderly people with perfect heads of hair without a single streak of gray.

When gray hairs come, or when the hair seems to be lifeless or dead, some good, reliable hair-restoring treatment should be resorted to at once. Specialists say that one of the best preparations to use is the old-fashioned "sage tea" which our grandparents used. The best preparation of this kind is Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy, a preparation of domestic sage and sulphur, scientifically compounded with later discovered hair tonics and stimulants, the whole mixture being carefully balanced and tested by experts.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is clean and wholesome and perfectly harmless. It refreshes dry, parched hair, removes dandruff and gradually restores faded or gray hair to its natural color.

This preparation is offered to the public at fifty cents a bottle, and is recommended and sold by all druggists.

Meyer Bros. Co., Four Drug Stores, Special Agents.

BUSINESS WAYS OF MR. SHELDON

CHARLES D. SHELDON

Montreal, Que., March 30.—Charles D. Sheldon, arrested in Pittsburg, disappeared on October 11, leaving behind him, it is alleged, creditors to the amount of nearly $2,000,000, and assets of about $18,000. The real liabilities of Sheldon, however, were only about $800,000, the balance of $1,200,000 representing dividends declared upon investments which the owners had left with him to accumulate.

Sheldon began business in a very modest way about a year previous to his disappearance, but when, after a few months he continued, it is said, paying dividends at the rate of twenty per cent. per month to those who invested money with him his fame spread. Then a run came and Sheldon disappeared.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Are tonic in action, quick in results. A special medicine for all kidney and bladder disorders. Mrs. Eli Cullers, Huntington, Ind., says: "I have been troubled severely with kidney trouble for some time and recently it became much worse. My kidney action was much too frequent and I suffered from a severe pain over the back. However, a few doses of Foley Kidney Pills were all that was necessary to completely correct these ailments and thanks to Foley Kidney Pills which I gladly recommend."—Dreier Drug Co.

NOBILITY OF MOTIVE.

One should cultivate nobility of motive in all his services for others. His main thought should be that of rendering them a service which will be a real benefit to them. This is in wide contrast with the idea of doing a favor to another person for the sake of what one can get from him. The latter motive is thoroughly selfish, and is on a low plane. Too often the question is asked, "How much am I to receive for the errand which another one asks me to do?" It has become very common for the young people of the land to say that they do not propose to work for nothing. Their motto is, "No pay, no work." It is proper enough for one to receive wages for specific employment. But most of us need to work for a living; but, while this is true, there ought to be a much higher motive in the worker than that of getting money for its own sake. One ought to have the higher purpose of making his service a blessing to others. He should seek to be a distinct benefit to those who employ him. His work should be well done. He should be as true to the interest of his employer as he is to his own interests.

Foley Kidney Pills contain in concentrated form ingredients of established therapeutic value for the prompt alleviation of all kidney and bladder ailments. Foley Kidney Pills are antiseptic, tonic and restorative. Do not allow your kidney trouble to progress beyond the reach of medicine, but start taking Foley Kidney Pills at once. Refuse substitutes. Dreier Drug Co.

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Let every day bear its own burden,
Let every night share its own care.
Why quicken the anguish of sorrow,
With thought of some distant despair?

The grace of the Lord is sufficient.
For each rugged height that we climb,
But help from on high is not promised,
For mounting two hills at a time.

Do not dread the coming tomorrow.
Whose outlook is darksome and drear,
The mists will be scattered by sunshine.
The path God appoints will appear.

To walk day by day with the Master.
And trust where unable to see.
Is safest and best for the journey,
Selected for you and for me.

The road we have left far behind us.
Reminds of the way yet to be.
We never were lost in the desert,
We will not be wrecked on life's sea.

—Selected.

Electrotypes—Fort Wayne Engraving Co. s11-tf

Miss Edna Arick, of West Main street, has gone to Youngstown, O., for a visit.

Afraid? Afraid to use hair preparations? Certainly not, if your doctor approves. Let him decide about your using Ayer's Hair Vigor for falling hair or dandruff. It will not color the hair, neither will it harm or injure. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Recipe Which Only Three Men Know

The recipe for Van Camp's Spaghetti has never been written down.

Only three men know it all.

The only way to ever get spaghetti like this is to let us cook it for you. And it costs you less than to make it yourself, even if we told you how.

Many have eaten delicious spaghetti. Some have eaten the Italian style as prepared by the chefs of Rome.

But all will ask, when you serve Van Camp's, "What recipe is this?"

There are 17 ingredients used in it, but the art comes in the flavor.

The main materials are:
Durum wheat spaghetti.
Herkimer County full cream cheese.
Best creamery butter.
The same expensive tomato sauce we use in Van Camp's Pork & Beans.

Your grocer now has this new dinner delight, ready cooked for you.

It is the most popular dish ever prepared in our kitchen.

Simply heat it or bake it, as you prefer. There's nothing else to do.

However much you serve you will find, we think, that there's never a mite left over.

Tell your grocer to send some now.

It's Dinner and It's Ready

Van Camp's Spaghetti
Italian Style
At Every Grocery—Ready-cooked
10c and 15c per can

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 Indianapolis, Ind. (119)

Since we are out of our original Potato-Loaf Bread Wrappers, each Loaf will bear the Label

"Haffner's 10c Potato-Loaf"

and will be wrapped just as carefully as before in clean, plain wrappers.

For sale at all dealers.

Haffner's Star Baker

E. W. Moreland, M. D.

FOR SELF-WRECKED MEN

WHO HAVE BY THEIR OWN ACTS OF DISSIPATION AND HABITS, RUINED THEIR HEALTH, WRECKED THEIR NERVES, WEAKENED THEIR BRAIN AND POISONED THEIR BLOOD, I HAVE A SURE AND SPEEDY CURE.

MY IMPROVED SYSTEM OF TREATMENT WILL STOP DRAINS, BAD DREAMS AND RESTORE STRENGTH TO WEAK ORGANS AND BRING BACK HEALTH AND MANHOOD TO WEAK MEN.

BLOOD POISON, SORES, ULCERS, FALLING HAIR, SKIN ERUPTIONS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, PROSTATIC AND URINARY AFFECTIONS YIELD PROMPTLY TO MY IMPROVED METHODS. Possibly you are being treated for Stomach, Liver, Heart Trouble or Rheumatism, while the primary cause of these affections is neglected.

To effect a cure it is absolutely necessary to recognize and remove the cause. If you are weak, despondent and discouraged consult Dr. Moreland. Consultation and examination are absolutely free whether you take treatment or not.

DR. MORELAND'S vast and extended experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases assures you of the best results known to medical science. YOU CAN SEE ME AT MY OFFICE from 9 to 12, 1 to 5 and 7 to 8. Sundays, 9 to 1. Consultation, examination and opinions given without charge. If you cannot call, write for information.

DR. E. W. MORELAND CO., SPECIALISTS
136 West Wayne St. Fort Wayne, Indiana. Permanently Established.

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WALL PAPER

Wholesale and Retail

IMMENSE line to choose from; sure to please you. The lowest prices, as you can buy at retail, of the only wholesale house in Fort Wayne. We can sell you wall paper, at the same price the retailer has to pay for it, as it is a side issue, in one corner of most stores, while we sell nothing but wall paper, in a store building 20 by 110 feet, 4 stories and basement. The people of Fort Wayne have been making a beaten path to our door for the last 34 years, Why? Because we sold better wall paper than others at the same price, or, the same quality at a lower price. We are still doing it and ask you to help continue this path to the door of our new location.

123 East Columbia Street
JUST 3 MINUTES' WALK FROM THE OLD STORE.

Telephone 286 for Estimates on Paper Hanging and Decorating Then Call and See Specimens of Our Work.

THE SENTINEL'S PULPIT AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Keystone in the Arch of Life

A SERMON BY REV. CHARLES AUBREY EATON, D. D.

Text—I. Cor. 15:14: "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain."

[Dr. Eaton is pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist church, New York York city. This sermon is reprinted from the Christian Herald.]

The resurrection of Jesus is a subject of such magnitude and moment that one is hardly able to choose a satisfying method of approach in its consideration. To say that it is the central fact in the history of the race is simply to state a truism. It is the keystone in the arch of human life. The apostle Paul, than whom no greater logician ever lived, saw clearly that with the resurrection Christianity must stand or fall. If Christ be not risen we Christians are of all men most miserable; we are yet in our sins. We have forsworn the actual joys of this perishing life and espoused the fancied joys of a life which never had existence. If Christ is still dead, Christainity is still dead, and all who believe in him as a living Saviour are deluded, miserable men, building the house of their life upon the shifting sands of superstition and prejudice, and doomed inevitably to bitter disappointment and failure. No fact conceivable is of more importance than this. It deals with one of the two common experiences through which every human being must pass. We must all be born; we must all die.

Universality of Death.

We must die. There is something magnificent in the thought of the universality of death. It is not always a curse. It will come this bright Easter day to many thousands of people in the form of an angle of light, bringing them relief from their suffering, opening to them the door of a larger existence, and bringing them the opportuity of seeing God face to face. But death is grim at best. The inevitableness of it causes a man to think solemnly. There is something sublime in the fact that no one can escape. In the crude machineries of justice, even among the most civilized races, many guilty men escape; many innocent men suffer. But the unerring finger of death finds the pulse of every man. The rich man can protect himself from a thousand ills, but not from this. The wise man knows a balm for many a heart, but none for this. The ignorant man has strength of a certain brutish character with which he can lift burdens, but not strength to lift this. Death finds us all. The king upon this throne and the peasant in his cot stand side by side and pass through the same door. In this the world is one. "Pale death knocks with equal step at the palace of the rich and the cottage of the poor," was the observation of a poet in ancient Rome. We see the same fact, magnificent, dreadful, relentless, today, even as it has been in all the past.

Now, is there any exception? If there is not, I do not think it matters much about your being here or anywhere else; I do not think anything matters much. In that case, the only difference between you and the other animals would be your greater capacity for suffering and for being deceived. The birds of the air are intent, in this spring time, on finding a place sheltered and secure for their little nests, where they can raise their young. They are anxiously evading their enemies, industriously finding food and building. Their little season soon o'er, they have no heed or need for any other. They are not tantalized by any voices from any other fancied world. The strong instinct which lifts them into the sky and carries them a thousand miles at the heels of the seasons—this is the only voice from any other world which seems to call them. They are better off than we, if there is no exception to the universal fact of death. They are not haunted by hopes that are simply painted across the sky by the mocking finger of some mirage. We all of us have a question stirring our hearts.

"Shall We Live Again?"

We ask it when we are conscious of the increasing pressure of the world upon our weakness. We ask it again when our tears fall upon the face of our dead: "If a man died, shall he live again?" The very asking of that question is one of the vast achievements of human nature at its best. If a man die, if a man die, shall he live again? No answer from the philosopher, none from the scientist, none from the poet, none from nature. The tree that is dead in the fall is dead in the spring. The tree that comes out with blossom and bud in the springtime was alive when winter flung its blanket over it to keep it in its hour of sleep and rest. But if the tree die, it lies where it falls forever. It is dead. If a man die, shall he live again? I wonder when that thought first trembled into the soul of man! What an achievement it was! What an upward step! What a golden key to unlock glorious, unfathomable possibilities of progress! Or was it a leaden key to unlock the door of despair and disappointment? If a man die, is it possible that there should be an exception in nature?

History tells us—the fact is substantiated by evidence that is unimpeachable—history tells us that once a Man was dead and buried and became alive again. Apart from the evidence altogether, it is impossible to reject that proposition without involving one's self in difficulties greater than those involved in its acceptance. Take, for instance, the contrast between the day of Pentecost and the Good Friday upon which our Lord died. Then his enemies were in the ascendent. The high priests and their satellites were on the throne of power, and he was hung upon the cruel cross with the throbbing pain in his hands and feet, with hot anguish darting along his nervous system, with his heart broken by the hate and rejection of his kind, and with the whole sky black with the vast clouds of suffering that separated him from his God. His friends had left him, bowed beneath a misunderstanding which they could not penetrate or shake off. [illegible] down at last from the cross dead. Loving hands carried him away and laid him in a tomb, and a great stone was rolled against the door.

Then his enemies had a guard placed to see that his disciples did not steal the body. There he lay dead, dead, a dead Christ. With him died Christianity. With him died the hopes of his followers. Dead and buried! Forty days later, in Jerusalem, where he was crucified, there stood a man who had forsaken him, who had denied him, who had shown him absolute disbelief in the whole proposition. He stood there in the face of the very man from whom he had fled, a transfigured character. In that great inaugural with which Peter announced the coming of the new kingdom of God, his message was this: "He whom ye by the hands of wicked men did crucify and slay hath God raised up, because it was not possible that he should be holden of death."

Trumphing Over Death.

There are at least nine appearances of the risen Christ to a great variety and number of witnesses; to five hundred at one time. The last appearance was when he went away into the sky, vanishing out of the presence of his assembled followers. Now, according to his promise, he has sent his Spirit upon the church, and there thrills in the hearts of his followers a new, living power which Paul describes as the power of his endless life. Here you have the complete destruction and death of Christianity. Here you have its new birth. No other fact is great enough to bring us through those forty days from the abyss of that ruin to the pinnacle of this power which could convert thousands of his enemies to a belief in his resurection. You cannot account for it on any rational basis, except that it is a fact.

Now, I want, in a brief word, to lift up before you the meaning of this fact. The first thing for you and me this Easter morning to recall is, that Jesus was completely identified with man. Without any reservation whatever, he took upon him the form of man. He took a man's body; a man's capacity for suffering; in many respects, a man's limitations. He took upon himself the lowly life of a laboring man. He knew hunger, thirst, weakness, weariness. He was tempted—when we rise to the moral realm of human nature—in all points like as we. Oh! you man know that after you have spent half a lifetime in girding and upbuilding your spiritual and moral nature, there leaks through some crevice of that wall you have builded, the muddy floods of sinful tendency and temptation.

So that while we are making this journey, we must never relax our vigilance or lower our wall, or sleep at our post, for sin croucheth ever at the door. Our Lord was tempted in all points like as we, through the whole range, from those spiritual temptations characteristic of distinguished and beautiful natures, to the pitiless abyss of physical temptation, which is peculiar to the baser natures which form the bottom layer of society; through the whole gamut, up and down, he was tempted as we are tempted. He was absolutely identified with man—with man's body, man's mind, man's soul, man's temptations, man's aspirations, man's life, man's death.

He accepted all the responsibilities involved in that identification. At last, he hung upon the cross. He died. He was buried. He was identified with man's destiny. Not simply in relationship to this world, but to all other worlds; for man is not a creature of this world alone. Our being here is simply an incident. God placed us here because he had something for this race to do in this world. We are units in that universe which comprises all worlds. Our relationship does not stop with the environment which holds us here, and the natural laws which sustain our being. Our relationships penetrate to the very nature of God. We cannot die, because we are creatures of a deathless universe. Christ identified himself with these relationships. They had been broken; they had been scarred and obscured. He identified himself completely with sinful, fallen, dying man in all his relationships, good, bad and indifferent. He fulfilled them all. He flooded through all the veins of man's being to the uttermost extremity. With his Presence and Spirit he baptized all relationships. And he once more connected the spirit of man with the spirit of God. That is the fact.

That identification would have meant little, meant no more than the identification of Socrates with the best men of his age, or Plato or any other good man in any other time, except for the fact that he rose again, rose triumphant from the grave.

So I come to you with this beautiful, reassuring, inspiring message. Life for you is divided into two worlds of continents and oceans, the same as the natural universe outside of you. There is one world of sorrow, into which you fall, which bows and blights your spirit. It may become a frozen, lifeless world; it may become fruitful. The clouds of sorrow may drop the gentle rain upon your seared spirit, and falling thus, it may bring to you a new life and a new growth. It depends upon your relationship with the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

I tell you, sorrowing heart, that it is possible for your tears to set forth a beautiful rainbow of divine love. It is possible for the throbbing pain of your heart to bring to you health of spirit, and of life. That possibility is wrapped up in the fact that Christ, the Man of sorrows, is alive now. And, if you will identify yourself individually with him, as he has identified himself racially with mankind, you will then understand what is the height and the depth and the breadth of the love of God which passeth knowledge.

The Ever-Living Christ.

Some of us are lost in a dark world of sin, distorted vision, consciousness of weakness, a sense of unreality, a deadness towards spiritual appeal. Sometimes our better nature asserts itself, and we cry with Paul, "Oh, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" It is a hard struggle. All life is, that is worth while. I can turn you to no source of power, except to a living Christ. A dead Christ would be a menace, not a blessing. If I were to ask you to live the principles of the Sermon on the Mount without a Saviour to help you live them, I would be mocking your weakness. I present to you One who has lived the whole law of God, who opens his arms and lifts you tight against his heart, and gives to you his life, his faith, his overcoming power, his righteousness, his holiness, so that in Christ you are more than conquerors through him that loved you.

This great message is for your daily task as well. God bless the man and the woman who works. No other has a clear title to manhood. A man who produces something is the real man. All others are simply parasites, imitations. You men and women must toil, no matter what your state in life may be; and sometimes that toil, because of the conditions which surround it, grows irksome. Your body is hardly equal to the strain, and you look ahead through the long pathway that you must follow and you do not feel that you have the physical or spirtual or nervous resources to meet the day's demand. I say to you this morning, go forward, for the Toiler of all the ages, who has carved for himself a pathway to God, is walking before you. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heaven laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart," and, learning of me, "ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Our Father, we pray that on this day we may enter into the meaning and mystery of this great reality. Dear Jesus, we may be weeping at thy tomb like Mary did. Call us by our name; speak to us now; speak to every heart. Grant that this Easter day may not be a superficial time of display or friendly greeting, of idle observance, of seeing and being seen. God help us to escape from the trivality and contemptible smallness of such a thought or attitude. May it be a sobering, elevating, inspiring experience, in which each of us shall consciously become greater because we understand what it means to be dead and alive again.

BAD THOUGHTS.

Beware of what you think; for what you think, quite as much as what you do, molds your character. It not infrequently happens that people who live fairly good lives, so far as their actions go, do not feel that it is at all necessary to set so close a guard on their thoughts. These are hidden, and of what harm is it to occasionally cherish a wrong thought if one does not allow it to escape in action? But the laws of life say that every thought effects the whole being. As a man's heart is, so will he be. Evil thoughts gradually undermine the character, and some day these thoughts will burst into action which is irremediable.

MOST of our sufferings are self-inflicted. We are cruel to ourselves. We feather the arrows of our enemies, and make the wounds rankle, which otherwise they were powerless to inflict. We anticipate misfortunes which never come. We brood over injuries at which it would have been far wiser to smile. We neglect or despise the joys which God otherwise would freely give us. We will not know the things which make for our peace, and in things which we know naturally, like brute beasts made to be taken and destroyed, in these we corrupt ourselves. Ah, how true, how true it is that heaven seems to be "everywhere if we would but enter it, and yet almost nowhere because so few of us can." Alas, my brethren, all this might be otherwise, but as we ruin our bodies by excess and ignorance, so we ruin our minds by greed and care. —Canon Farrar.

DICKENS' ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Charles Dickens wrote the following letter to his youngest son on the occasion of his leaving home in September, 1868, to join his brother in Australia:

"I write this note today because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me, to think of now and then at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would have been; and without that training you could have followed no other suitable occupation. What you have always wanted until now has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it. I was not so old as you are now when I first had to win my food, and to do it out of this determination; and I have never slackened in it since. Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Savior than that you should. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child. Because it is the best book that ever was or ever will be known in the world; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided. As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances or mere formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things, before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it. I hope you will always be able to say in after life that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty."—Selected.

WHO MAKE THE BEST WOMEN?

In all the hundreds of girls and women I have met, the most thoughtful, generous and unselfish, the purest in heart and mind, those richest in the finer traits of humanity, have been real Christians.

They lived in the presence of a perfect Father, and lived aright, not because men saw but because he saw, and they were able to live as they did because they asked for help and received it.

If we are to be of real help to the girl in her teens, this consciousness of the reality of God we must give to her. I have so often seen it help in the lives of individual girls.

I am thinking now of Vivian, whose parents had given her up in despair. She was careless, rude and untruthful. In school her teachers considered her a "bad girl." The Sunday school teacher who took her class when she was fifteen was one to whom the Christ was real. She talked about him reverently, as if he were a real friend and a great help in everyday life. She interested Vivian. At Christmas she gave her Hofman's "Christ." Vivian put it on her bureau, dusted the picture every day and thought about it often. The teacher loaned her books which made Christ seem a real friend. She began to think of him as such and to pray that he would help her overcome the things that everybody despised. She read "What Would Jesus Do?" several times. She began to feel that God saw and cared, and, as she worded it: "I felt that in all these hard things Christ would help me, and I asked him many times every day to make me do as he would."

Her room showed that something had come to Vivian. A quietness came into her conversation. She treated her mother with a gentleness that was so different that her mother cried when she told the teacher about it. The girls saw the difference. Twice when she had been untruthful she went to her teachers and confessed it. She made a desperate struggle to speak accurately. Her father called her a changed girl. She is today one of the sweetest, strongest young women that I know, prominent, trusted and loved.

She is one of many whose lives I have seen changed, and as the years pass and I see the power of Christ still working miracles in girls' lives, I long for more teachers like that one who opened Vivian's eyes that she might see.—From "The Girl in Her Teens," by Margaret Slattery.

HIS OLD FATHER SATISFIED.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited once by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverence. Later in the day he went with his son to the "free dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task.

Hardly had the door closed upon the last patient, when the old man burst forth: "I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night, with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow men."—Chicago Advance.

THINGS UNUSUAL IN A CHURCH.

Rev. W. S. Leak, of Sherwood Park, Va., tells, in the Religious Herald, some things that he has seen in a church, during the last six years, while engaged in evangelistic work:

"A mother coming forward to confess Christ, with her baby in her arms; a pulpit platform and steps so crowded with children that the preacher scarcely had standing room; three lawyers at a sunrise prayer meeting; a Methodist preacher received for baptism; a 'moonshiner' converted; a brother who could 'pitch' a tune; a deacon who weighed 400 pounds; a clean lamp chimney; a polished stove; a Sunday school opened on time; a window sash in midwinter with five glass out; a hymn book containing the index; an organist leaving the instrument during the singing of a hymn to confess Christ; twenty-one young men converted during a single service; the conversion of an Episcopalian; a minister of the gospel preaching in his shirt sleeves; a young man wearing a necktie made of the skin of a rattlesnake; men, long in sin, on their knees before God crying for mercy; a large congregation during corn-planting time; the face of a Mason on 'lodge night;' men related to the deceased wearing their hats in church during the funeral service; an old man smoking his pipe in the 'amen corner;' a woman with snuffbox in hand, dipping snuff; six infants being entertained on the front seat, and three of them crying in concert; a congregation led by an evangelist, retreating from wasps, which had taken possession of the meeting house for winter quarters; a preacher paring his finger nails while the visiting brother delivered the message; a sister picking her teeth; a button in the collection basket; a young man and his sweetheart eating peanuts; a father and son under the influence of strong drink; Baptists trying to put on Episcopalian harness; a hen's nest; ladies sitting under hoisted umbrellas to protect them from the water of a leaking roof; a lewd picture being exhibited in full view of the congregation by a vile young man; a preacher who encouraged his people to vote wet; a little child romping in front of the pulpit while the evangelist errated the scripture, 'Let patience have her perfect work;' young ladies coming forward to the bucket for water during the delivery of a sermon; a crazy man; a woman with chewing gum in her mouth; a striking clock; a black kitten; a pet pig; a wrangle, and a dog fight.

"AS THE CROW FLIES."

Johnny Wheelan looked at the little side gate hanging on its hinges, and wished very hard that he hadn't tried to swing on it. Father had told him not to, and Johnny had meant to swing but a minute, but he had taken only one or two rides when, kerplunk! down came the gate, dragging its top hinge right out of the post.

Father would be sure to ask how it happened. "Look here," Johnny said to himself, "that hinge must have been just barely hanging on, or it wouldn't have pulled out so quick. I'm not that heavy!" And having persuaded himself that this comfortable excuse was true, Johnny went around to the front porch, where his father was reading the evening paper. "What are those black birds, father?" Johnny asked, presently, as a long winged line of birds crossed the yard above the treetops.

"Crows," answered father. "Don't you know a crow when you see him, Jonathan?"

"I know 'em when they're close," said Johnny. "Where are they going, father?"

"Wherever it is, they are taking the shortest cut to it," answered Mr. Wheelan. "They always do. I never forget it, because when I was a little boy like you my father told me I could never be a real man unless my speech was 'as the crow flies'—right straight to the truth, no cutting off corners and going round hard places."

"Father," said Johnny, quite suddenly, "I was swining on the side gate just now and it broke down."

"That is told 'as the crow flies,' said father.—Jewels.

LIFE'S LESSON.

I learn as the years roll onward
And I leave the past behind,
That much I had counted sorrow
But proves that God is kind:
That many a flower that I'd longed for
Had hidden a thorn of pain,
And many a rugged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds that cover the sunshine,
They cannot banish the sun,
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often through wrong's own darkness
Comes the weary strength of light.

We must live through the dreary winter
If we would value the spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must be buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom,
And the sweetest, warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and the gloom.
—Author Unknown.

DO YOU PRAY?

Do you thank the Lord each day
That He's kept you free from harm
By His strong and mighty arm?
For your home and parents dear,
For your friends both far and near?
For the blessings He doth give
That His children dear may live?
Do you ask Him you to keep
When awake and when asleep?
Child, the Lord is very near,
Ev'ry little prayer to hear.
—Our Little Folks.

Seeing With God

Elisha's Heavenly Defenders.

International Sunday School Lesson for Sunday, April 9, 1911. By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts.

Lesson Text—II. Kings 6:8-23. Golden Text—Ps. 91:11: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

(From the Christian Herald.)

The Searchlight.

Ben-hadad, king of Syria, again and again had found that he could not gain a victory over the host of Israel, for when he thought to come upon them, they had slipped through his meshes and were gone. Ben-hadad called together his military board and said to them, "There must be a spy among us." In this act the king reminds us of some boys who were about to steal apples. They looked to the right and to the left, then in front and behind, to see if they could discover any one watching them. One boy, better than the others, said: "There is one way you haven't looked," and he pointed up toward God. One of Ben-hadad's officers was looking in the right direction when he suggested that the prophet Elisha was the one who gave information to the king of Israel concerning the movements of King Ben-hadad. "He telleth the king of Israel the words thou speakest in thy bed chamber," said the officer. That was a figure of speech, because Elisha was not a visitor at the Syrian court. The officer who made the statement knew that the source of Elisha's information was the God of Israel. It might be said of Elisha, as it was of Moses: "He endureth as seeing him who is invisible."

Elisha moved and had his being in the light of God. Take the searchlight as an illustration. How clearly and perfectly it reveals all there is to be seen, both good and evil. It was our privilege to sail among the sea islands adjacent to Stockholm. The occasion was an excursion given to the delegates of the peace congress. Beautiful vines and trees and castles were revealed to us, and groups of people arranged in charming tableaux. How much we would have missed without the searchlight! On the other hand, it will be remembered how, when a massacre of Christians was threatened at Beirut, only a few years ago, the American admiral gave the order, "Turn on the light," and the would-be assassins fled before its searching, and bloodshed was prevented. The searchlight of God's truth in a human soul gives vision for all goodness and all sinfulness.

Gift of Vision.

"Beware that thou pass not such a place, for the Syrians are coming down," was the message which was often sent to the king of Israel. And on the other hand, when Elisha himself was surrounded by the Syrian army at Dothan, and Ben-hadad was sure of his capture, in the light of God Elisha saw that the host of heaven had been sent for his defense and deliverance—a host which far outnumbered the Syrians. The young man who was his servant was not a man of vision, and so he was greatly alarmed and exclaimed: "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" Elisha did not pray to God to turn on the light, but his prayer was that he should give vision to the young man: "I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see." And Jehovah opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. King David had vision when he wrote, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them" (Ps. 34:7). Let us note that neither the name of Elisha nor David appears in this promise, nor that of any other person, and so it is for all humankind. Let us connect this with another promise of similar import: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." These words are our Golden Text. This promise is given to those who have vision; those that "dwell in the secret place of the Most High" (Ps. 91:1).

In answer to Elijah's prayer the Lord opened the eyes of his servant, the eyes of his soul, for he was not blind in his physical eyes. God pity the young men who see things only with their physical eyes! How distorted are their ideas of life! How narrow their judgment! How few their pleasures!

A Good Movement.

Let us rejoice in the "Men and Religion Forward Movement," which will be inaugurated in September, 1911, for the purpose of bringing the claims of the Christian life and service attractively and forcibly to the attention of the men and boys of this land, three millions of whom the church is said to be missing. The International Sunday School association and the Young Men's Christian association are federated for this work with the Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, Disciples, Lutheran, Methodist, United Brethren and Presbyterian denominations. There will be eight-day campaigns held in 80 chief cities of the United States and Canada, continuing until May, 1912, by teams of experts in the various lines of work for and by men and boys. We look with hope to this movement not only for the betterment of individual lives, but for improvement in social conditions and civic righteousness—in short, for a better world here and now. Let us pray, Lord, open thou the eyes of men and boys!

Elisha's Way With Enemies.

Through prayer Elisha made the eyes of an army blind. They were the men of the Syrian army, who had come to Dothan to capture him. It seems almost ridiculous when we think that the king of Syria had sent "horses and chariots and a great host" to take a man whose sword was the word of God, whose helmet was the defense of the Most High, whose breat-plate was righteousness! And the great host was conquered by the one poor man whom they expected to deliver to their king. It seemed a cruel thing for Elisha to call down blindness on Ben-hadad's host of several thousand men, but his intent was that the blindness should be only temporary, as a mist hung before their eyes; for he led them to the city of Samaria, their enemies' capital, not that they might be destroyed, but that they might see the greatness and the strength of their foes, and so cease from warring against them.

The king of Israel and some of his followers wanted to kill the men of the Syrian army, there in their city, when they were in their power. Elisha answered, "Thou shalt not smite them; set provisions before them, and when they are fed, let them return to their king."

Thus Elisha's strategem brought about an era of peace, for "the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel." That was God's way of killing enemies (see Rom. 12:20).

The Peace Movement.

Elisha's command to the king of Israel was: "Lay down your arms." The king might have claimed his right to arms for "legitimate defense," but willingly he laid down his arms, and took up instead the cup and the dish, the emblems of love and charity, and there was no disaster to his people; his enemy did not turn upon him and take possession of his land. The argument of "legitimate defense" was vigorously discussed at the world's peace congress last summer in Stockholm. It was said among other things: "If we pass the proposition, all the militarists of the world will quote the license to kill issued by the international peace congress as a complete vindication of their own operations." And so the matter did not come to vote, and was disposed of neatly by "taking up the previous question."

Apropos of the peace idea is the American Peace Society of Japan recently formed. One of the founders said: "A large number of Americans residing in Japan desire to unite in the great movement devoted to the advancement of peace and good understanding among the nations, now active throughout the civilized world, and to give effect to this desire have assembled in the interest of their common purpose." A resolution was passed, which was in part as follows: "Resolved, That in our opinion the people of Japan have at all times entertained the most cordial and friendly sentiments towards the government and people of the United States, and that there never has been, and is not now, any feeling other than one of confidence and gratitude," etc. His Excellency Thomas J. O'Brien, American ambassador to Japan, was present and made an address. Some of his words were as follows: "It seemed to me when I first heard of the intention of Americans in Japan to organize such a movement as this, that a most excellent work had been begun. * * * * While the people of the United States are anxious for news and for something startling, at bottom they do love the truth, and in the end they will come out right side up in respect to this whole question. There is no cause under the sun why there should be misunderstandings between these two great countries." In referring to the settlement of national disputes through the courts of arbitration, Mr. O'Brien said: "We may feel a distinct pride in the record of our country in this respect, and especially since our position, our sincerity and our good faith have won for us the respect of other nations, and place us in better position, perhaps, than any other to forward a universal peace movement."

In Charge of the Angels.

What a vast host of angels had charge over Elisha and his servant at Dathan! They easily outnumbered the Syrian host who had come up against God's servants. We have no way of estimating how great is the angelic host. When the apostle Peter unsheathed his sword in defense of the Lord Jesus, Jesus bade him put his sword again into its sheath, saying, "Thinkest thou that I cannot beseech my Father and He shall even now send me more than twelve legions of angels?" (Somewhere near seventy-two thousand.) We realize how very close to earth these legions may come when we read about the captain of the host of the Lord speaking to Joshua in the night, outside the wall of Jericho, saying: "Put off thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy."

We may know how helpful the angelic host may be to man as we read the instructions given to David when he went out to fight against the Philistines: "And it shall be when thou hearest the sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself, for then is the Lord gone out before thee."

We may not know how many angels God has given charge over those who put their trust in Him; but the promise leads us to think there stands a holy watcher by every friend of God. May God give to us each a vision of all He has in store for us to help us in this world, and to enrish us for eternity.

EXPERT TELLS OF FIRE PERIL IN NEW YORK.

12,000 Factories Veritable Death Traps—Only 1,000 Are Fireproof —Lack of Fire Drills.

By PETER JOSEPH McKEON.
Consulting Engineer on Fire Insurance And Fire Protection.

(The Survey Press Bureau.)

There are no records of the life loss in factory fires. Records of the property loss are available, but it is only when a fire is of harrowing proportions and happens in a prominent city that the human hazard receives attention from the general public.

The factory fire in New York city, in which over 150 people were killed and injured, shows it to have been identical with many others which occur with periodical regularity, and which have to a greater or less extent the same attendant circumstances. It is the same story of dangerous processes carried on in unfit buildings, the same crowding of these buildings with hundreds of work-people, the same neglect of fire alarm facilities, the same omission of panic or exit drills, the same failure to provide *safe and sufficient* exits, the same failure to use modern mechanical appliances for checking and extinguishing fire, the same failure of laws and public administration to prevent controllable combustion and unnecessary death.

It is a mockery to point out that the girls jumped before the flames really reached them. If factories are to be maintained as fire traps and the workers compelled to stand at windows calmly waiting the result of a race between the flames and the firemen, then they should be instructed how to remain calm and cool amidst blinding smoke and choking heat. This fire is a challenge to public opinion throughout the metropolitan industrial district centering in New York—especially with respect to the fire hazards in the lofty buildings in Manhattan.

Factory conditions in New York are undoubtedly bad. Any fire inspector can testify to this from personal observation, and the large number of factories means a greater number of people endangered. New York has nearly 30,000 industrial establishments, with close to 700,000 workers in them. These are distributed among 12,000 buildings, only 1,000 of which are of fireproof construction. The remaining 11,000 factory buildings are of ordinary non-fireproof construction, with the same wood stairways, and outside fire escapes which made the Newark factory a fire trap.

The state factory inspectors of the state bureau of labor, who particularly supervise the factory conditions, are working under a fire escape law which is defective. It reads:

Such fire escapes as may be deemed necessary by the commissioner of labor shall be provided on the outside of every factory in this state, consisting of three or more stories in height.

In practice this leaves it to the discretion and competence of the staff to decide whether fire escapes shall be needed. As a matter of fact, however, in New York city, the state bureau of labor refers all fire escape matters to the municipal bureau of buildings, because the appellate division has ruled that the bureau of buildings has exclusive jurisdiction over fire escapes in Greater New York.

The fire department is able to do little to make factory buildings safe against fire, an argument for the reorganization of this department urged by Commissioner Waldo. The fire department company commanders, on their semi-annual inspection of buildings, make recommendations that fire escapes be placed on structures which in their judgment require them. This important duty is performed by subordinate officers, and as a general rule, the fire department recommendation has the purpose of providing a means of entrance for firemen in their work of extinguishing the fire, and not a means of exit for the occupants of a building.

The neglect of the fire danger is deep-rooted and widespread. A campaign against fire should be waged, just as there is a campaign against tuberculosis. Fire is a disease which is epidemic in all buildings and which will yield only to the same treatment which has been successful with other diseases. Education is the first step. The same conditions which existed in the New York factory building, which killed women and girls, can be found in many other buildings. Many of the people who are indignantly asking who are responsible for this loss of life are probably maintaining buildings equally as dangerous. Their own homes, indeed, are, in nine cases out of ten, personal death traps. If a man does not protect his home and his family, is he likely to protect his factory and his employe?

Some improvement can be secured by legislation. If theaters and tenements can effectively be safeguarded, so can factories. But the laws will have to be based on sound principles of fire safety and will have to take heed of what fire prevention science has already established as necessary precautions. They will have to set standards for new constructions and they will have to recognize the changed demands which changed occupancy, processes and populations make on structures. Responsibility for the *enforcement* of the law must be centered inescapably upon a public agency commissioned and equipped to carry out its full purpose.

One Conductor Helped Back to Work.

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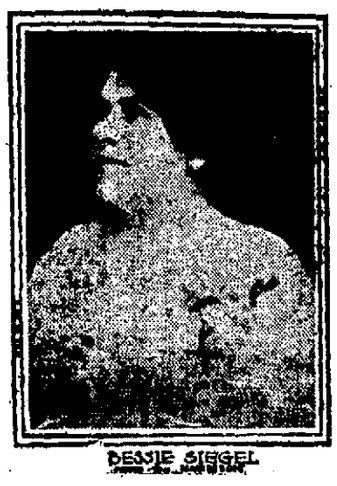
Mr. Wilford Adams is his name, and he writes: "I was confined to my bed with chronic rheumatism and used two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy with good effect. The third bottle put me on my feet and I resumed work as conductor on the Lexington, Ky., Street Railway. It will do all you claim in cases of rheumatism." Foley's Kidney Remedy allays rheumatism by eliminating the uric acid from the blood. Specially recommended for elderly people.—Dreier Drug Co.

HOW MISS BESSIE SAVED HER LIFE



BESSIE SIEGEL

Alone on the ninth floor of the Triangle Waist company in New York, where 141 lives were lost, after the elevators had stopped running, because of the raging fires in the upper floors of the building, Bessie Siegel slid down an elevator rope to the ground where, her flesh burned from contact with the cable and the back of her dress aflame, she fainted. She was assisted to the street and rapidly recovered. Her escape is considered wonderful.

Anxiety does not empty tomorrow of its sorrow, but it empties today of its strength. It brings a double weakness, for it makes us feeble in today's endeavors and faint hearted for the future. Jesus warns against thought as one of the insidious dangers to which we are constantly exposed. Faith in God furnishes the great defense against the gnawing and destructive effects of "carking care." Thoughts of God's sovereignty, of his love, of his grace, and of his power, will steady the heart and stay the soul against the ravages of anxiety.—Selected.

The Lakeside Aid society will meet on Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. W. M. Clutter, of Columbia avenue.

The Beat of the Year

By Robert Livingston Beecher

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(Continued from yesterday)

"So I put my back against the door and asked him what he was going over to Jersey City with her for. 'To get married,' said he. 'Thank God, I'm just in time,' said I.

"That kind of puzzled him a bit and he looked me over again with those devilish black eyes of his before he said anything more. Then he asked me why I said what I'd said and I laughed. 'So you're going over to Jersey City to get married to her, are you?' said I. 'Under what name?' said I."

The man in the chair laughed again a hollow, hopeless laugh.

"That fetched him," he went on. "That hit him hard. He took a step back and then he came close up to me. 'Under what name?' said he. 'Why not under my own name of Greening? Why should I be married under any other?'

"'Well,' said I—and I wasn't any too polite about it, either—'Well,' said I, 'you'll be married under another name when you marry some Fifth Avenue lady.'

"Then he saw I knew who he really was and he snapped his teeth together and he looked like the devil he is—like he *was*, I mean; he's down with the other devils now. Well, he glared at me with those eyes of his, and then he laughed and sat down on his desk and began to talk to me as if we'd been good friends all our lives.

"'Well, suppose my right name's not Greening, after all. Is there any reason why I cannot marry Helen tonight?' The way he spoke her name made me hot and then cold, and I had all I could do to keep my hands off him; but I stuck close to the door, and when he said his question over again I answered him.

"'Is there any reason?' I said. 'Well, that depends. If you're going to marry her under your right name—your right name, mind you—I suppose I can't object. But you're not going to marry her under your right name, are you, and she doesn't know your right name, does she?'

"He didn't know what to say to that, at first—I could see that plain enough—but after a bit he looked up at me again.

"'If I told you,' said he, 'that I am going to marry her under my right name, I don't suppose you'd believe me, would you?'

"'No,' said I, 'I wouldn't. Nobody would after they'd been through what I've been. And before we forget it, let me ask you one question again: She doesn't know who you are, does she?'

"'No,' said he, 'she doesn't. But——'

"'Oh, that's all right,' said I. 'You don't need to explain. I understand everything, I guess. I may really have to work in a factory, but I'm no fool.'

"Well, he stopped talking then and just sat there thinking what he'd do next. When he had made up his mind, he looked at me again with a queer smile on him and asked me how much money I'd take to keep my mouth shut.

"That made me so hot I just stood there shaking. I shook so he noticed it and asked me what was the matter.

"'Matter?' said I, 'matter?' I'm wondering how I can help laying my hands on you.'

"At that he broke out laughing. 'Don't take it so much to heart, man,' said he. 'What difference does it make to you what name I marry her under, so long as it's a real marriage? I'll give you a hundred dollars now—in cash—to leave this room and go home peaceably and keep quiet about this.'

"'No,' I yelled at him.

"'Hush!' said he, putting his fingers on his lips. 'The whole street will hear you. I'll make it two hundred.'

"'No,' I yelled.

"'Five hundred then,' said he.

"'Save your breath,' said I.

"'Well, a thousand,' said he, a bit roughly.

"'No,' said I.

"'Name your figure then,' said he.

"'I've got none,' said I. 'None of that kind. You can't buy me off. You've got a fine idea of me, haven't you? You must think I'm some blood relative of yours.'

"That made him hot and he snapped his teeth again.

"'Cut it out,' said he. 'What do you want and be quick about it?'

"'What do I want?' said I. 'I want to save the best woman in the world. She doesn't know you. I know you. No honest man marries a girl under a false name, in the first place. And, in the second place'—and I looked him square in the eyes—'if there's going to be any marriage I want to be there to see that everything's all square.'

"'What's that?' he yelled, jumping down off the desk and coming up so close to me I could feel his breath. What I had said made him mad, I can tell you. The room wasn't lighted inside—there was an electric light shining in the street outside—but he stood so close to me I could see his face well enough. I could hear him breathing, too, and he was breathing hard. And when he did speak up, his voice was so different I scarcely knew it was he standing there talking to me.

"'So you think me capable of that?' said he. 'Well, suppose I consent to have you come with me. Will you come along and not make any disturbance when you get there?'

"Well, I thought that over a bit—keeping my eyes on him all the time, for I suspected he might jump at me—and, after a bit, I saw the whole deviltry of it. I knew he was planning to trick me, but I couldn't quite see at first what he was aiming at. He was a devil all right. 'Oh, that's it, is it?' said I. 'You want to start over there with me and then, on the way, give me the slip. Then what could I do? You'd go on over to that hotel and I wouldn't know which one you'd gone to. You're a great hand at giving people the slip. I know that, don't I?'

"'I'll tell you the name of the hotel,' said he.

"'And how shall I know it's the right one?' said I.

"'Well,' said he, 'what can you suggest?'

"'Well,' said I, after a bit, 'I hadn't much of an idea what I was going to do when I came up here, but it's pretty clear to me now what I ought to do and I'm going to do it. Yes, I'll do it no matter what happens.'

"'Well,' said he, 'what is it and be quick about it.'

"'Oh, there's no hurry,' said I. 'We've got the whole evening before us.'

"'What's that?' said he, coming up a bit closer. 'I must be over there in an hour at the most.'

"'Well,' said I, 'you're not going over there at all to-night.'

"'What's that?' he yelled.

"'Stand back,' said I. 'Go back as far as that desk or there'll be trouble.'

"'Well,' said he; he went back and sat down on the desk and I told him what he'd got to do. 'Well,' said I, 'seeing as how I can't trust you to give me the right hotel and not to give me the slip on the way over, you and I are going to stay here all night. You can go to sleep if you want to. I won't.'

"'That will prevent any marriage to-night, any marriage of any kind,' said I. 'Then to-morrow—she'll have gone home by that time—I'll go and tell her who you really are and then I'll go and tell the whole thing to your father. Then, if she's still willing to trust herself to you and if your father's willing to have her, I guess I'll have done all I can.'

"Well, he didn't say anything to that for a long time.

"Finally, he took out his watch, opened it, and held it up to the light. Then he snapped the case and put it back in his pocket. Then he got on his feet again.

"'Suppose I break away from you here,' said he, 'and get away. What then?'

"'I've thought of that,' said I. 'I'll follow you and if I lose track of you, I'll go to your father in the morning, just the same. I've read a bit about him in the papers and I guess I know what he'll say—and do.'

"'So, no matter what happens,' said he—'whether I stay here or not—you're going to my father in the morning?'

"'Sure as my name's John Joyce,' said I.

"'Suppose I throw a new light on all this thing?' said he.

"'You can talk all night,' said I, 'and what you say may be true, but I'll not risk it. You'll have to stay right here to-night.'

"'Then stand out of my way,' said he.

"'No, by God,' said I. 'If you go out of here, you'll go over me. I'm the only thing standing between her and you and I won't move. I'm all she's got left to save her from such as you and I thank God I'm here.'

"Well, he grabbed me and tried to push me aside and we fought it out there in the dark. He was stronger than I, but the thought of her and all she'd done for me and what she was to me came and backed me up."

He paused and wet his lips.

"I don't remember much what happened," he went on again, "but I know it seemed like a dream at the time and somehow I got it into my head that she was there, too, and was praying that the right might win.

"Well, after a bit, we had our hands on each other's throats and then we fell over and I heard his head strike the corner of his desk like an eggshell breaking. And when I got up from the floor he didn't move. And when I struck a match and looked at him close, I didn't have to be a doctor to know he wouldn't ever trouble my good, pure girl any more."

For a time the silence in the little room was unbroken. Through the window came the dwindling noises of the street. In the hall outside, footsteps passed and repassed.

At last, Connors turned to Dallin.

"They'll never send him to the chair," he said, in an emphatic whisper. "He's safe as a child in arms. No jury on earth would do it."

The Managing Editor's fingers began dobbing up and down.

"What did you do then?" he asked.

"What did I do?" repeated the man in the chair. "What could I do? I don't think I did anything for a long time. I think I just stood there in the dark looking down at him there on the floor.

"If I went to the police station and gave myself up, the best I could hope for would be a long term up the river, and—and I'd never get her back.

"If I concealed the body, it might never be found. Even if it were, the thing might never be traced to me and I might win her back again.

"His disappearance would make a big noise; but Greening's wouldn't, and she'd never know that he and Greening were the same. She'd think, after a while, that he'd just deserted her."

The speaker's voice wavered.

"Wouldn't I have been a fool to give myself up?" he burst out, vehemently. "You all know I would have been. I'd have lost my liberty, possibly my life, and I'd have lost her—*I'd have lost her.*

"So I stepped to the window and when I saw the runabout was still there, I made up my mind to throw the body in Newtown Creek. So I went out and hunted up the taxicab and paid the chauffeur. Then I came back and pulled down the shades and turned on the light and locked the door."

The man in the chair drew a long breath.

(To be continued)

THIS SOUTHERN BEAUTY AGAIN WANTS A DIVORCE.

Baltimore, Md., March 30.—By the filing of papers in the circuit court for divorce by Mrs. Mabel Jane Michael Brown Ford, known as "the Beauty of the South," it became known that the strikingly handsome young woman is a second time anxious to obtain her freedom. She is suing for divorce from Lawrence D. Ford, son of Rear Admiral John Ford, U. S. N., retired.

DO GHOSTS HAUNT SWAMPS?

—o—

No, never. Its foolish to fear a fancied evil when there are real and deadly perils to guard against in swamps and marshes, bayous, and lowlands. These are the malaria germs that cause ague, chills and fever, weakness, aches in the bones and muscles and may induce deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters destroys and casts out these vicious germs from the blood. "Three bottles drove all the malaria from my system," wrote Wm. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C., "and I've had fine health ever since." Use this safe, sure remedy only. 50c at all druggists.

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Maladies

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Has had many years of experience in curing chronic diseases of mankind. Owing to my fine success, and desiring to increase my field of usefulness, I want every one afflicted to investigate my system of treatment, and invite in particular all who have been treated elsewhere without success, and all those whose cases have been abandoned by family physicians and so-called experts.

I WILL EXPLAIN TO YOU WHY

Such treatment has not cured you, and will demonstrate to your entire satisfaction, that I can cure you safely, providing your case is accepted for treatment.

My Counsel Will Cost You Nothing

And my charges will not be more than you will be willing to pay for the benefit conferred. I will do by you as I would have you do by me, if our cases were reversed.

Certainty of Cure is What You Want

I can cite you to many of the best citizens of this city and surrounding country whom I have cured and made happy.

You Should Consult a Competent Physician

One in whom you may confide, one who makes chronic and obstinate diseases his study and practice, and who has the equipment of appliances and experience to render you the best service that professional skill in this twentieth century can furnish.

NERVOUS DISORDERS

Conditions brought on through misfortune, ignorance or overwork are nothing to be ashamed of; the disgrace attaches in allowing one's self to longer remain in them; it is also well to remember that

"An Evil Tree Cannot Bring Forth Good Fruit."

So an evil life, vicious habits and hereditary diseases cast their shadows before them, and now, as in the days of David,

A MAN'S SUCCESS DEPENDS UPON HIS STRENGTH AND VITALITY.

Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, Heart, Bowels and Rheumatism receive my special consideration and are successfully treated.

Piles, Fistula, Ulcers and all diseases of the Rectum permanently cured without the knife.

DISEASES OF WOMEN

Inflammation, Ulcerative Misplacements, Falling of the Womb and leucorrhea cured without any disagreeable treatment or cutting.

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My special treatment goes to the very bottom of this disease and forces out all impurities. The blood and tissues, the flesh, the bones and the whole system are cleansed, purified and restored to good condition.

I Cure Rupture Without an Operation.

No inconveniences or detention from business. My method, unlike others, is safe, certain and speedy. Age, sex or condition of case make no difference in its results. Many years of practice have enabled me to acquire so thorough a knowledge of this specialty that I am able in every case to make the offer of a guaranteed cure.

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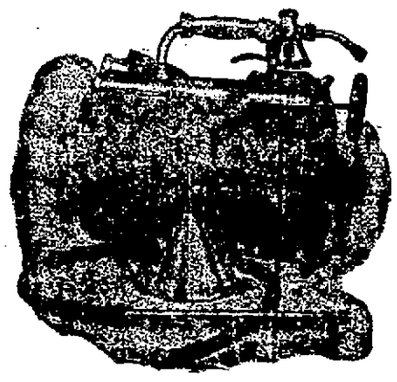

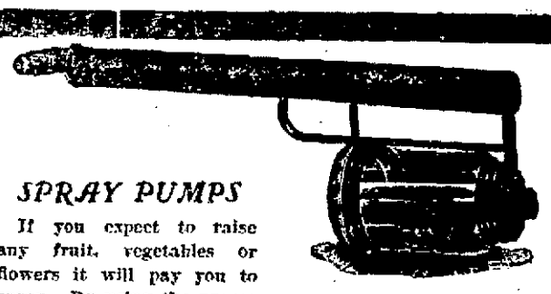

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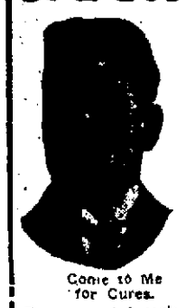

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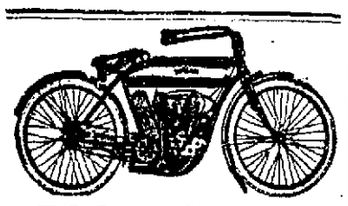

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LECTURE ON INDIA AND HER PEOPLES

Rev. M. Philip Fallize, Missionary, Talks at K. C. Hall of Work.

BIG AUDIENCE HEARS

The fourth number on the Knights of Columbus Lenten lecture course program was given Thursday evening. V. Rev. M. Philip Fallize, C. S. C., vicar general of the Diocese of Dacca, Eastern Bengal, India, was the speaker for the occasion. His topic, "Bengal, India, Its People and Its Missions" was an attractive one and he was heard with intense interest, throughout his lecture, which occupied more than an hour. Special interest attached to the glimpses he presented of the foreign mission field where he has been engaged in most arduous missionary work for nearly twenty-three years.

Father Fallize is a prominent member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and prior to engaging in missionary work in India spent several seasons at Notre Dame, and was also pastor at South Bend. He has visited Fort Wayne on other occasions and during the informal reception following Thursday evening's program met a number of friends whom he has not seen for several years.

The lecture was supplemented by a number of vocal and instrumental musical selections. An instrumental number was rendered by the K. C. trio; piano solo by Mrs. Ferd Urbahns; violin duet by Miss Christina Pape and Mr. Ferge Becker, accompanied on the piano by Prof. Louis Peil; vocal solo by Mrs. Charles Freistroffer and chorus by the K. C. Glee club.

Many interesting statistics were furnished by Father Fallize in the course of his lecture on India. He gave a graphic sketch of its people, their customs and mode of living. A description was also given of the country, its resources and an outline presented of the missionary activities in that country.

Missionary's Lecture.

Primarily Father Fallize explained that while much is known of India's wealth in precious stones, etc., comparatively little is known of the people themselves. They are apparently adverse to western civilization and despite the visits of hundreds of tourists continue their labors in the same manner as they have done for generations. It was cited that the population of India at the present time is approximately 321,000,000. The number of Roman Catholics is about two million and of other Christian denominations one million.

"The great reason," said the missionary, "for the apparently slow progress made in converting the people to Christianity does not lie in the want of effort on the part of the missionaries in the evangelization of these people. Missionaries have labored there most zealously for years, spending their lives and making untold sacrifices for the extension of the faith.

Caste System.

"The difficulty of converting the people to Christianity is due principally to the teachings of Brahminism and the caste system. This caste system is a sort of classification of the people. They are divided into four general castes and are then again subdivided. The four general castes are the Brahins or priests, the highest caste; then the kyaistho or military class; the vayshia or commercial class and the sudra or poor of the country. The Bengali language is spoken in Bengal; the Atamil in the Madras province, the Hindustani and the Hindi in the central and Bombay provinces.

"The Brahmins, or upper class, do not perform manual labor of any kind, but the young men of this class are always desirous of securing positions from the English government. In fact the demand for positions is in excess of the number of positions to be filled. The rules binding the different castes are like iron chains, the breaking of which means misery and ruin to the Hindoos. The majority of the converts are among the sudras rather than among the Brahmins. Should a Brahmin become a convert to another faith he immediately loses his caste, dispossesses himself of his property and is no longer received by his family unless they also follow his example.

"Such are the laws of Brahminism. It does not allow the people to receive instructions and impresses upon their minds that if they leave their country, which is considered a sacred land, they forfeit their rights to that place of happiness which every Hindoo hopes to enjoy.

Common Hindoo Creed.

"The common Hindoo creed is a singular one. Regarding the soul's immortality, they believe that the soul was always and shall always be. That nothing can come from nothing, hence all the substance of this universe is eternal. That the soul cannot exercise thought or activity without the body and yet the union of soul and body is a source of misery to human life. Hence they maintain the belief in transmigration of the soul, from body to body, either human or animal.

Food and Homes.

"The people of Indian, especially in the small towns and missions subsist mainly on rice, which is served with green leaves, a paste made from peppers, ginger root and mustard oil. They have also a little fish at their meals. The men do not eat with the women, but are served by them and partake of their meals sitting on the ground. The humble huts which serve as homes, are constructed of split bamboo. The roofs are of grass and the buildings contain no windows and but a small low door. On account of the scarcity of boards as well as the plague of mice and white aunts, which eat wood, the huts have no floors but the bare earth. The mission chapels are similarly constructed. The mode of living was also touched upon and many customs of the people cited.

Mission Field.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Linneborn, C. S. C., is the bishop presiding over the dioceses of Dacca. The Holy Cross mission field extends from the Assam mountains south to near Cape Mattapam, along the eastern coast of Bengal, a distance of fully 800 miles. Father Fallize for some time has been located at the mission at Chittangong, one hundred and ninety miles from Dacca. His nearest neighbor, another Holy Cross missionary, was three hundred miles south, while the nearest missionary north was one hundred and ten miles. The diocese of Dacca contains about 50,000. In the territory under the direction of the bishop of Madras the people number nearly 22,000.

The work of the Holy Cross missionaries in eastern Indian and the work of the Belgian Jesuit missionaries in other sections of the country was commented upon and much information regarding the conduct of the schools. Priests and sisters laboring among the people have all studied medicine and render much medical service. In conclusion Father Fallize besought the prayers of his attentive auditors not only in thanksgiving for the faith which is theirs, but he also asked that they pray for the missionaries that greater encouragement be theirs and greater success attend their apostolic labors.

Father Fallize is a brother of the bishop of Norway and has accomplished great work during his missionary career. During his stay in Fort Wayne he is the guest of Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding. This morning Father Fallize addressed the students of the Central Catholic high school.

FORT WAYNE MARKETS

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Wheat—$2c bu.
Corn—43@44c bu.
Oats—29c bu.
Barley—60c bu.
Rye—70c bu.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.

[Quotations by Fort Wayne Produce Co.]

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, tub, 35c lb; fancy Elgin prints, 36c lb; process butter, 22c lb; country butter, 12@22c lb.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 16c doz; fresh gathered, 14c doz.

Honey—Fancy comb, 12@14c lb.
Potatoes—35@45c bu.
Beans—$2.00@2.10 bu.
Chickens—10@12c lb.
Onions—$1.25 bu.
Cheese—Cream, 11c lb; brick, 17c lb; Swiss, 20c lb; limburger, 18c lb; long horns, 17c lb.

RETAIL STREET MARKET.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 15@17c doz.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, tub, 30c lb; Elgin prints, 31c lb; process butter, 26c lb; country butter, 23@26c lb.

Lard—Country, 12@14c lb.
Honey—Fancy comb, 15@16c lb.
Potatoes—35@45c bu.
Apples—$1.25@1.75 bu.
Chickens—10@11c lb.
Cabbage—50@60c doz.

MILL QUOTATIONS.

[Quotations of Mayflower Mills.]

Winter wheat, straight, $4.20@4.60; graham flour, $4.00@4.40; rye flour, $4.20@4.80; pumpernickle, $4.40@4.80; bran, $25.00 ton; shorts, $25.00 ton; chop feed, $23.00 ton; middlings, $26.00 ton; cornmeal, $1.30@1.40 cwt; cracked corn, $1.30@1.40 cwt; cornmeal, coarse, $1.30@1.40 cwt; screenings No. 1, 75@80c bu; No. 2, 60@65c bu; rye, 70c bu; flaxseed, $2.40 bu; corn, 42@43c bu; wheat, 82c bu; oats, 29c bu; barley, 60c bu.

[C. Tresselt & Sons' Quotations.]

Winter wheat, straight	$4.00@4.40
Winter wheat, patents	$5.00@5.60
Spring wheat, patents	$5.00@5.60
Graham flour	$4.00@4.40
Rye flour	$4.20@4.60
Pumpernickle	$4.00@4.20
Bran, per ton	$24.00
Shorts, per ton	$24.00
Middlings, per ton	$26.00
Screenings, per bu. 60c; per ton	$22.00
Chopfeed, per ton	$30.00
Cracked corn, per cwt	$1.60
Cornmeal, fine, per cwt	$1.70
Cornmeal, coarse, per cwt	$1.50
Street bid on wheat, per bu	82c
Street bid on corn, per bu	40@43c
Street bid on oats, per bu	29c
Street bid on rye, per bu	70c
Street bid on barley, per bu	60c

HIDES, SEEDS, ETC.

[Quotations S. Bash & Co.]

Cured hides, 10c lb; green hides, 8½c lb; cured calf hides, 15c lb; green calf hides, 13½c lb; horsehides, $3.75; red cloverseed, $8.50@8.75 bu; timothy seed, $5.50 bu.

[Quotations of Weil Bros. & Co.]

Cured hides, 9½c lb; No. 1 horsehides, $3.00@4.00; No. 1 green calf hides, 13c lb; No. 1 green hides, 8c lb; tallow, 6½@7c lb; country mixed rags, 75c cwt; No. 1 rubber, 8½c lb; cut arctics, 6@6½c lb; light copper, 10c lb; heavy copper, 10c lb; heavy red brass, 10c lb; light brass, 6c lb; tinfoil, 30c lb; cured calf hides, 14c lb.

CITY SCALES—RETAIL PRICES.

Hay—$13.00@17.00 ton.
Oats—29@32c bu.
Corn—40@45c bu.

COMMISSION HOUSE PRICES.

[Quotations by Fort Wayne Produce Co.]

Chickens, 10c lb; dressed chickens, 13c lb; ducks, 12c lb; turkeys, 16@18c lb; country butter, 12@18c lb; process butter, 22c lb; eggs, fresh gathered extras, 14c; dirties, 13c doz; potatoes, 25@30c bu; honey, 12c lb; packing butter, 12c lb; creamery butter, 25@27c lb; onions, $1.25.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

[Corrected by H. L. Bell, of Fred Eckart Packing Company.]

Hogs—	
150 to 200 lbs.	$6.70
125 to 140 lbs.	6.50
220 to 300 lbs.	6.25
Cattle—	
Steers, good	$4.50@5.25
Heifers, good	4.50@5.00
Cows	3.00@3.75
Bulls	4.00@4.50
Veal calves	6½@7c
Sheep and Lambs—	
Sheep	3@4c
Lambs	5@6c
Pork—	
Dressed, per lb.	10@11c

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THE MARKETS

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., April 1.—Wheat prices climbed upward today because many professional traders were inclined to keep off the bear side until the market had a fair rally. Furthermore, cables were firm on account of a belief that world's shipments would be much smaller than for the preceding week. On the other hand, Oklahoma reported the crop condition of wheat in that state 5½ points better as compared with a month ago, but the showing was only 54.6 against 92 a year back. It was also a subject of notice that the weather was still dry southwest. Opening figures were a shade to ⅜c higher. May started at 86⅝c to 86½c, a gain of ¼c to ⅜c, but fell back to 86⅛c.

Good weather and slow cash demand depressed corn. The market, however, rose a little at the outset in sympathy with wheat. May opened a sixteenth to ⅛c up at 47½c to 47⅛@47⅝c, and then dropped to 47⅛c.

Local selling carried down oats. May started unchanged to a shade higher at 30⅝c to 30⅜@30½c and declined to 30¼c.

A disposition on the part of scalpers to buy provisions held the market reasonably steady. First sales were the same as last night to 7½c below, with May options $15.07½@15.10 for pork, $8.25 to $8.27½ for lard and $8.70 for ribs.

Range of Prices for the Day.

Chicago, Ill., April 1.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—				
May	.86⅝	.86½	.85½	.85⅝
July	.87⅝	.87⅛	.85⅞	.86
Sept.	.87¼	.87⅝	.86⅝	.88⅝
Corn—				
May	.47½	.47½	.46¾	.46¾
July	.49⅛	.49⅛	.48½	.48½
Sept.	.50⅜	.50½	.49⅞	.47⅞
Oats—				
May	.30⅝	.30⅝	.29⅞	.29⅞
July	.30⅝	.30⅝	.30¼	.30¼
Sept.	.30⅞	.30⅞	.30¼	.30¼
Mess Pork, per bbl.—				
May	15.07½	15.15	14.95	15.02½
July	14.95	15.07½	14.85	14.87½
Lard, per 100 lbs.—				
May	8.25	8.32½	8.12½	8.17½
July	8.25	8.32½	8.17½	8.17½
Sept.	8.22½	8.22½	8.17½	8.20
Short Ribs, per 100 lbs.—				
May	8.70	8.72½	8.55	8.62½
July	8.27½	8.32½	8.12½	8.20

Daily Movement of Produce.

Chicago, Ill., April 1.

Articles.	Receipts.	Shipm'ts.
Flour, bbls.	11,600	8,700
Wheat, bu.	25,300	14,100
Corn, bu.	142,500	126,900
Oats, bu.	185,400	369,700
Rye, bu.	2,500	2,400
Barley, bu.	40,500	20,000

Car Lot Receipts.

Chicago, Ill., April 1.—Wheat—Receipts today were 19 cars, with 2 of contract grade.

Corn—Receipts today were 133 cars, with 8 of contract grade.

Oats—Receipts today were 144 cars.

Total receipts of wheat at Chicago, Minneapolis and Duluth today were 85 cars, compared with 219 cars last week and 344 cars the corresponding day a year ago.

New York Grain and Provisions.

New York, April 1.—Flour — Market steady; spring patents, $5.15; winter straights, $3.65@3.80; winter patents, $4.00@4.40; spring clear, $3.70@4.00; winter extra No. 1, $3.20@3.40; winter extra No. 2, $3.05@3.15; Kansas straights, $4.10@4.25.

Rye—Market nominal.

Wheat—After opening a trifle higher on the Liverpool cables and room coverings, wheat turned easy under predictions of rain and warmer conditions west, professional selling and lack of support. May, 93⅞c; July, 98⅝@93⅞c.

Beef—Market steady; mess, $13.50@14.00; family, $15.00@16.50; beef hams, $27.00@28.00.

Pork—Market barely steady; mess, $20.50@21.00; family, $19.50@21.00; short clear, $17.50@19.00.

Lard—Market easy; middle west, $8.45@8.55.

Raw Sugar—Market dull; Muscovado 89 test, $3.36; centrifugal 96 test, $3.86; molasses sugar 89 test, 03.11; refined sugar, market steady; crushed, $5.50; granulated, $4.80; powdered, $4.90.

Petroleum—Market steady; barrels, refined, $7.40.

Coffee—Spot, market quiet; No. 7 Rio, 12¼c; No. 4 Santos, 13¼c.

Molasses—Market quiet; New Orleans, open kettle, 30@50c.

Hay—Market dull; prime, $1.05; No. 1, $1.00; No. 2, 95c; No. 3, 70@80c.

Chicago Cash Grain.

Chicago, Ill., April 1.—Cash Wheat—No. 2 red, 85¼@87c; No. 3 red, $84@86c; No. 2 hard, 85½@87½c; No. 3 hard, 84@86c; No. 1 northern, 95@98½c; No. 2 northern, 94@97c; No. 3 northern, 92@93c; No. 2 spring, 87@94c; No. 3 spring, 87@93c; velvet chaff, 82@90c; durum, 80@86c.

Corn—No. 2 and No. 2 white, 48¼c; No. 2 yellow, 46@46¾c; No. 3, 44@45c; No. 3 white, 44¼@45c; No. 3 yellow, 44¼@45c; No. 4, 42½@43c; No. 4 white, 42¾@43¼c; No. 4 yellow, 42¾@43c.

Oats—No. 2, 29¾@30¼c; No. 2 white, 31¼@31¾c; No. 3 white, 30@31c; No. 4 white, 28@30c; standard, 30¾@31c.

Rye—Cash, No. 2, 91c.

Barley—Cash, 75@1.10.

LIVE STOCK.

East Buffalo Market.

East Buffalo, N. Y., April 1.—Hogs—Receipts today were 2,880 head; shipments today were 950 head, all to New York; official shipments to New York yesterday, 2,090 head; market closing steady; heavy, $6.70@6.85; mixed and mediums, $7.00@7.20; yorkers, $7.20@7.30; pigs and light yorkers, $7.40@7.50; roughs $6.90@6.50; stags, $4.00@5.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts today were 3,400 head; market slow; top lambs, $7.05.

Cattle—Receipts today were 75 head; market steady.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., April 1.—Cattle—Receipts today were estimated at 300 head; market steady; beeves, $5.25@6.90; Texas steers, $4.50@5.80; western steers, $4.90@5.80; stockers and feeders, $4.00@5.85; cows and heifers, $2.75@6.00; calves, $5.00@6.75.

Hogs—Receipts today were estimated at 12,000 head; market steady; light, $6.65@6.95; mixed, $6.35@6.80; heavy, $6.15@6.65; roughs, $6.15@6.35; good to choice heavy, $6.35@6.65; pigs, $6.50@6.90; bulk of sales, $6.40@6.65.

Sheep—Receipts today were estimated at 1,500 head; market steady; natives, $3.00@5.30; western, $3.25@5.35; yearlings, $4.50@5.60; lambs, natives, $5.00@6.35; western, $5.20@6.40.

Cincinnati Market.

Cincinnati, O., April 1.—Cattle — Receipts today were 342 head; market steady; unchanged; fair to good shippers, $5.00@6.10; common, $2.25@5.00.

Hogs—Receipts today were 1,185 head; market steady to a shade lower; butchers and shippers, $6.85@7.00; common, $6.80@6.95.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts today were 106 head; market steady; sheep, $2.25@4.15; lambs, $4.50@6.50.

PRODUCE AND POULTRY.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., April 1.—Butter—Market weak; creameries, 14@21c; dairies, 13@18c.

Eggs — Market steady; receipts were 23,004 cases; at mark, cases included, 12½@13c; firsts, 14c; prime firsts, 14½c.

Cheese—Market steady; daisies, 13½c; twins, 12½c; young Americas, 13¾c; long horns, 13½@13¾c.

Potatoes — Market strong; choice to fancy, 53@55c; fair to good, 50@52c.

Poultry—Market steady; turkeys, dressed, 19c; hens, alive, 16c; springs, alive, 16c.

Veal—Market steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 5@6½c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 6½@8½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 9@10c.

New York Market.

New York, April 1.—Butter—Market weak; receipts were 3,939 packages; exports this week were 2,000 packages; creamery special, 20¼c; creamery extra, 19½c; creamery firsts, 17@18c; creamery seconds, 16@16½c; held creamery specials, 18½@19c; held creamery extra, 17½@18c; firsts, 16½@17c; second, 15@16; state dairy finest, 19@19½c; good to prime, 17@18c; state dairy, common to fair, 14@16c; process specials, 17½c; process extras, 17c; process firsts, 16@16½c; process seconds, 14½@15c; imitation creamery firsts, 16@17c; factory current make firsts, 15½c; factory current make seconds, 14½@15c.

Cheese—Market quiet; unchanged; receipts, 2,286 boxes; weekly exports, 7,000 boxes; state, whole milk special, 14½@16c; September quality fancy colored, 13½@14c; do white, 13@13½c; summer and fall make, colored choice, 12@12½c; do white, 11½@12½c; late fall, good to prime colored, 11¾@11¾c; do white, 11@11¼c; current make best, 10½c; do common to fair, 9@10c; skims, 2@10½c.

Eggs—Market firm; receipts, 15,822 cases; fresh gathered selected extras, 17½@18c; fresh gathered selected firsts, 15½@16½c; fresh gathered selected seconds, 15@15½c; fresh gathered dirties No. 1, 15c; No. 2, 14@14½c; gathered checks, 13½@14c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery white, 18@20c; do gathered white, 17@19c; do hennery brown, 17½@18c; do gathered brown, 16@17c; western storage packed firsts, 17c; western gathered whites, 17@18c; southern duck eggs, 25@33c; western duck eggs, 30@32c.

Poultry—Alive, market firm; western chickens, 14@16c; fowls, 17@17½c; turkeys, 13c; dressed poultry, market firm; fowls, 14@16c; turkeys, 15@20c.

OIL.

Toledo Market.

Toledo, O., April 1.—North Lima, 82c; South Lima and Indiana, 77c.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

The Day on Wall Street.

New York, April 1.—Opening prices on the stock exchange today in most cases were either at or slightly above yesterday's close. Canadian Pacific led the list with an advance of 1¼. Wabash preferred and Toledo, St. Louis & Western preferred were up ½. The market was dull.

The market closed steady. Profit taking cancelled nearly all of the rise in Canadian Pacific and sent other stocks off a fraction from their best prices. National Biscuit showed exceptional strength, rising 4 points to 136, another new high record.

MUCH WILL DEPEND ON WORDS OF DIAZ

Mexican Congress Meets This Evening to Hear the Message.

CHIHUAHUA IN PERIL.

Mexico City April 1.—The second session of the 25th congress will open at 6 o'clock this evening. There is great interest in the message in which President Diaz will deliver utterances, it is believed will be the determining factor in the cessation or continuance of the rebellion.

Congress will meet in the new chamber of deputies building. Francisco L. De La Barra, former Mexican minister at Washington, took the oath of office as minister of foreign affairs in the hall of the ambassadors at the palace at noon today.

CONSENTRATING ON CHIHUAHUA

Chihuahua, Mexico, April 1.—A correspondent of the Associated Press, who returned today from the headquarters of Francisco Madero, the insurgent leader, reports that Madero and General Orozco, with the main force of insurrectos, numbering more than 1,000 men, are at Busillos, forty miles west of this city. Another force of about 600 men is at Ean Andres and others are at San Isadro and other small towns between San Andres and Chihuahua in detachments of from 50 to 100. General Blanco has arrived at Guerrero with his detachment from the north.

TWO BIG STRIKES.

St. Louis, April 1.—Four thousand union carpenters struck today because of a refusal of a demand for an increase of five cents an hour in wages. Five hundred union wood workers have notified their employers they will not work after today unless an increase of seven cents an hour is granted.

Kansas City, Mo., April 1.—One thousand union carpenters failed to appear for work today at various local shops. They announced they would not return until a five cen tan hour increase in wages had been grated.

MONEY TO LOAN

FORT WAYNE CREDIT CO. HOME PHONE 535 1221 CALHOUN ST.

DON'T WORRY

Is your landlord waiting for his rent? Is your grocer waiting for his bill? Is your life insurance waiting for its premium? Is your furniture store waiting for its payments? Is some loan company pressing you for a settlement? Have you had sickness, death, perhaps with all its extra bills? If so, you have worry enough without worrying about money.

Come to us. We will loan you the cash you need in a lump sum, to do with as you please, and allow you to pay it back in small, regular payments arranged and stipulated by yourself.

WE LOAN $10. TO $300.

On furniture, pianos, automobiles, machinery, stock certificates, life insurance policies, growing crops, live stock, etc., in city or country. Security left in your possession.

MONEY TO LOAN

GERMAN AMERICAN TRUST CO.

People desiring to make loans on real estate can secure reasonable loans upon their property from us without paying any commission. The privilege of paying off in monthly payments can also be arranged. If you are thinking of making a loan, come in and talk it over with Henry W. Lepper, the secretary and manager of the company. Four per cent. interest paid on deposits.

German-American Trust Co.

OLD NATIONAL BANK

1835 FORT WAYNE, IND. 1910

Be Acquainted With Your Bankers

It is the aim of the officers of this bank to know its depositors personally and to make them feel at home at the bank.

HENRY C. PAUL, President.
CHARLES E. BOND, Vice Pres.
W. H. ROHAN, Cashier.
STEPHEN MORRIS, Asst. Cashier.
WM. F. REITZE, Asst. Cashier.

THE OLDEST BANK IN NORTHERN INDIANA

RESOURCES OVER $3,500,000.00

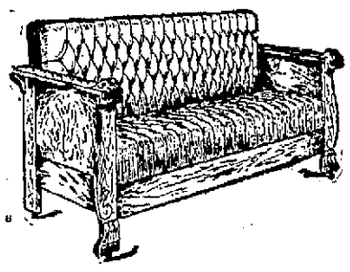
GREATEST SALE ON RECORD

—OF—

Bed Davenports

Indiana Furniture Co.

Commences a Weeks' Sale of Splendid Bargains in Davenports



NO. 800 AUTOMATIC DAVENPORT BED

Made in imitation leather, genuine oak frame, golden oak finish; worth $20.00.. Special Sale Price **$14.85**

NO. 223 AUTOMATIC DAVENPORT BED

Made in imitation leather, genuine golden oak frame, steel top construction; worth $25. Special Sale Price **$18**

NO. 234 AUTOMATIC DAVENPORT BED.

Upholstered in Besto leather, golden oak, spring edge, cotton top tufted, steel top construction; worth $30. Special Sale Price.... **$21**

NO. 604 HULSCO PULLMAN REVOLVING SEAT DAVENPORT BED

Upholstered in Besto leather, quarter-sawed oak frame, tufted seat and back, with a felt mattress, all steel spring construction (same as cut); spring edge; worth $45. Special Sale Price **$35**

75 other Davenports, ranging in price from **$15.00 to $125.00.** The largest line of Davenports ever shown in Fort Wayne.

Sale Starts Monday, 8 A. M., April 3.

Indiana Furniture Co.

121-123 East Main Street.

Pingree-Made

FOR THE "Rah! Rah!" Boys

Just a few words about a new PINGREE arrival, 'till we tell you something of this "nifty," four-button model.

These shoes are made for the young men who are critical judges of style.

Built on a new short vamp last, extremely high round toe, full military heel, and shown in either tan or black calf; also patent stocks.

Just the shoe for a between season novelty. See this number at **$4.00**

SCROGGY CO.
814 CALHOUN ST.
Good Shoes Only—Pingree-Made.

Base Ball Headquarters

Best variety of Base Ball goods in the city. Prices to suit anybody. All grades, sizes and styles.

"B. & M."-"Carr"-"S. & D." Sporting Goods

Let us give you an estimate to supply your team with uniforms, etc. We can save you money.

F. M. Smith & Co.

Hardware—Sporting Goods

The First Comer

In response to Sentinel advertising is usually a buyer. Our readers mean business when the yanswer an ad. Through a Sentinel want ad. you speak directly to the people most worth you while to deal with. The results you get come with the least waste, because replies to your ad. are almost all good replies, from interested and prosperous readers. For these reasons a Sentinel want ad. is the most economical and effectual means of getting cash value for anything, from a lease to a motor car. PHONE 173. ONE-HALF CENT A WORD.

Everybody's Column

Little Ads. for Thoughtful Buyers from the Daily Marts of Trade.

Watch this Column. There's Always Something Interesting That Will Pay You to Know About.

CHAP CHASERS.

For Cold Creams, Greaseless Creams and Lotions call at Jordan's Drug Store, 626 Harrison St.

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS.

If you're down town waiting for a car, or shopping and feel tired or worn out, try one of our surpassing sodas. Bradley Brothers, 627 Calhoun St.

SECONDHAND FURNITURE.

I am paying the highest cash prices for Furniture and Stoves, at 1213 Calhoun St. Phone 2231. L. TOMKINSON. 3-9-tf

DETECTIVE.

RYAN DETECTIVE and INFORMATION BUREAU; confidential, reliable, reasonable. 611 People's Trust Bldg. Telephones—Office 2524; residence, 6777.

STORE FIXTURES.

FOR SALE—New Counters, Cash Registers, Flat and Roll Top Desks, Refrigerators, Show Cases, Safes, Scales and Hand Trucks. G. E. Bursley & Co. 6-24-tf

PLUMBING.

X Telephone "MARTIN'S PLUMBING SHOP" for a Plumber. Twenty years at the business. Phone 6379. Hanna and Buchanan Streets. X

BICYCLES! BICYCLES!

FOR SALE—Everything in the bicycle line. New and rebuilt high-grade bicycles, $5.00 to $40.00. Bicycle tires, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50. Baby buggies retired. Bicycle repairing. E. J. WILKINSON, 617 Clinton St. Phone 2450. 3-25-3m

SEWING MACHINES.

H. C. HITZEMANN SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.
No. 8 Arcade. Phones, 2480-6880.
Dealers in Domestic and White Sewing Machines, Needles, Oils, Parts and Supplies for any Sewing Machine. Bicycles and Sundries.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

STORAGE.

STORAGE—Pettit's Storage Warehouse; fireproof. Household goods stored. Strong, clean, safe. 414 East Columbia St. Phone 1108. 6-8-1yr

H. W. Sigrist

AUCTIONEER.

Only licensed auctioneer in the city.
Phones—357. Office 611 Shoaff Green 1649. Bldg.

OTTO HITZEMANN

Real Estate and Fire Insurance.
509-10 People's Trust Bldg.

6-room house, all modern, Green St.; $2,300.00.

7-room modern house, Huestis Ave.; $3,000.00.

7-room house, modern, Hoagland Ave.; $4,000.00.

Lots in all parts of the city.

PHONE 1139.

For Sale

11-room house, rents for $20 per month, $1,800.
5-room cottage, west Bloomingdale, $1,500.
1-acre lot on Parnell Ave., $750.
1 acre with 7-room house and barn and all kinds of fruit, $2,500.
8-room house on Fletcher Ave., $1,350.
95-acre farm, all black soil, for sale or trade. If you want to buy or sell see

PAUL & DAGER
Phone 3127. Room 20 Pixley-Long Blk. 28-5t

Homes

Seven rooms, partly modern, Andrews St. $2,500
Five rooms, modern, Andrews St...$2,200
Ten rooms, modern, Bass St.......$3,500
Seven rooms, modern, Broadway....$3,300
Nine rooms, modern, East Creighton Ave. $5,200
Seven rooms, modern, Crescent Ave.$2,500
Eight rooms, modern, Holton Ave..$3,500
Nine rooms, modern, Huestis Ave..$4,300
Nine rooms, modern, Holman St...$3,300
Come and see our lists of lots.

FARMS

9 acres, 3½ miles south of South Whitley, good buildings and good soil, price $2,000.
115 acres, 6½ miles on Lima road, good buildings and excellent soil, $85 per acre.
160 acres, 6 miles on Goshen road, good soil and buildings, $85 per acre.
40 acres, three miles west of Garrett, Ind., buildings in good condition, soil fine $5,000.

Interstate Realty Co.,
Real Estate and Investments,
Formerly Robbe & Double.
922-25 SHOAFF BLDG.
Open Evenings. Phone 3094.

H. L. Van Meter

REAL ESTATE

Over Old National Bank.

8-room modern house, steam heat, facing reservoir park, $4,000.
New modern house, 7 rooms, southwest part, corner lot, $2,900. Payment plan.
Five modern houses on West Wayne St., and two on West Berry St.
I have a number of the best investments that are being offered in central business property.

PHONE 327

Something Good

12 rooms, modern, Cass St...........$4,000
5 rooms, St. Mary's Ave.............1,950
6 rooms, Zollars 1,700
6 rooms, Third 2,150
7 rooms, Riverside 1,350
8 rooms, modern, St. Mary's.........2,550
6 rooms, Nutman 1,400
7 rooms, West Jefferson 3,300
9 rooms, Maumee 2,050
9 rooms, modern, E. Williams.......3,900
8 rooms, West Jefferson 3,600
Building lots and farm lands of all descriptions.

Hartzog, Real Estate
ROOM 14, BANK BLOCK.

WANTED.

MALE HELP.

WANTED—Bellboys at the Wayne hotel. Apply at once.

WANTED—Messenger boys. Western Union Telegraph Co. 30-3t

WANTED—Boy at good salary. Inquire Room 17 Schmitz Blk. 3-31-tf

WANTED—A compositor. Fort Wayne Box Co., corner Calhoun and Superior Sts. 31-2t

WANTED—One porter and lapper man and one hoop coiler man, one hooper, cutter man, for Adrian, Mich. Inquire Vail Cooperage Co. 31-3t

WANTED—A good honest boy, 18 or 20 years old, for night clerk in hotel. Good wages, room and board. Apply at once. Hotel Huntington, Huntington, Ind. 1-2t

WANTED—At once, energetic young men with high school education, for work in city. Good salary to right men. Answer quick. Address Manager, care Sentinel. 1-2t

WANTED—You are wanted for Government position, $80.00 month. Write for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. 75-E, Rochester, N. Y. 3-11-1m

MAGAZINE SOLICITORS—Catholic publication with premium; names and lead furnished; best proposition in Fort Wayne; good money. Nelson. Call 125 West Wayne St. 30-3t

WANTED—Man to travel in Indiana. Good pay and tailor-made suit in 90 days; experience unnecessary; reliable firm. Write for particulars. J. E. McBrady & Co., Chicago.

WANTED—$7.00 daily distributing safety razors free with soap. Twenty other new money-getters. Workers write for Free Samples. Parker Chemical, Co., Chicago.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—No canvassing or soliciting required. Good income assured. Address National Co-Operative Realty Co., V980 Marden Building, Washington, D. C. Apl. 1-8-15-22-29

WANTED—SALESMAN. Excellent permanent position for LIVE SALESMAN in Indiana. Will net $5,000.00 yearly to the capable man. $35.00 weekly advance for expenses. Unexcelled proposition to the trade. W. S. Finley, Sales Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.

FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—Girls. Craig Biscuit Co., 115-121 Montgomery St. 26-10t

WANTED—Girl to do housework. Apply 228 West Berry St. 1-3t

WANTED—Girl for general housework. 1238 West Wayne St. Apl. 1-3-5

WANTED—Nurse girl for afternoons. Apply 1127 West Wayne. 3-31-tf

WANTED—Girl for housework; highest wages paid. Inquire 131 West Leith St. 3-29-tf

WANTED—Experienced chocolate dipper, and also a young lady clerk at the Columbia Candy Kitchen.

WANTED—A good girl for general house work; extra help employed to assist in washing and ironing. 434 West Wayne St. 1-3t

SCHOOL OF CUTTING AND DRESSMAKING. Spring and Summer Term opens March 21st, day and night classes; patterns cut to measure. 1114 Harrison St. A. M. FREEMAN. 3-15-1m

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Furnished room with board. Address Box 8, care Sentinel.

WANTED—To rent a small modern house in the west end; good references. Address Q. T. X., care Sentinel. 29-4t

WANTED—To sell complete I. C. S. course in advertising; will sell cheap on account of eye trouble. Address J. J. F., care Sentinel. 3-31-tf

WANTED—Ladies wanting switches, puffs, curls, etc., made from combings. Also furnish hair. Mrs. Florence Laboe, 714 Van Buren, between Main and Berry. 3-23-tf

WANTED—Angola fishermen and others can get round trip tickets to Angola and return, good any time during summer for $1.00. Telephone 176 up to 5 p. m., 6944 after 5 p. m. O. L. Perry.

WANTED—Have you any newspapers or magazines that you will donate to THE AMERICAN BOY SCOUTS, to assist in uniforming the boys of this city? We will call for them if you will send us your address. THE AMERICAN BOY SCOUT. EDWIN T. JACKSON, Scout-Master. Headquarters 802 West DeWald St. Phone 6695. 10-10-tf

PERSONAL.

TRANCE MEDIUM Mrs. Murphy will give readings from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily, at 314 East Main St. Mch. 30 Apl. 1-3

PERSONAL—Young man, 29 years of age, would like to correspond with young lady not over 30, with view to matrimony. Address F. R., Route 5, Box 33, Angola, Ind. 1-2t

DANDRO

To Whom This May Concern: It is to certify that Dandro No. 6, Manufactured at Dr. Niswonger's Medical Dispensary, Fort Wayne, Ind., is a genuine hair grower and germ destroyer. Without any doubt the best Hair and Scalp Tonic ever prepared. Sold at all drug stores through the Fort Wayne Drug Co.

"Always Keep in Sight"

The fact that you should own your own home. If you haven't the cash buy on payment. See me about one of these homes:

East Taber, near Calhoun; seven-rooms in good condition: bath, electric lights, gas, pavement and barn. Price $3,600.

1106 Lake Ave., seven rooms, beautifully finished in oak, elegant open stair, bath, furnace, lights, gas, pavement, lot 45x150. Price $5,000.

1519 Taylor St. All modern, frame with eight rooms, hardwood floors, lights, gas and pavement. Price $3,600.

1404 Taylor St., six rooms, corner lot 38x150, electric lights, both kinds of water, pavement, cemented cellar. A very pretty home. Price $2,800.

2321 Miner St., 7-room house in good condition. Both kinds of water, electric lights, gas and small barn. Price $2,650.

1641 Franklin Ave., 7-room house in good condition, both kinds of water, electric lights and large shed. Price $2,100.

JOHN H. VESEY
514-16 SHOAFF BLDG. PHONE 2736.

REAL ESTATE

6-room dwelling, southwest part of city, $2,000; will sell on payments.
7-room dwelling, West Jefferson St.; $2,500.
7-room dwelling on Taylor St. $2,300.
10-room dwelling, all modern, oak finish, large barn, DeWald St., $5,700.
3 houses near Electric works, $2,100 each.

LENNART & ORTLIEB,
Second Floor. 919 CALHOUN ST.

FOR RENT.

ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Five rooms, upstairs. 2411 Miner St. 30-3t

FOR RENT—Furnished room at 134 W. Washington St. 1-3t

FOR RENT—Rooms, board, with conveniences; reasonable rent. 1223 Jackson St.

FOR RENT—Two nice large rooms, hard and soft water, modern conveniences. 625 Barr St., upstairs. 30-3t

FOR RENT—Furnished front room with all modern improvements. 302 East Lewis. Phone 1472. 3-14-eod-tf

FOR RENT—A bed room and sitting room, soft water bath, all modern conveniences. Call at 624 Washington Blvd. west. 3-13-tf

FOR RENT—Suite of rooms; electric lights, soft water bath, furnace heat Address Box 6, care Sentinel. References required. 2-28-tf

FOR RENT—Office rooms; a suite of 3 rooms, corner Berry and Harrison St.; newly furnished; walls frescoed; steam heat, electric lights, gas and water; suitable for doctor's office. Inquire at Nussbaum's Drug Store. 3-18-tf

HOUSES.

FOR RENT—Six-room cottage, all modern, 1121 Rivermet Ave. Inquire 1005 West Main St. Phone 3015-red. 3-28-eod-6t

FOR RENT—Modern 9-room house on Archer Ave. Can give possession April 1st. Phone 1540. Call 619 Shoaff Bldg. Mch. 28-tf tu th sat

FOR RENT—Residence property at 1102 West Berry St., on or about May 1st. Swayne & Swayne, 111 West Main. 3-30-tf

FOR RENT—We keep a rent list and are also prepared to sell you a home for a small payment cash, balance like rent. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD, 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FLATS.

FOR RENT—A 6-room upper flat, all modern improvements. Inquire of F. M. Smith & Co. 3-8-tf

FOR RENT—Flat, 5 rooms and bath, hot water heat, modern up to date, $25.00 a month; heat and water included; reference required. Al Hazzard, 209 East Main St. 3-14-tf

FOR RENT—Modern flat, 815 Broadway; 132 East Berry St., office rooms; 125 East Berry St., third floor; 2536 Thompson Ave.; 2611 Broadway. Schrader & Wilson, Main and Court Sts., first floor. 2-1-tf

STORE ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Storeroom and living rooms upstairs 2028 South Calhoun St. Inquire at The Boston Store. 3-21-tf

FOR RENT—The best and most central room in the city, 12½x60, 20 "L" in rear; fronts on Clinton. Inquire of Theo. Hofer, room 21 Bank Blk. 1-6t

FARMS.

FOR RENT—Farm; 40 acres and 5-room house in Grant Co., near Pine Bluffs, Ark. Rent, ¼ share. Write F. M. Richardson, R. R. Y. M. C. A., St. Louis, Mo. 27-7t

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR RENT—Good barn suitable for garage, electric light. Call at 1018 West Jefferson St., or phone 2092. 1-3t

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—Plain gold bracelet, between high school, Jefferson school and 1022 West Main. Reward.

LOST—Small brown purse containing $10.75, either on Buchanan, Oliver or Creighton Ave. Liberal reward if left at Sentinel.

Interurban Time Tables.

Ft. Wayne & Northern Indiana Traction Company.

Effective May 29, 1910.

Fort Wayne to Huntington, Wabash, Peru, Logansport, Delphi, Lafayette, Indianapolis and all intermediate stations.

Trains leave Fort Wayne: 6:00 a. m., †7:10 a. m., 8:00 a. m., *9:10 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 12:00 m., *1:10 p. m., 2:00 p. m., †3:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., *5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m. train runs only as far as Logansport; 11:20 p. m. train runs only as far as Huntington.

Trains not marked are locals to Lafayette.

†Limited trains to Lafayette.

Limited train 1:10 p. m. makes direct connection at Peru with Limited train for Lafayette.

*Limited trains to Indianapolis.

Limited train 7:10 a. m. makes direct connection at Peru with Limited train for Indianapolis.

Fort Wayne to Bluffton, Montpelier, Hartford City, Muncie, Anderson, Indianapolis and all intermediate stations.

Limited trains leave Fort Wayne at 6:05 a. m., 8:05 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 2:05 p. m., 4:05 p. m., 6:05 p. m., 8:05 p. m., 10:05 p. m. train runs only as far as Muncie.

Local trains leave Fort Wayne at 7:05 a. m., 9:05 a. m., 11:05 a. m., 1:05 p. m., 3:05 p. m., 5:05 p. m., 7:05 p. m., 11:05 p. m. train runs only as far as Bluffton.

All local trains run only as far as Muncie.

For further information call Home phone 219; Bell phone 229.

Wabash Valley Route.

FT. WAYNE & SPRINGFIELD RY. CO.

Cars Leave Decatur	Cars Leave Fort Wayne
6:50 A.M.	7:00 A.M.
7:00 A.M.	8:30 A.M.
8:30 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
10:00 A.M.	11:40 A.M.
11:30 A.M.	1:00 P.M.
1:00 P.M.	2:30 P.M.
2:30 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
4:00 P.M.	5:30 P.M.
5:30 P.M.	7:00 P.M.
7:00 P.M.	8:30 P.M.
9:30 P.M.	11:30 P.M.

THE TOLEDO & CHICAGO INTERURBAN RAILWAY CO.

James D. Mortimer, Receiver.

OFFICIAL TIME TABLE
In Effect October 25th, 1910.

Cars leave Fort Wayne for Huntertown, Garrett, Auburn, Waterloo, Avilla and Kendallville, *6:47, †8:17, †9:47, *11:17, A. M., *12:47, †2:17, †3:17, *5:17, *6:47, †8:17, †9:47, †11:17 P. M.

*Through trains to Kendallville.
†Through trains to Waterloo.

All trains connect at Garrett for points beyond.

Best route from Fort Wayne to Goshen, Elkhart, Mishawaka, South Bend, Michigan City, Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland and New York; to Kendallville and the L. S. & M. S. Railroad to destination.

For further information concerning rates, service, etc., consult nearest agent, or address

G. M. PATTERSON,
General Freight and Passenger Agent,
Kendallville, Ind.

NEW TIME CARD. WABASH RAILROAD

In Effect January 1, 1911.
All Trains Daily.

Trains Going East.		Trains Going West.	
No. 2....	5:35 A.M.	No. 9....	5:18 A.M.
No. 12....	5:30 A.M.	No. 1....	11:46 A.M.
No. 28....	9:47 A.M.	No. 6....	5:20 P.M.
No. 18....	11:50 A.M.	No. 3....	9:30 P.M.
No. 6....	4:05 P.M.	No. 21arr.	10:40 A.M.
No. 4....	4:51 P.M.	No. 11arr.	11:20 A.M.
No. 14....	5:05 P.M.	No. 13arr.	9:00 P.M.

Trains 11, 13 and 21 do not go west of Fort Wayne.

Eastward Service—Trains 2, 4, 23 and 6 via Butler road. Trains 18, 12 and 14 via old road.

Westward Service—Trains 1, 3, 9 and 11 via Butler road. Trains 5, 13 and 21 via old road.

What This Advertiser Thinks of Sentinel "Want" Ads.

WANTED—Experienced girl for general housework; must come well recommended; wages $6.00; no washing. 327 East Jefferson. 27-3t

After one insertion of the above ad. Mr. Henry C. Berghoff, vice president of the Summit City Soap Works, called at this office and said, "For heavens sake, take out that ad. for a girl at my house; we have been bothered to death with girls. The Sentinel is certainly the best Advertising medium for results."

The Sentinel Is Fort Wayne's Home Paper

In fact there is a Sentinel in nearly every home every night. The Sentinel Wants Ads. always bring results.

FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—Five-room cottage on Hillside Ave.; lot 45x130; only $1,375.00. Fred Bayer, 302 East Wayne. 2-27-tf

FOR SALE—Six-room modern house; price $2,200.00. Owner leaving city. Address Box 12, care Sentinel. 29-4t

FOR SALE—Business property for $8,000. Rents for $800 per year. H. Goldstine, 10 and 11 Bank Blk. Phone 2460. 31-3t

FOR SALE—Good, 8-room house with bath, lights and furnace; large lot, near Williams Park. $3,125. W. E. DOUD. 1-16-tf

FOR SALE—South Side, modern 7-room cottage, Suttenfield St.; lot 35x150; no agents. Address Cottage, care Sentinel. 28-6t

FOR SALE—New oak finished modern house on Crescent Ave.; owner leaving city; payment plan. 3-17-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Make offer. Cottages 1208-1212 East Wayne St.; also dwelling 1402 Hugh St. Modern. At a bargain. Citizen's Trust Co. 29-4t

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Six acres in 2, 1½ and 1-acre lots on Crescent Ave., a half square from city car line. Fred Bayer, 302 East Wayne. 3-27-tf

FOR SALE—New 6-room modern house on East Pontiac St. Small cash payment, balance like rent; price $2,400. Inquire at 802 West DeWald St. 1-3t

FOR SALE—We represent City & Suburban Realty Company, builders of new, modern homes. Call at office for new book of plans. W. E. DOUD, 1-16-tf Third Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—A new house with bath and electric lights; near South Broadway; $2,600; small cash payment, balance monthly. W. E. DOUD. 1-16-tf

FOR SALE—Two new, modern houses being built by City & Suburban Realty Company, near Electric Works. To be sold for cash or on payment plan. 1-16-tf. W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Suburban home, near city; good buildings, good ground, only 2½ miles out, $2,700, on easy payments. Romy & Brewer, Room 22 Bank Blk. 31-6t

FOR SALE—Two lots on Winter St., 30x140, half square north on Pontiac; price $350 each; also lot on Lily St., across from Perrine-Armstrong Mfg. Co., for only $450. M. F. Noll: Phone 570. 3-24-tf

FOR SALE—The 7-room house at 2120 Broadway, Martha F. James, guardian. Also 70 acres on Toledo & Chicago interurban, 6 miles north of city, ¼ mile from G. R. & I. R. R. station. Inquire of Swayne & Swayne, Attorneys, 111 West Main St. 3-8-tf

FOR SALE—Two 5-room cottages at $1,200 each; lot 50x150; present rental $240 per year. Also 8-room house, lot 50x50; price $1,800. A dandy investment; within ¾ miles of court house. Owner leaving city. Address "A. B.," care Sentinel. 3-16-tf

FOR SALE—House of 8 rooms in addition to bathroom, attic and hall, large closets and all modern improvements, including fireplaces, electric lights with colonial fixtures, gas heater, good furnace, fine cellar, soft water bath; lot is 62x174. Will sell at a bargain. Address C. J. S., care Sentinel. 3-15-tf

FOR SALE.

Several new houses on payments same as rent; small payment down.
Good lots on Third and Fourth Sts. Small payment down. I will advance you money to build.

H. GOLDSTINE,
10 Bank Blk. Phone 2460. tf

FOR SALE—Five modern homes within five minutes walk of court house. Four houses on Runyan Ave., from $2,200 to $2,500. Three on Greenwood Ave., $2,160 to $2,500. Three on Perry Ave., all modern. Five on West Main St., all modern. Four on Elm St., good bargains. Five nice homes on South Side. Three on East Wayne, close in, $1,600 to $1,800. Fine home on East Lewis St., with room for another house on lot. One home near Hanna with large lot. I have homes from $800 up and lots in all parts of the town. Half acre and more close to car line. Come in or call me up for a good bargain. Phone 2974. Wm. Klomp, 113 East Main. 3-13-1m

FARMS.

FOR SALE—Three acres garden ground, in Archer Heirs' addition; easy terms. W. E. DOUD, 3-17-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FARM FOR SALE.

Sixty acres, 12 miles from city, 4 miles from Sheldon; good buildings, well fenced and ditched, newly repaired. Terms: Half cash. Also house and lot. Inquire 2125 Parnell Ave. Jesse Kitchen. 3-29-1m

LIVE STOCK.

FOR SALE—One bay mare, 1,250 pounds; 3-year-old colt, one light farm wagon. 1215 Barr St. 31-3t

FOR SALE—Four fresh cows, Jersey bull in service, $3; trotting colt by Boreal. 2:15, $10. St. Joe Stock Barn. 27-6t

FOR SALE—Good horse, two sets of harness. Wagon and surrey. Call evenings between 6 and 7 o'clock. Miss Hickman, 1609 Sherman St. 31-3t

FOR SALE—First-class family and saddle horse 8 years old; weight 1200; absolutely safe. Also coupe and stanhope. Inquire 119 West Wayne St. Phone 1566. 3-31-tf

LAKE ERIE & WESTERN—BIG 4 ROUTE.

Southward Trains.

No. 39—Indianapolis Express...	7:25 A.M.
No. 27—Cincin. Mail and Ex...	11:15 A.M.
No. 25—Express	6:00 P.M.
No. 43—Sunday Special........	6:00 P.M.

Northward Trains.

No. 42—Express. Daily.....Ar.	11:00 A.M.
No. 38—Express ....Ar.	2:45 P.M.
No. 36—Mail and Ex.......Ar.	10:25 P.M.

FOR SALE.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FOR SALE—First-class meat market. Address Box 12, care Sentinel. 28-5t

FOR SALE—Two-chair barber shop; seventeen years in business. David Shawhire, Avilla, Ind. 30-3t

FOR SALE—2½ acres of ground and a good paying business; cheap, if sold at once. Inquire 1629 Hale Ave. Mch. 28-30 Apl. 1

FOR SALE—Coal yard, east end, doing a nice business; reason for selling, owner of other business. Call 2032 Thomas St. 3-13-tf

POULTRY AND EGGS.

FOR SALE—Crystal White Orpington eggs from blue ribbon winners. Jno. Kohlbacher, 823 Erie St.

FOR SALE—Full-blooded white Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching. Home phone 2652-blue, for particulars. 1-2t

FOR SALE—Pen of barred Plymouth Rocks; pure bred; five pullets, two hens and one cockerel. Inquire 1117 Wilt St. 1-3t

FOR SALE—Do you want eggs? Then try my Ancona eggs, from fine birds. Greatest winter layers. 518 Kinnaird Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind. 3-22-1m

FOR SALE—Barred Plymouth Rock, single and rose comb Rhode Island Red eggs for hatching. Come see chickens. Diederich Deister, 2621 Walton Ave.

FOR SALE—Single comb black Minorca eggs for hatching; pen headed by cockerel direct from Northup's yards. 816 Francis St., Fort Wayne, Ind. 29-6t

FOR SALE—Eggs for hatching from best strain of white Wyandotte and Rose Comb Rhode Island Red stock. Irvin Koons, 3111 Thompson Ave. Th. Sat. 3-23-3m

FOR SALE—Eggs for hatching; single comb Buff Orpingtons, from prize winners. Eggs $1.00 per 15. W. S. Clayton, 635 Prospect Ave. Phone 1779-black. 1-2t

FOR SALE—Before setting your hens look at my prize-winning S. C. black Minorcas, Northrup and Fauld's stock; eggs, $1 per setting. H. C. Coover, 515 Huffman St.

FOR SALE—Eggs for hatching. Barred Plymouth Rocks, "Aristocrat Strain," the finest and richest in colors; none better. Copenolle. 1835 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne. Phone 6592. Apl. 1-3-8-10-15-17-22-24-29

FOR SALE—S. C. R. I. Red eggs for setting; first pen headed by cockerel direct from Lester Tompkins' yard; second pen headed by first premium cockerel at Fort Wayne Fair, 1910. Home Phone 6840. 320 West Creighton Ave. Tu. Th. Sat. 3-10-10

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Cyphers incubator, cheap. 911 Edgewater Ave. Phone 1710-blue.

FOR SALE—Automobile truck, almost new; bargain. A. Turner, 801 West DeWald St. 1-3t

FOR SALE—New piano trucks and cover at a bargain. Inquire Asa Turner, 801 West DeWald St. 1-3t

FOR SALE—Cheap. Two-seated Stanhope carriage, hand made, fine condition, single and double hitch. Inquire 615 Fourth St. 30-3t

FOR SALE—Model N. single cylinder Olds motor; complete carburetor, lubricator and pump. $27; good running order. L. B., 53, Butler, Ind.

FOR SALE—Exchanged upright pianos; Kimball, $175; Stoddart, $165; Gus Steck, $150; Emerson, $90. Packard Music House. Mch. 9—dly.-wky. 1m

FOR SALE—Building material at low prices. Sheeting, studding, joists, etc. Smith-Randall Lumber Co., off Broadway on Wabash track. Phone 6492. 3-23-1m

FOR SALE—
One oak davenport.......................$ 18
One Garland range.......................20
One Garland base burner................20
One Baldwin Cabinet Grand Piano..50
One Fisher Cabinet Grand Piano...135
Will sell for cash or on payments.
Fort Wayne Loan Company,
Room No. 2, Second Floor
No. 706 Calhoun St. 3-17-tf

FARM FOR SALE.

Containing 280 acres, 140 acres under cultivation, fine meadow, cuts 40 or 50 tons of good hay. Balance in pasture, timber and wood lots. Large, clear spring creek running through pasture. 20 acres seeded to rye. 20 acres in clover. 160 acres sandy loam soil on clay bottom. 120 acres a dark, deep, very productive clay loam. School on premises, 40 rods from house. Located 42 miles from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Minnesota. 4½ miles from North Branch, Minnesota, on the famous Duluth-St. Paul Short Line. Only gravel pit in 20 miles, at 50 cents per load, located on highway on farm, worth $3,000. Fine, up-to-date dwelling house of 9 rooms, finished throughout in maple and hardwood. Concrete cellar under house. Concrete walks. Water system in house and barn. Telephone, free delivery of mail to house daily. Nicely located, high, healthy, near public highway. Modern in every particular. Large, fine orchard with 40 bearing apple, plum and mulberry trees. Fine vineyard of grapes, bearing. Large barn, cement floor and mangers. Hog house with concrete floor and yards partitioned for 30 hogs. Granary, chicken house, root house. 2½ miles to creamery. Swedish and German Lutheran churches. This is a fine property, worth easily $60.00 per acre. Will sell at $40.00. Call on or address K. O. Warme, North Branch, Minnesota. 31-6t

FARMS FOR SALE.

All sizes, well improved. Prices range from $50 to $100 per acre in three southern counties in Michigan. Write W. A. SELBY, Sturgis, Mich. Sats. 3-25-8t

FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE REAL ESTATE.

THE WILDWOOD BUILDERS.

Have for sale a completely modern house on Wildwood Ave., for $4,500.00. One on Fairfield Ave., pavement paid, completely modern and new, at $3,200.00. Three houses on St. Joe Blvd., at $3,400.00 and $3,300.00; and four completely modern houses on Elmwood Ave., in Lakeside, varying in style and price. Write or telephone for our new booklet.

Builders' Office cor. Wildwoood and Indiana.

Tel. 6533. Guy J. Gilbert, Sales Mgr.

Suburban Tracts Improved and Unimproved

A SPECIALTY, AS WELL AS FARMS AND CITY PROPERTIES.

Several 5-acre tracts.
If you want cheap farms in Michigan, Dakota, Minnesota or anywhere we have them.
Our Maumee Valley farms east of Fort Wayne will raise $100.00 per acre of sugar beets. See us about them today.
South Side homes on payments to suit purchaser. Homes in every direction.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons

Both Phones Opposite P. O.

NOTICE!

If you have any real estate you want sold and sold quickly, call and see me.

R. PARKER SMITH, Open Saturday Evenings.
Office Phone, 2615 House Phone, 6225

For Sale Real Estate

Fine 6-room house, Columbia Ave., Lakeside; $2,100.00.
Nine-room residence, Home avenue, near Broadway; partly modern; large lot. $2,800.00.
Six-room cottage on north side; complete, bath, electric lights, lot 60x150; $2,300.
Seven-room house on Fairfield Ave., near Lutheran hospital; partly modern; $2,600.
Strictly modern home, 310 E. Wayne St.; 16 rooms; 50 ft. front; must be sold; party leaving city.
Six-room house on Clay St.; electric lights, toilet; complete; $1,500.
Beautiful 6-room house, South Lafayette St.; electric lights; $1,800; $200 cash, balance monthly payments.
Beautiful 5-room cottage, near Pontiac car line, near Lafayette St., 40 ft. lot, $1,500.
Beautiful six-room cottage, 2300 block Smith St.; partly modern; $2,250.00.
All modern 7-room residence, 1711 West Main St. Price right.
Seven-room residence, 1145 Packard Ave. Only one-half square from Broadway, $2,200.00.

K. VORNDRAN

GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.
Rooms 3-4 (2d Floor) Pixley-Long Block.
Open Saturday Evenings.
Phones—Office, 480. Residence, 6070.

Walsh & Kierspe

GENERAL INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

New 6-room house; bath, lights, both waters; beautiful location on California Ave. Big bargain.
8-room brick house, lot 45x150, in 1000 block Wilt St.; very desirable.
8-room house; hot water heat, all modern, oak finish, 400 block Brackenridge St; splendid location and value.
10-room, all-modern house; lot 50x150; large barn; West Jefferson; will consider trade of smaller property.
Splendid 6-room house; lights, both waters; lot 32½x110; good location for Wabash and Electric employes.

MAIN OFFICE, 134 EAST BERRY ST, —Phone 2476.—
SOUTH SIDE BRANCH, 1835 CALHOUN. —Phone 6592.—

High-Class Building Lots

We are arranging to subdivide the beautiful grounds at the corner of Hoagland Ave. and Pontiac St., in such a manner as to enable us to sell you a fine building site at from $1,000 for 37x84 feet up. These prices include sewer and asphalt pavement all paid, and no better location is to be had at anything like these figures. For full particulars see us immediately.

PEDDICORD & SIGRIST,
611-12 Shoaff Bldg. Phone 357.

Will build you a Home in any part of the city. See

LOUIS F. CURDES
Shoaff Bldg. Phone 622.

B. F. Rousseau

REAL ESTATE.

Strickly all modern house, all conveniences, south side, near Broadway; used eight months; owner leaving city April 1. Quick sale $3,300
Exceptionally fine improved 80-acre farm bargain; convenient to Fort Wayne, near interurban station. A dandy good 40, also near interurban.
Nice acre tracts; 5 minutes to city car; excellent investment.
Beautiful new bungalow and outbuildings, with 5 acres; rich soil; near city car. Will consider city property in trade.
For other city and farm properties inquire at office.
Room 526 Shoaff Buldg. Phone 3083.

SPECIALS

Six-room cottage, both waters in house, bath, lights, strictly modern, lot 45x145. Parnell Ave. Price $2,800, only one-half cash required.
6½-acre fruit farm, 2½ miles from the city on Goshen road; fair improvements, 1,000 fruit trees. Can be bought for $1,000 cash; balance on time.
Many other bargains listed. Call at

K. J. BAUER & CO.
717 Clinton St. Office Open Evenings.

Real Estate

7 rooms East Washington, 1200 block; price $2,000
7 rooms, East Lewis, 900 block, modern except furnace, good barn; price $3,000
5-room cottage on John St., close to East Creighton car; lot 50x150; lots of fruit, in fine condition; price $2,200
7 rooms on Zollars Ave., modern except furnace, fine condition; price.$2,300
6-room frame, 400 block W. Creighton; lot 41x145; price..............$2,300
10 acres, 1 mile west of city limits; new 6-room house, good barn; price $3,000
We have twenty-four 5-acre tracts located east of the city, that we are putting on the market. Anyone that would like to see these places next Sunday, we will be glad to show them by making arrangements at our office in advance. The price on these tracts are $1,000 to $1,750. See

Turnbull & Hardendorf,
301 SHOAFF BUILDING
Office Phone 3146, Res. Phone 6520-Green.
Office Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.

Weber SQUARE DEALS

East Lewis St., 14 rooms, slate roof, steam heat, soft water bath, lot 80x150; owner leaving city; a bargain....................Price $6,000
Grant Ave., 5 rooms, both waters, a bargain ....Price $1,600
Andrew St., 7 rooms, new, modern, oak finish, furnace.........Price $2,950
West Williams St., 6 rooms, both waters, electric light.......Price $2,100
West Main St., brick store building, near court house.......Price $8,000
Spy Run Ave. 7 rooms; gas electric lights, large lot.........Price $2,300
West Lewis St., 200 block, 7 rooms, close in ....Price $2,500
Masterson Ave., 7 rooms; modern, except heat; good barn.....Price $2,200
Wagner St., 8 rooms; well, gas lot 50x150 ....Price $2,700
Hoagland Ave., 10 rooms; strictly modern; will trade........Price $7,000
High St., brick store building, electric light, water, cement cellar ....Price $1,350
Spy Run Ave., 5-room cottage ....Price $2,000
West Leith St., 9 rooms, pavement paid, suited for boarding house ....Price $2,700

CARL J. WEBER,
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.
723 COURT ST. Phones 1389-1902.

Excursion to Texas

April 4, 1911--Low Rates

HADSELL--Elektron Bldg.

Real Estate

7-room house East Pontiac; electric light and bath, paved street. Price $2,100.00.
5-room house, Walton Ave. $1,550.00.
8-room house, Hurd St.; big lot and barn. $2,700.00.
7-room house, Zollars Ave. $2,000.00.
5-room house; lights and both waters; South Calhoun St. Price $2,100.00.
2 lots Oldsdale addition; will sell cheap.
Office Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.

L. C. Bobilya & Amos J. Young
Phone 3151. Room 19 Bank Blk.
Residence Phone. 6518-Black.

NEW MODERN HOMES

On Lillie street, between Creighton and Pontiac. These houses are exceptionally well located for Pennsylvania trainmen, East Car shop, Western Gas and Bowser employes.

Payment Plan.

Federal Securities and Investment Co.,
5-6 Citizens Trust Bldg. Phone 916

The Boston Store

Bed Sheets---Bed Sheets

Just Received 1000 Bed Sheets That We Are Going to Sell at a Bargain for a Few Days Only.

These Sheets are 81x90 in size and sell most anywhere for 85c. Our price will be 65c.

42x36 Pillow Cases at 8⅓c each, worth 12½c.

18x36 Linen Huck Towels at 10c each; regular price 12½c.

20x40 Linen Huck Towels at 12½c each; regular price 17c.

22x42 Linen Huck Towels at 15c each; regular price 20c.

25 dozen Ladies' Dresing Sacques, worth 65c. **Our sale price 48c.**

These specials are for a few days only, so be sure and take advantage of this sale as it means money saved for you.

Wm. Hahn & Co.
THE BOSTON STORE
Agents for The Standard Patterns.

A. HATTERSLEY & SONS
PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS
ELECTRIC WIRING OF ALL KINDS
208-212 E. MAIN ST. Fort Wayne

THERE IS DANGER

If an individual hasn't a good stomach, he soon begins to decline in health, as the stomach is the storage battery to the entire system. If your teeth are in need of attention, come in.

B. H. MOMMER,
Teeth Cleaned, $1.00.
814 CALHOUN STREET.

For Sale or Rent

Second-Hand Piano of Late Style..$140.00
Second-Hand Piano, Oak Case.....165.00
Second-Hand Organs, $15.00 to..... 25.00
Pianos to rent at $3.00 a month.
Organs to rent at $1.00 a month.
GUY CONKLIN,
1008 Calhoun St.

QUEEN BEE WAFERS
Manufactured by
CRAIG BISCUIT CO.,
115-121 Montgomery St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Queen City Transfer Company

Baggage called for and delivered to all parts of the city.

Office 116-118 WEST MAIN.

Phones—Home, 3047 and 2408. Bell, 143.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

On account of ill health and old age will dispose of our entire stock of Groceries, Meats, etc. Everything to be sold AT COST. All fixtures for sale. Entire stock must be sold by April 1st. Will also dispose of our large stock of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke, Charcoal and Kindling.

800 Tons of genuine Chestnut.
500 Tons of Genuine Stove.
500 Tons of Genuine Furnace.
400 Tons of Genuine Jackson Lump.
200 Tons of Genuine Jackson Egg.
1,200 Tons of Hocking Valley.
800 Tons of West Virginia Lump.
50 Tons of Broken Cannel.
100 Tons of East Lee Hard Coal.
100 Tons of Coarse Slack.
500 Tons of Black Beauty.
1,000 Bags of Charcoal.
4,000 Bundles Kindling.

M. Frank Supply House
1430 Hanna St.
Home Phone 1388. Bell Phone 426
Established 1373.

Seeds

for early flowers and vegetables should be started now to get the best results.

BUY from us. WE HAVE QUALITY, QUANTITY and RIGHT PRICE. GET OUR LAWN MIXTURE AND FERTILIZER.

PUT YOUR LAWN IN ORDER. GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS. ONION SETS.

W. D. Henderson & Co.
231-233 E. COLUMBIA ST.
Phones 144 and 495.

Dr. Johnston
OSTEOPATH
4th FLOOR SHOAFF BUILDING. TAKE ELEVATOR.
Graduate of Kirksville, Mo.
Diseases and Deformities Treated.
—EXAMINATION FREE—
Phone—Office, 1329; Residence, 6534.

THE FIRST COMING TO FORT WAYNE OF THE TELEPHONE.

People Were Slow in Being Made to Believe That a Conversation Could Be Carried on Over Its Wires—How O. L. Perry Convinced Gart Shober.

When the telephone first came to Fort Wayne, which was in June of 1879, it was the wonder of wonders to our people, as it was to the people of other cities where it was introduced. The opening of traffic on the Wabash & Erie canal, forty-four years before, and the advent of the steam locomotive on the Ohio & Indiana railroad in 1854 did not excite half the interest and wonderment the telephone did.

It was then a creature of but three years of age in this world. Its operation had been shown for the first time in public at the world's fair in Philadelphia in 1876 and the first switchboard and its public use was established at Bridgeport, Conn., the following year. This was what was known as the Bell patent and it was in June of 1879 that a company was formed here for its operation. Its offices and switchboard were in the third story of the Foellinger block on Calhoun street, just north of Main, its manager being S. C. Lumbard.

In July of the same year the Western Union Telegraph company also began operation of a telephone here, using the Edison patent, and formed a rival company. Its manager was O. L. Perry, then manager of the Western Union, and its offices were in the Nill building on Calhoun street, between Wayne and Berry, where the Douglas shoe store is now located.

Both companies erected wires throughout the city and began the solicitation of subscribers. The fight between them was bitter. But it is not to give a history of that telephone fight that this article is written. It is only to speak of the incredulity then existing regarding the workings of the telephone and the wonderment it created. Many were slow in pinning their faith to it. They couldn't understand it and when they did get a partial understanding of it they marveled and wondered.

Gart Shober One of 'Em.

Even Gart Shober, now editor of the Labor Times-Herald, then city editor of The Sentinel, who in his eventful career had seen much of the world, was one of the doubting, wondering ones. Gart was not inclined to take the thing on faith.

"You've got to show me," he said to Perry, whose company had just finished the stretching of wires to several places in the city.

"Well, come with me," said Perry, "and I'll show you," and the two went to the offices of the company in the Nill block.

"We have a wire over to the Aveline hotel," said Perry, pulling a peg in the switchboard and handing the receiver to Gart. "I'll let yo utalk to Mike Walsh." Mr. Walsh was then clerk at the Aveline. "Just you holler, 'Hello,' and say you want to talk to Mike Walsh."

"By golly! that's Mike's voice, sure," exclaimed Shober after the two had exchanged a few words over the wire, and then, turning to Perry, he said:

"Say, you haven't got Mike concealed some place around here? I haven't been talking through a tube into another room, have I?"

And Gart rushed out, and down the stairs, and arcoss and up the street to the Aveline. He was back in a few minutes.

"That was Mike, all right," he said.

He Was Convinced.

Shober spent an hour and a half that afternoon at the telephone station, talking to several parties. The next day there was a column and a half article in The Sentinel about the wonderful workings of the telephone, the opening paragraph being as follows:

"Everybody is interested in the telephones now and they are a constant source of wonder and marvel to all. The facility with which persons at two places, located at opposite extremes of the city, can converse with each other by means of these instruments is really marvelous. Conversations have been carried on between the City hospital and Eckert's Packing house as satisfactorily as between two persons in the same room. The distance for which these telephones can be worked satisfactorily has not yet been determined. Persons at points 800 miles apart have conversed readily through them. It is believed that ultimately conversations can be held through them by parties on opposite sides of the ocean."

And then Gart entered into a detailed description of the "modus operandi of the thing," which he said "was going to revolutionize the methods of business and be a wonderful aid in the apprehension and capture of criminals." He gave a vivid account of conversations held and songs sung over the wire and, written in his characteristic humorous way, it made extremely interesting reading.

Mr. Shober may not have been the first person to talk over a telephone in Fort Wayne, but he was one of the first half dozen or so, anyhow.

Telegraph Ante-Dates It.

The telegraph in its advent to Fort Wayne antedates the telephone by thirty years. It came to us in 1849. Its office was in that of the Times, one of the newspapers of that early day, and G. W. Wood, who was the editor and proprietor of the Times, had charge of the telegraph company, which was a stock organization.

In 1850 the company sold out to the Western Union Telegraph company, but before this deal was consummated the line here was in operation with all the larger cities, having wires to Toledo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago. In going out of this city the wires followed the course of the Wabash & Erie canal.

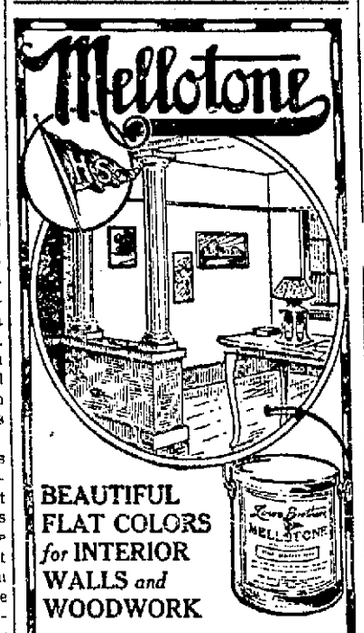
Immediately after the purchase of the local interest here by the Western Union, J. McNutt Smith was sent here from Cincinnati to take charge of the business. He remained until 1860, when Charles Jones took his place and the latter was succeeded in 1868 by Charles H. Currier. In May of 1874 Oscar L. Perry became manager of the local affairs of the company.

When Mr. Smith took charge of the office for the Western Union in 1850 the line was one of a single wire. The instruments used were the old-fashioned Morse type. They indented a strip of paper for the receiving of the message with dots and dashes, that had to be translated afterward, instead of the present method of receiving by sound.

ENID LID.

"Good to eat, hard to Beat." HAFFNER'S 10c "POTATO-LOAF." 3-5-eod-tf.

I have high-class investments in Local Bonds and Local Stocks. C. F. Pfeiffer, Shoaff Bldg.



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Lowe Brothers Latest "High Standard" Paint—

The "Little Blue Flag" always means the *best of its kind*—and that describes "Mellotone"

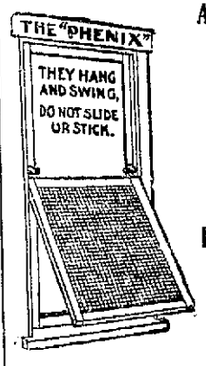
It is a PAINT
Easily put on—And doesn't rub off: May be washed and cleaned and keeps its colors.

It has the soft, beautiful effects
That every one wants in his house —or office building.

It is economical
In first Cost and in the long run.

Let us show you color card and combinations. We can show you **"Vernicol"** for woodwork and floors, **"Enamel"** for bath rooms and kitchens, **"High Standard"** Paint for all uses.

The H. Pfeiffer & Son Co.,
107-109 E. Columbia St.



A New Departure in FLY SCREENS

They hang and swing, do not slide or stick, are absolutely fly-proof and will outlast any sliding half-screen made.

Phenix Screen & Awning Co.
1227 California Ave. Phone 1603 Black
FORT WAYNE INDIANA

KLAEHN & MELCHING
Undertakers and Embalmers
205 WEST MAIN.
Office—Home Phone 223.
Best of Services at Reasonable Prices
PRIVATE AMBULANCE.

Lawn Grass

Cheaper than sod. No weeds. One pound covers three hundred sq. ft. Our Lawn Fertilizer restores lawn and will not burn or choke it and is cheaper than barnyard manure.

Plant Eckford's large flowering Sweet Peas for early flowers. Only 5c oz.

Save your fruit trees and Vines and double your crop with our Lime-Sulphur Solution, 30c gal.

S. Bash & Co.

CHEER UP

If money will help you we will loan you from $5.00 to $300.00 on your Furniture, Pianos, Horses, Wagons, Etc., without removal.

You can pay it back weekly or monthly, just as you like.

It will pay you to either call, write or phone us. RATES cheapest in the city. All transactions confidential.

PEOPLE'S LOAN COMPANY, 718 Calhoun St. 2nd Floor. Room 5. Phone 1773.

H. E. HILL
914 Calhoun St.
Over Goldsberry Shoe Store,
Ladies' or Gent's Hats Cleaned, Dyed, Bleached and Remodeled.
Come in and see us.

CITY BREVITIES.

Dr. K. K. Wheelock will return tomorrow from Johns Hopkins university, at Baltimore, where he has been spending the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bauer arrived in the city today from Cleveland and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cook, parents of Mrs. Bauer. Mr. Bauer is preparing to locate in Chicago, where he will be manager of the office of the American Ever-Ready company.

The Theosophical students will meet at Harmony lodge library on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. The subject of study for the meeting will be "Self-Control."

O. L. Perry went to Crooked lake today to prepare his cottage for the summer campaign. Mr. Perry says the purchaser of the first ticket to the summer resorts each season isn't entitled to any particular distinction, but at Crooked lake the enthusiast who is last in leaving in the fall is the real hero.

E. J. Phillips, a medical student at Ann Arbor, who has been a patient at Hope hospital for the past three weeks, will return to Ann Arbor today to resume his studies.

Lee Mayer, of Columbia City, was a visitor in the city Friday.

Was Given His Degree Fifty-Five Years Ago

REV. GEORGE SCHICK.

It is fifty-five years ago since Rev. George Schick, dean of the Concordia college faculty, received his degree as doctor of philosophy from the Concordia seminary in St. Louis, and on the anniversary occasion Saturday the venerable educator was the recipient of many congratulations from the faculty, students and other friends. Rector Schick was pastor of Emanuel's Lutheran church in Chicago when in 1856 he was called to the St. Louis college, and he came, with Prof. Lange, Prof. Saxer and seventy-eight students, to Fort Wayne in 1861. For fifty-five years Rector Schick has been teaching, Greek, Hebrew and history, and though 80 years of age on February 25 he is still actively at work and beloved by every friend of Concordia college.

DR. J. H. GILPIN CHOSEN.

Given Appointment as Physician to Boy Scouts.

Scout Master E. T. Jackson has just appointed Dr. J. H. Gilpin as scout physician, and has named Albert Black as scout master at Albion and P. D. L. Alspach to a similar position at Angola. Companies of boy scouts will be at once organized in these places. It is planned to soon have a full regiment of boy scouts in Allen and adjoining counties.

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, 1911. PAGES 17—28.

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THE SHADOW—

By Edward Boltwood

ON the village of Bellepavanne, in southern France, night falls like a perfumed veil, caressing the heavy foliage of the ancient trees, the huddle of low-roofed houses, and finally the great gray ribbon of the highway which binds the hamlet to the world. The study lamp is extinguished at the priest's window, and the loungers in the porch of the little Hotel Millefleurs stretch themselves contentedly, as if on signal. It is bedtime.

One man, however, does not stir—M. Maquinesse, the Scot, who sojourns in Bellepavanne for the benefit, he says, of his cough. In the light of the overhanging lantern, M. Maquinesse does not look like an invalid. He has a gross, wicked face, and some malformation of his neck causes the chin to droop sideways. It is so even now, although M. Maquinesse is asleep, sitting, as is his custom, in that corner of the porch from which is obtained the longest view of the great road. Diard, the postmaster, winks at the tumbler of absinthe on the bench beside M. Maquinesse.

"I knew he would be thus," says the postmaster. "To-day came the packet of journals for him. Always after they come, he is thus."

"American journals?" says Mme. Angelique, leaning over the half-door of her hotel.

Diard nods irritably.

"Why," demands the landlady, for the hundredth time, "does he of Scotland read the journals of America?"

For the hundredth time the postmaster shrugs his shoulders and gives it up. The insoluble problem is a standing reproach against his powers of intellect.

"Ah, well, m'sieur!" says Mme. Angelique. "But, my faith, regard!"

A tremulous patch of blinding light dances along the road, and in its wake, and almost as noiselessly, a Mercedes touring-car glides to the hotel steps. Instantly there is a bustle. Mme. Angelique summons servants, and Pierre, the priest's gardener, runs to fetch his wife. Pierre's haste, doubtless, tips over the absinthe glass and sends it to the floor, broken. No one notices the corner of the porch.

In the rear of the automobile are two gossamer-shrouded women. In front, beside the chauffeur, sits a young man with a child on his knee; a black band is sewn on his coat-sleeve. The chauffeur dismounts stiffly to assist the ladies; Diard, the postmaster, notes professionally the name on a valise—"Stavordale, New York."

The child points along the quivering shaft of light and claps his hands gaily as a bewildered dog scurries out of the glare. The young man smiles at the boy's merriment, watching the light also. Then, for the fraction of a moment, the white beam impinges, far up the road, upon a swaying, sodden face, with a chin which droops sideways.

One of the ladies speaks in English to the chauffeur.

"Glynn, do take Master Jack," she says; "it is dreadfully late for him!" A trace of impatience is in her pleasant voice, because the man in the automobile is holding fast to the boy, peering tensely at the light, which now reveals nothing. "Please hurry, Ned," she says to him. "Give Jack to Glynn please!"

The other woman, a maid servant, superintends the unloading of the luggage. Glynn swings Master Jack to the ground. The landlady curtsies often. There are rooms very elegant for monsieur and madame, for the beautiful infant and his bonne, for monsieur le chauffeur. It is to be regretted bitterly that all have dined, but Mme. Stavordale may thank the saints for the ruined bridge which compelled them unexpectedly to voyage to Bellepavanne.

"Do you hear, Ned?" laughed Mrs. Stavordale. "Everything is all right, after all."

"Good," said Stavordale, slowly disembarking.

Puffed with pride, Diard escorted Glynn to a shed where the Mercedes was to be housed. Glynn's employer was left alone on the porch; in the hotel behind him, his wife and Mme. Angelique discussed arrangements for the night.

Stavordale sat on the bench and pulled off his gloves thoughtfully. He was a smooth-shaven clean-cut fellow of thirty. His features were long, arched and sensitive, his eyebrows arched, and heightened now by the deep, perpendicular line that ran between them. So one might fancy that the young Don Quixote had looked, ere the don graduated from Groton and Harvard and inherited ample paternal riches from the late Governor Stavordale of one of the New England states.

Mme. Angelique careened to the porch and suggested hospitably a biscuit and wine, of the white or red.

"Thank you not now," declined Stavordale, and brushed his shoes with a glove. "Do many Americans come here, madame?" he asked idly.

"Alas, no!" cried the hostess.

Stavordale's glove disturbed some tinkling glass at his feet. Thrifty Mme. Angelique sighted the wreckage with abhorrence.

"Beast!" she exclaimed. "He has destroyed it!"

"Not I," protested Stavordale.

"The drunken Scot, monsieur—the drunken Scot with his crooked neck of a pig!"

"Ah?" remarked Stavordale politely. "A guest here?"

Madame seized a broom and swept the glass.

"Of a truth, no," she said. "For a month he has lived solitary, this drunken, in the cooper's cottage next beyond the shrine of St. John;" and she motioned along the road with her broom.

Stavordale looked at his watch.

"Have you a telegraph or a telephone in Bellepavanne?" he inquired.

"Only at the railroad, monsieur—seven miles away."

"Thank you, madame. Good night!"

"Good night," said Mme. Angelique.

II

Mrs. Stavordale, in a pretty gray dressing-gown, knocked gently on the door of her husband's room and entered. The apartment was on the lower floor, and through the open window drifted the vague fragrance of flowering shrubs.

"I heard you walking up and down, Ned," she began. "I was afraid you were worrying again about that—that political affair at home. You musn't worry, dear. It's done with."

"Oh, yes," said Stavordale moodily. "I know. The investigation at the State Capitol is done with. The thieving lobby is cleared out. The money is accounted for."

"And the guilty, so far as possible, are named," she added.

"All the guilty are either named," he amended, "or dead."

Stavordale turned to the window. Kate went to him, laying her hand against his arm, where he wore the black band on his coat-sleeve.

"Ned," she entreated, "your father's bitterest enemies admit he was unsullied by that stolen money. Senator Brownell himself admits that the worst he might have proved against the Governor was merely acquiescence, and even that wasn't actually proved."

"Acquiescence is guilt," said Stavordale, "and 'not proven' is not a comfortable verdict."

"But can we help it?" contended his wife. "The only man—the only witness—who might be able, they say, to show Governor Stavordale's acquiescence in the fraud has disappeared. He is being hidden from Brownell's party, I presume, by your father's political friends. Well, Ned, can we help it?"

He looked at her curiously.

"Suppose," he said, "that I should meet this witness—and know him?"

"Know him, Ned? Why, you have never—"

"He might not know me," said Stavordale. "I should know him. What, then? I should be bound to bring him to the authorities at home, to insist upon his testimony to retrieve the honor of our family. If I failed to do so, I'd be as guilty as those who are concealing him."

"My dear, dutiful boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Stavordale, and her eyes softened with tender pride. "You are making yourself ill over a question which doesn't exist, she said. "You are torturing yourself by asking—'What shall I do if I see—' Wasn't his name Phelan, Ned? He had some sort of a nickname."

"Crookneck Phelan," muttered Stavordale.

"Well, " she resumed, "you are morbid—yes, absurdly morbid—with wondering what you ought to do should you see this Phelan. You are inventing a shadow where there is none. The next step will be to wonder whether your duty is not to devote your life and money to find the wretch."

The shrubbery rustled, and Stavordale, reaching out of the window, picked a leaf and tore it methodically.

"My duty is hardly that," he said; "but the fear of the shadow would vanish if Phelan were found."

"And for what good?" argued his wife with growing earnestness. "What purpose would Phelan's testimony serve now? Not the purposes of the law, for the guilty have been brought to justice. Only the purposes of politics. Only the political purposes of Brownell would be served by discrediting Governor John Stoverdale. But I'll tell you who would be the real sufferers by any testimony of Phelan's against your dead father's name.

"Who, then?" put in Stavordale as she paused, leaning toward him.

"You and Jack and I," Kate said simply. "And we are innocent."

She parted Stavordale's hair with both her hands, kissed him affectionately, and went out, speaking no more. For a minute he stood where she had left him. His lips moved.

"Acquiesce is guilt," he whispered. "Remember that! Acquiescence is guilt. As my father did, so shall not I!"

A traveling-clock sounded faintly the hour of ten. Stavordale extinguished the lamp and stole down the corridor and to the porch. Across the deserted street the tiny spark of a cigarette shone on the glazed vizor of an automobile-cap.

"Glynn!" said Stavordale very softly.

Except for the two men, the village was lifeless as a mountain graveyard.

"Thought I'd camp in the machine, sir," volunteered Glynn. "Had my tires cut once, sir, in a place of this sort."

Stavordale liked his chauffeur. He had secured Glynn a month ago at an English agency.

"I may have to run to the railroad to-night, Glynn," he remarked. "Be ready with the car until I come back. Say nothing. I'm off for a little walk to take the kinks out of my knees."

"Very good, sir."

Glynn touched his cap and vanished. Stavordale followed the road, as Mme. Angelique had indicated it, to the shrine of St. John and the cooper's cottage. The thick dust deadened his footfall, the vast shadow of the night enveloped his resolute figure.

III

Beyond the wayside shrine the road dipped to a bare plain, and, so far as Stavordale could make out, the thatched hut was neighborless. By a candle-flame at the single window he saw the crook-necked man sitting beside a table. The door gave readily.

"How do you do, Mr. Phelan?" he said.

The man's response was odd. With almost a continuous movement, he raised his head, lowered it, and pushed back from the table, opening a drawer as he did so.

"You've made a mistake, my friend," said he. "Who is it you want? My name's MacInnes."

"And mine is Stavordale."

Phelan lumbered to his feet and stood wavering his bestial countenance close above the candle.

"I don't know who you are!" he snarled. "You can't play any monkey business here."

"That's all right, Mr. Phelan," said Stavordale. "This is no monkey business."

His whole being, physical and spiritual, was revolted by this creature, as it might have been by a reptile or by a noxious odor. It was with a sense of relief that Stavordale shifted his eyes to survey hastily the narrow room, with its bedstead and trunk and paltry furnishings. When his glance returned, he was surprised to see Phelan proffering cigars with an air markedly affable.

"Well, take a seat and smoke, anyhow," was his invitation. "You'll have to excuse me, old man. This French liquor is the devil."

Stavordale sat down with his back to the door and window, and Phelan blew a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

"You see you've got to show me," he hinted cunningly. "You give me a name I don't answer to, and I don't know you from a heap of brick. But I've read the newspapers, and I'm on to the Stavordale case, and how a fellow named Phelan can queer the Stavordale people by testifying." He thrust his face forward through the blue smoke. "Now," he went on, "is Stavordale's son had anything to say to Phelan he'd come to him careful and secret, and not hurrahing in an auto with a party of dames."

"As for that," said Stavordale, "this meeting is altogether secret. My presence here is unknown, except to you."

"Ah!" grunted Phelan, and leaned back again, puffing reflectively "Where'd you get the tip from, then, to come to this hole? From Jake Crosby, I reckon. Well, between the two of you, you've got to raise my ante, or I'll flop and make a dicker with Brownell as sure as a gun, for to go over to him and testify about the Governor. Brownell will pay more to me for talking than Jake and you are paying me now to shut up and hide myself in this God-forsaken country."

"Wait!" Stavordale commanded. "I have nothing to do with Crosby or the rascals to whom my unfortunate father was tied by politics. I am acting solely for myself—for my conscience."

"Your what?" said Phelan.

"My conscience," reiterated Stavordale. "I have found you by accident, not by design; but now that I've found you, I can't be silent and honest, too. It's the duty of any citizen of my State to force you to the witness-stand. It's my duty, even though my name is Stavordale—especially because my name is Stavordale. I shall turn you over to the authorities.

The other's bloated features worked as if an extra weight had been hung on his drooping chin. He stared blankly, but only for a second; and then, taking out a penknife, he began to trim the end of his cigar.

"You're a nice, loyal specimen of a son, ain't you?" he sneered.

"I am loyal to my ideal of honesty," said Stavordale. "Whatever my father did or failed to do, men shall know that the Stavordale blood is honest now. I sha'n't leave you, Phelan, until you are in charge of an American consul."

Phelan closed the knife with a snap.

"All right," he chuckled maliciously. "My story will keep the much-rakers at home working overtime, I'll tell you that!"

"I understand," sighed Stavordale. "But I know this—you can prove nothing against my father, except—"

"Your father to blazes!" broke in Phelan, beating his open palm on the table. "It's you I'll fix! Yes, you, with your preaching about duty and honesty! How will your honesty stand when I tell how you hunted me up over here in France, and how you tried to lay me off, and how you didn't offer me enough, and so I blabbed of my own accord? Who's going to believe that you met me by accident, one chance in a billion, or that you forced me home to testify against your own father? Which is the likelier story—mine of yours? You're just such a fool as would fix this interview, as you say you have, without witnesses or notice to anybody. It's me against you! Well, which story will folks believe, mine or yours?" The scoundrel's vehemence made his lose lips wet, and he dried them triumphantly with an unclean handkerchief reeking of cheap perfumery. "Your Sunday-school conscience has put you in a trap, Mr. Stavordale, esquire," he concluded, with a taunting, rancorous grin.

Stavordale involuntarily clenched his first. Surely, he thought, such a villian was better dead than living. Then the wickedness of his hate made him flush for shame. His face was misread by Phelan's viperish eyes.

"Oho! You've dropped, have you?" jeered Crookneck shrilly. "You see how I've got you, do you? Now, I'll make you pay, and pay plenty, for butting in here with your high-sounding sermons. Who'll believe that you and your wife came here except to buy me off, hey? You'll cough up for this, you fool, or I'll—what? What's that?"

His frightened gaze was fixed on the window behind Stavordale. Phelan staggered up, fumbling in the table-drawer. In one hand he held a revolver, with the other he groped for support. Missing it, overturning the candle, he dropped limply, face down. His pistol exploded beneath him. His body muffled the shot. A heaving sob, and it lay inert; and above it, in the dark, Stavordale stood like a statue, struck by wonder and dismay.

IV

Gradually Stavordale became conscious of a third man in the cottage. The man was crouched on the floor, examining Phelan with busy fingers. An electric torch flashed.

"Who's there?" gasped Stavordale.

"Keep quiet," warned Glynn's cool voice. "Take that bed and go through it. Papers is what we're after—papers, and marks of identity. Nothing here, anyway." He sprang like a cat at the trunk and unlocked it deftly.

"Perhaps we can get—a—a doctor," faltered Stavordale.

"Phelan killed himself," said Glynn. "He was right on top of his gun. Lucky, too. I'll bet nobody heard it. But we'd better jump, all the same."

Stavordale was amazed rather by Glynn's dexterity than by the fact that the chauffeur was giving orders to his master. Glynn worked at the trunk with the skill of an expert cracksman in a bank vault.

"Here's the baby," he continued slipping the lid from a tin box. "Guess that is all.

He searched the room with incredible thoroughness, ransacking everything and leaving no trace of his labor. The torch darted about like an angry firefly. Finally Glynn locked the trunk, replaced the key in Phelan's pocket and motioned toward the door. Stavordale obeyed mechanically, and Glynn turned his light on the ground outside.

"No prints," he continued. "Go ahead. Keep to the middle among the horse-tracks."

"But why?" objected Stavordale. "We are not murderers. Why—"

Glynn interposed.

"We can talk in the village," he said, tapping the tin box under his arm impatiently. "Quiet now!"

They plodded on. Glancing over his shoulder from time to time, Stavordale saw that his companion was walking at a strange, shuffling gait, without lifting his feet from the heavy dust.

"I'll guarantee it'll take better than these French muttonheads to trail us," explained Glynn cheerfully. "Looks same as a chain dragging behind a wagon."

They had reached the end of a bridge which spanned a deep and rapid river. Stavordale whirled abruptly on his heel.

"You're a detective, aren't you?" he said. "A detective hired by Senator Brownell to shadow me?"

Glynn Nodded.

"Well, I congratulate you," avowed Stavordale bitterly. "Just as your employer thought I would, I led you to Phelan!"

"Yes—by accident," murmured Glynn

"What?" Stavordale said. "You overheard us, then?"

"Oh, yes," admitted the detective. "And I was in the bushes tonight under the window of your bedroom in the hotel. I heard that, too.

"A choice way of earning a living," said Stavordale. "A professional shadow!"

Glynn whistled, loosening with his toe a large stone on the roadside.

"You can make a good story out of this," pursued Stavordale. "The Senator will pay you well for the same story which that poor wretch in the cottage threatened to tell about me."

"Hold on, Mr. Stavordale," advised Glynn " I may be a shadow, but I'm no Phelan. A man that's straight and white as you are can have me, you bet. Brownell will get nothing but the truth about this—and maybe not all of that." He dug at the stone with renewed industry, as if to screen some embarrassment. "The papers in the box here," he said, clearing his throat, "have something to do with John Stavordale, as I saw. New, why not give 'em to Master Jack? That's his name. Why not give these papers to your boy, for the good of his name?"

Stavordale laughed blankly, not from amusement.

"I got a kid at home, same as yours, sir," blurted Glynn.

"No," said Stavordale, shaking his head. "You must turn the proof in that box over to the authorities. It's your duty. It would be my duty if I had it."

"Oh, is that so?" growled the detective.

With the adept swiftness which he had shown in the cottage, Glynn stopped, jammed the weightly stone at his feet into the box, ran out on the bridge and flung his burden into the river.

"Let Brownell come and dive for it," he said. "You'll find a shadow that stays by you is a good thing yet, Mr. Stavordale."

V

Lifted to his favorite seat in the automobile beside Glynn, little Jack must needs kiss the chauffeur a vigorous "good morning." Glynn blushed prodigiously; Eugenie, the nurse, giggled with delight; and Mrs. Stavordale sought to relieve the driver's scarlet distress.

"What is that procession coming down the road, Glynn?" she asked kindly.

"A man hurt himself last night, ma'am," answered Glynn. "They are carrying him this way."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Stavordale can we do anything for him, Ned?"

"I'm afraid not," Stavordale replied, feeling the pressure of Glynn's elbow.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am, I have looked into it," Glynn said. "An old milk-woman found him at sunrise. His name was—is MacInnes, ma'am. I'm quite sure that there's nothing more that can be done about him. Main road, sir?"

"Yes," said Stavordale.

Glynn put on the power, and the automobile flew down the highway.

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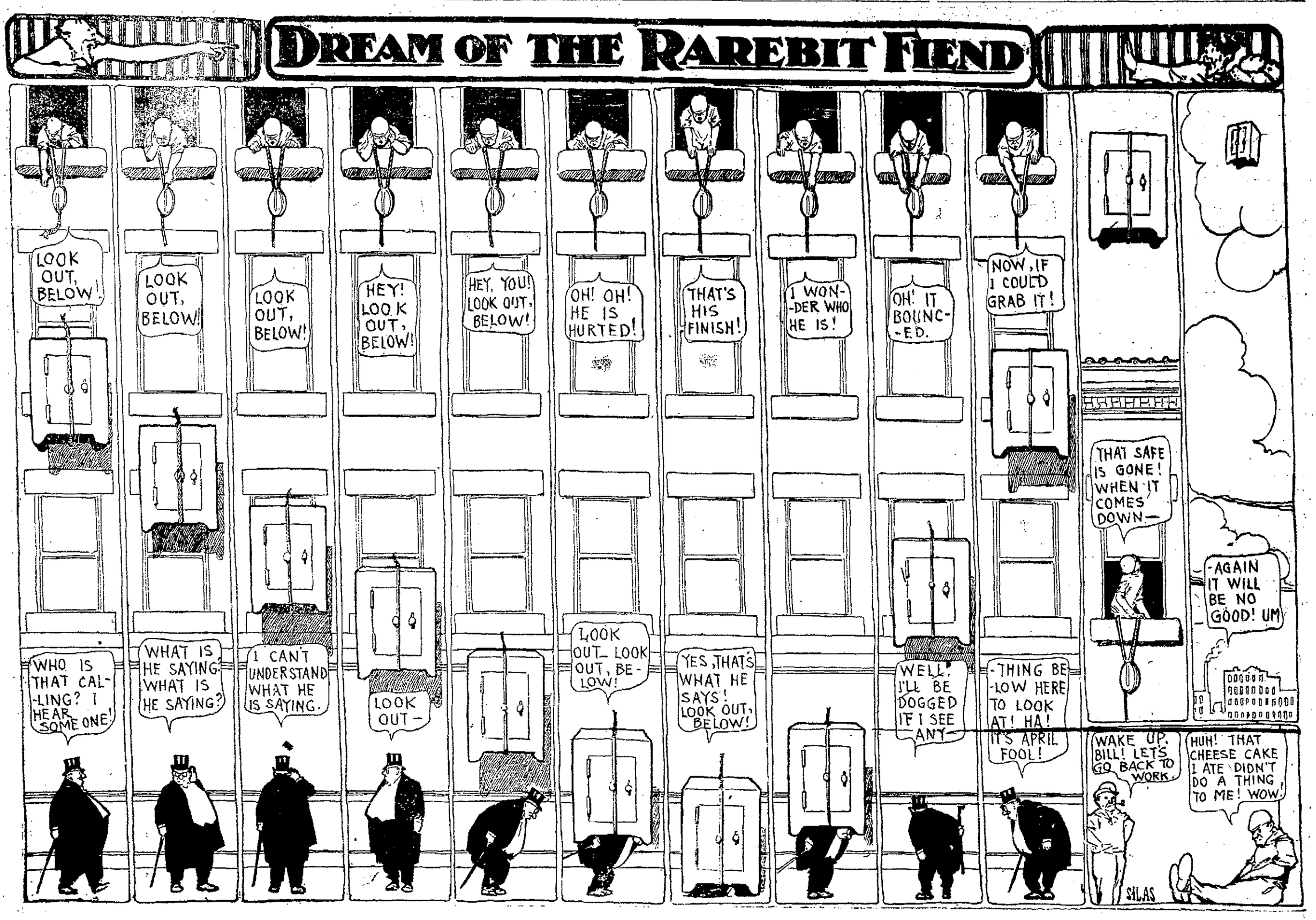

HOW MISS MANHATTAN SNUBS *the* LONE GIRL

EXCEPT the Convent or the Martha Washington, Where Can the Young Woman Go to Make Her Nest?

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ST. LOUIS, Saturday.

IF a lone woman were being ferried across the Styx to the City of Wonders by the imposing Charon, and the son of Erebus should shout in her ear, "To which Dream Palace do you wish to go?" would you call her a coward if terror of the great unknown vibrated through her being?

Dream Palaces are all very well in a Christmas pantomime, but when myriad flashing spires fling upward into the black dome of night and a great, teeming, throbbing, untrodden city lies just beyond, the natural caution which links the lone woman with feline ancestors whispers, "The convent or the Martha Washington."

The dusky Charon in the railroad uniform got his coin, but his glance was one of pity as he handed me into a taxicab and stored away my luggage while giving instructions to the chauffeur. An institution for collective lone women did not appeal to his sense of the fitness of life in the Magic City. But the wonder and the blasé of this same city, with its crowded streets, streets like no other streets in the civilized world; its eager forward, its unabating energies, its persistent pleasuring, its commercial splendors invoked into electric tapestries of galloping horses and racing chariots woven into the dark frame of the sky, these unimagined magnitudes made the unprotected quite willing to seek some safe vantage away from the hurrying throngs, the alluring, mysterious noises of the flaring highways.

Before a nomad settles down, pitches his tent in the oasis, he lets the sand slip through his fingers, taking the pulse of the land, as it were. That night, my first night on the island of Manhattan, I emulated the nomad and I knew that New York held a nest for me somewhere, but it was not environed by the walls of Martha Washingtons or convents.

I dimly sensed why there was sympathy in Charon's eyes. No grown woman when she has passed an honorable maidenhood wishes to be warned that "male callers will not be allowed after — o'clock," nor does she care to have electric lights, just when she has comfortably settled down with a magazine, play "taps" and plunge her soul and her literature into gloom, while outside the laughter of the siren city taunts her that if she dallies after eleven o'clock the great door will be closed to her.

The dopt's but intensified the lures of Eden, and, realizing the sway of the eternal Eve, I decided in the cool reflection of morning to seek a spot somewhere in this vast camping ground where thousands upon thousands had elected to set up their household gods free from irritating signs.

A man in Broadway, whose business it was to supply data on such important matters shook his head dubiously. His feet came off of the table, but the Havana remained in his mouth.

"Sure! I know what you want, but you won't find it unless you go to the Bronx or out to 155th street."

He said this with conviction, while he smiled through the window at three girls with velvet alpine hats reposing on very chalky noses, Dutch necks, hobble velveteen skirts and impossible black velvet boots.

"That bunch has been doing the Rialto looking for a job since last summer," he volunteered.

"A job!" My interest was an inquiry.

"Yes, the job that works on the other side of the footlights. And you won't find what you want any quicker than they get the job. Two rooms, a bath, a kitchen," he tabulated on four fat fingers.

He handed me a book and I went my way, oppressed with the length of the list which he had given me.

The first three days I consulted the list until the figures blurred and the paper grew thin. Then I referred only to the underlined numbers, and at the end of the week I threw the list away and started out recklessly, with the determination to conquer or die in the attempt.

"In the heart of things! That is what I want," I murmured. To study the great monster of labor each day distending its mighty maw to take in the struggling thousands as they pour from side street, alley and under ground.

But I wanted a stage box, high up, somewhere close to the limelight, and yet out of it. I dreamed of a little stage box with a border of vivid geraniums, just to give color to the murk of the dreary scenics below; a niche of quiet, big enough for deep easy chairs and big thoughts and poetic reveries.

Have you ever, quite by accident, found yourself in the byways off of Seventh avenue in the nether regions of the drama making sections?

Well, you won't find the red geraniums, what else you may discover. I found a dyed in the wool—so she informed me—worker. She was chic with jet ear lobes, suspicious with much experience and encyclopedic with desire for information. Two rooms, a bath in common and the liberty of free speech in the family circle. All this could I have for $40 a month. Then, some way up the street, there were single women of uncertain vintage who were willing—on inspection of birth certificate and general bona fide references—to take in a sister and extend to her the feeble gas jet in the back room of a tiny flat, the use of the range and the promise of a speedy conversion to the ballot. This was honor at $30—a bagatelle.

Wide glimpses of starry heavens, deep easy chairs, poetry—all were as the rose of yesteryear. It was not the heart of things I wanted, after all!

Jade faced babies falling over the front stoop, chattering women, the wheezing of the itinerant barrel organ—these were not the spurs to effort.

In this marvellous city of enterprise was it possible that such a commodity as a refuge for unappropriated members of the gentler sex had been overlooked?

Two rooms, a bath and a kitchen! It rang with the cadence of a funeral cry. Surely, the supply must be somewhere to meet the pressing demand!

Down in Gramercy Park.

"The atmosphere! That's what I want," I said to myself and, remembering what some woman on the train had said about "material," I hied me to the exclusiveness of Gramercy Park, where blue stockings and blue blood mingle in an isolated artery to the profound admiration of the red-corpuscled proletariat.

The region had a sombre, mysterious air, and the privilege of possessing a key to the little iron railed park did not mitigate the austerity. The boon of sitting on a bench in a zoo-like enclosure did not strike a responsive chord and the studio apartments soared away from a modest competence while they lacked the benefits of free spaces and sunshine.

The genial expansiveness of a family of the Middle West only too willing to shelter a single woman; the cheerful, roomy apartments to be had in Denver, St. Louis, San Francisco and even Chicago at moderate rents appeared like some figment of the imagination—heated, bewildered, by an endless vista of tall buildings and brownstone fronts.

"Sure I Know What You Want, but You Won't Find It Unless You Go Up to the Bronx or Out to 155th Street"

About Washington square the dwellings had a fine flavor of yesterday, preserving the old fashioned dignity of the one time gentility, and, even if a rare sign did announce a vacancy, one realized that as an interloper only, a necessity to a financial crisis, could the boarder exist.

Ah, but the freedom, the exhilaration, the pride of being a moving, thinking atom of the great vanguard of a progressive nation—this was the tang I wanted. But one had to have a Somewhere to come, a Somewhere to go: a Somewhere in which to work out the inspiration!

But where was it to be had?

New York! In the West they whisper it; in the Middle West they say it louder and yet—with awe. But if one is to exist in a back room with a panorama of roofs and chimneys, and not feel in the midst of things—what's the use? A prairie or the San Joaquin Valley with a snapshot picture of the Flatiron Building would serve just as well.

Slowly, painfully, I worked upward to Seventy, Eighty-fifth street and halted, aghast. Substantial, uncompromising fronts met the intruder, and smart maids and aloof butlers froze the question which was never asked. Then a shop would break suddenly into defiance alongside of a dwelling, and the old and the new, the advance of down town on its way up town, proclaimed revolution.

And this "atmosphere" of Mayfair after the jumble running all the way from Fourteenth street, centralizing and unifying into a character of its own from Forty-second street on for some distance, only to change into remote aristocracy. And then the era of endless apartments, all of a kind, between Amsterdam and Broadway, as far up as the weariness of the would-be homesteader could carry her.

Six, seven, eight rooms, said the gilt letters on the replica boards. There were inviting apartments along Broadway where "Gentlemen only," or "Bachelor hotels" signalled to the passing eye. For the fortunate male there were two rooms and a bath, but no such provision was made in any case for the weaker sex, longing for the same limited accommodations.

In despair I plunged into the underearth passage dignified as the subway, and after flying past many brilliant platforms in the Broadway express, along dim tunnelling which elicted from the aged woman from Nebraska the remark, "So much dirt and no grass plots," I got off at Columbia. I knew I was parallel with Riverside Drive, the Hudson and open reaches. There were walks and stretches of water and the charm of sky; the hint of budding leaf and leaping sap when the season's fulness came around, and even in the naked branch winter nudity held its own silhouette of beauty.

About Columbia there was an attitude of high thought and free breathing, and the graceful buildings dedicated to academic labors gave distinction to the district. Standing in 116th street one caught glimpses of Morningside Park and the semicircular drive winding up the incline.

In this refined residence section one could dream of the overfed, onrushing motley of the Great White Way, seeing them as specimens of the greatest city in America—the materialistic product of a nation in its crude, rough strength, welding, massing, shaping, recombining for a finer type in the future.

Lagging energy, dying enthusiasm got a new impetus. And now began a more thorough search. Before it was locations, now it was individual buildings, for each apartment house seemed to possess something more desirable than the one just visited, but each and every one had the same inevitable statement—nothing under six rooms. Here the rents ran from fifty dollars up into the hundreds a month, mostly unfurnished. Large buildings served as annexes for the students' benefit. Little restaurants catered to the inner man, and about the whole neighborhood was the elusive something which suggested a strenuous mental life. From 120th street on a subtle difference asserted itself; the family apartment existence began, and diffused through it was a strange, unexpected mixture of theatrical, artistic, bohemian strata which left the newcomer in a confused state as to identities.

As the quest continued experience taught that the newness of the elevator boy's livery, the cold disinterested replies of the janitor, the presence of the Pomeranian prize winner and the absence of the numerous progeny distinguished the abode of the haut ton. Rent went correspondingly up the scale. Shabby "buttons" indicated a careless enforcement of regulations controlling the calling lists, disregard of fire escapes doing duty for refrigerators, oblivion to obstructing baby carriages.

The distance of a square stood for all the difference in social and moral standards.

In the less expensive, respectable lodgings there were numerous restrictions; in the flashy, tawdry apartments no questions were asked and life began with the advent of the yellow taxicab and ended with the first round of the milkman. Birds of passage came and went with the month only as a contract; "Paul and Virginia" was framed instead of the marriage certificate, and a prevailing gayety, the soft enticements of brilliantly executed fugues, the boy groaning under the weight of "Laughing Water," the frequent presence of the moving van, all told of sparkling evanescence.

Apartments Without Number.

"Calculate," said a real estate man in the upper section, "there are from eight to ten buildings on a street, each having on an average, from six to eight apartments on a floor, consisting of from five to six rooms, with bath, ranging from eight to fourteen stories high. This is not counting Riverside Drive, where the buildings are uniform. Now, think of the people; count the number of families living in this part of the city."

But I was not compiling statistics; I was looking for a nest in this terrifying wilderness of brick, iron and mortar. And I found that there were many like myself, searching with the eagerness of Diogenes for his honest man, hunting with the passion of nostaglia for a tiny nook where a single woman with an aim, a goal to be fought for and attained, could set up her lares and penates and, turning about to look upon familiar objects, say within herself, "This is home—for awhile!"

On the flats toward Harlem River there are many tall buildings which are rapidly filled with those who long for more breathing room, but the distance, even by subway, makes it impracticable for frequent journeying downtownward.

But home! It is quite possible that the next generation in New York will have no tender sentiment associated with the word and Paine's cry of "Home, Sweet Home!" will have a banal sound to unsympathetic ears.

The terrible isolation of these huge beehives is due to a primal struggle for self-preservation, for the privacy of individual life, which, existing in such congested centres, would with assimilation be destroyed. The natural gregarious instinct is atrophied and the result is a dehumanizing reserve, separating human beings one from the other. The stranger is enveloped by an appalling solitude in the midst of restless, self-centred life. The girl on the other side of the partition is married; the grandmother dies; the baby is born and no one knows, no one cares. Every one goes about his own business engrossed in Wall street, in commerce, in the alimony which must be paid out to the other wife.

There is no desire, no time to dip into other persons' closets, where there are rattling bones, perhaps. And so the tired business man rubs elbows with the young widow trying to make her way in a big city, the divorcée glances hurriedly at the young man who occupies a room—a back one—somewhere up on the top floor, and maybe they do not meet again for six months, maybe a year.

One is astonished sometimes at hearing the sharp, short cry of a child. The passionate outburst of our own childhood is a rare occurrence. No doubt, in time, the American child of the apartment house will be like the Japanese offspring—"without cry." Even the dogs soon learn that the bark means chastisement. The woman with the vaudeville training alone is fearless. She attacks the bel canto with agonizing results for the neighbor across the hall. She racks the nervous system of the professor struggling over his Euclid by her shameless piracy on the high C. And when her piano is taken away with rent overdue written all over it she still aspires.

The suppressed life in confined space makes the women neurotics, bridge fiends, residents of Reno. When night comes they insist upon being whisked away to the lobster palace, the gay café; there must be some diversion after the dull day indoors, without any responsibility or interest.

An economic problem has created the apartment house at the expense of the old fashioned ideal. Will the future solve the riddle by giving us aerial homesteads anchored in the sky?

The home, with its memories of the family group, its nooks and corners, where recollections of childhood and youth cluster, will, from present prospects, be as unique as the dinosaur in the course of fifty years or less.

But in the place of rambling old houses, of shady gardens, the future may evolve nice little air houses for single ladies who modestly ask for two rooms, bath and kitchenette. So far economics have ignored their demands.

If other lots come too high in price and location, real estate owners will be compelled to open up grazing land for the advantages which accrue from the sociability of back fences and front porches.

WHERE THE SPRUCE GUM DROPS

ANY one who can climb a tree and is willing to dig hard into the spruce limbs can make anywhere from $1 to $6 a day in the gum business, for the crop never fails, and Maine produces more spruce gum than all the other States combined.

In order to be fragrant and agreeable to those who chew it spruce gum must be ripened under certain climatic conditions that are best realized in Northern Maine. While good, clear gum is often found growing spontaneously in the wild woods without the help of human agencies, the best spruce gum—the kind that sells at $1.25 to $1.50 a pound wholesale—is the direct result of the gum gatherer's foresight. Gum is the dried and crystallized sap of the spruce tree, which had exuded and simmered in the heat of summer's sun and then hardened into amberlike nuggets in the cold of a long winter.

Maple sugar may be made by boiling the sap of the rock maple tree for a few hours, but if a man were to try to produce spruce gum by boiling the sap of the spruce tree he would get nothing but a bitter and sticky tar.

Of the fifteen thousand pounds of spruce gum annually harvested in Maine twelve thousand pounds or more are gathered in the month of March. The gum picker wears steel climbing spurs on his boots and in his belt he carries a light hatchet, while strapped to his waist is a bag with a wide mouth for the reception of the gum. Climbing a tree, the picker proceeds from limb to limb, chipping off the lumps of gum as he finds them, until he reaches the top. Most of the gum is caught in the wide open bag as it falls from the tree, while all that goes to the ground stands out in such relief upon the snow that it is easily picked up. Having picked all the gum on the tree, the picker hacks and scars the bark so that the tree may produce another crop.

The best testing and cleanest gum comes from the deep and narrow cuts made on the south side of a tree. Wounds made on the north side may exude sap, but, being away from the sun, the sticky juices are filled with spills and bits of bark before they have time to crystallize. By scoring the bark in March the early flow of sap is made to come out slowly and it forms a dam of pitch, so that when the heat of summer comes on and the sap runs freely the gum hangs in pendulous bags, which are glued to the bark in the matrix which formed as soon as the scar was made.

Weather conditions have as much to do with the making of good gum as in the making of good hay. When the first drop of crystal gum has exuded and hardened it grows daily in layers from the outside. When there is a succession of warm and windless days, followed by cool nights, the overlapping coats of pitch will harden up as pure gum. A windy or a cloudy day, followed by a hot night, leaves the gum soft on the surface; then when a dead spill or an insect lights upon the globule it becomes glued to the spot and remains there, a permanent blemish to the gum.

Spruce sap ceases to flow after July 15. From that time on until the picker comes in March the bags of globules of pitch harden and sweeten until they turn to flinty lumps of fragrance. How the process is carried on or what chemical changes take place in the ripening no one may know. It is a secret of the spruce trees.

In May and June the gum drops have a warty appearance; they are yellow and viscid, and have a disagreeably pungent taste, much like that of turpentine. A month later the drops are hardened on the surface and the yellow color has given place to an amberlike transparency. The masses are still sticky inside, and the turpentine taste has been succeeded by an intense bitterness. Under the sun of August the crystals of gum show pink and amber tints on the surface and have a vitreous lustre when broken open. Most of the sticky centre has hardened, but the pungent taste remains.

In September and October the pink lines grow deeper and are streaked with brown; by December every particle of pitch has become hardened, while from New Year's Day to March the frosts and ice take out the bitter taste and leave in its place that matchless aroma which gum chewers prize. Then the gum picker has his harvest time.

THE TIE THAT BINDS.

"TO which is a man most closely related," said the genealogist, "his first divorced wife's second husband or his present wife's first divorced husband?"

"So far as I can see, one tie is about as close as the other," said a thoughtful friend.

"So I should say," said the genealogist, "but Billy Bowen must have figured out a difference. Anyhow, when his first wife's second husband died Billy went to a ball game, but when his present wife's first husband died he went into mourning. I can't understand that."

"I can," said the thoughtful friend. "Billy's present wife was on the point of divorcing him so she could remarry her first husband. Now that he is dead she has decided to stick to Billy."

"Ah, I see," said the genealogist.

SHERLOCK HOLMES of ALL OUTDOORS

MAJOR BURNHAM, the American Scout, Whom King Edward Decorated for Service in the Boer War, Recounts His Adventures Among the Matabeles and the Heroic Death of Major Wilson's Ambushed Troopers

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FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, commanding the British army, took ship for South Africa in January, 1900, to take personal command of the campaign against the Boers. With him was Lord Frederick Carrington, who had seen service in the wars with the Matabeles. As they crossed the Bay of Biscay they discussed the problems that were to confront the British forces in the field.

"What we need are scouts who know the country and the people," said Lord Roberts.

"The best scout in the world is Burnham," replied Lord Carrington. "I know him and I have seen his work."

"We must have him," said Lord Roberts.

As soon as the ship reached Gibraltar cable messages were sent flying around the world to find Burnham. The cable found him at Skagway, Alaska.

"Position of Chief of Scouts of British army in the field offered to you. Will you accept?" was the tenor of Lord Roberts' message.

"Yes," was the reply. Burnham had less than three hours after receiving the message in which to pack his effects and get his wife and family aboard the steamer which was just about to start. Five weeks later he was with Lord Roberts in South Africa. The services which he performed for the British forces won him the medal of the Distinguished Service Order, pinned to his breast by the hand of King Edward, then Prince of Wales. They also won him an invitation to dine with Queen Victoria and spend the night at Osborne Castle and also a commission as Major in the British Army, an honor which he was inclined to decline until he was informed that he could accept it and yet retain his American citizenship.

For Major Frederick Russell Burnham is first and last an American—one of the best surviving types of the old fashioned American scout celebrated in song and story. All that has been told of those wonderful plainsmen who could read Indian signs where the tenderfoot could see nothing but blank prairie, who seemed to be gifted with the cat-like power of seeing in the dark, who could smell hostile natives at a distance, who developed the arts of concealment and silent movement to a point the Indian himself could never reach—all of these find their exemplar in Major Burnham. It was this skill and expert knowledge, gained in the American West when it was really the "Wild West," that he successfully applied to the campaigns against the natives in the Matabele wars of 1893 and 1896, winning there the reputation that gained him the post he held in the Boer War.

Major Burnham is now at the head of a game expedition which, starting from New York, is bound for East Africa. The members intend to capture wild animals alive and, with the official indorsement of the Department of Agriculture, transport them to this country to turn them loose in the arid plains of the Southwest and in the ranges of the Rockies, where it is hoped they will breed game for the sportsmen of future generations.

The following narrative is not to be regarded as Major Burnham's voluntary offering—it is on record that he refused a publisher's offer of $10,000 to write the true story of his career—but it is what one sitting for many hours with him at the table of a New York restaurant could induce him to tell by the use of all the arts known to the experienced interviewer. Had the matter been left to Major Burnham's own personal and honest inclinations the story would never have been told at all. Here, then, is his own story substantially as he told it:—

By Frederick Russell Burnham.

MY adventures really began when I was about two years old. My father was a missionary in Minnesota. When I was an infant the Indians rose and destroyed the town of New Ulm. The massacre is one that you will find told in the books. From our home my mother could see the smoke of the burning village, and the Indians were coming our way. I was too heavy for her to carry as she ran, so she hid me under a shock of corn and fled for her life. She was young and lithe; she ran six miles and hid among the trees that bordered the Minnesota River. There she remained in concealment until the Indians had passed on. She came back at daybreak and rescued me from my hiding place. I am told that I slept through the whole adventure, but I have, of course, no personal recollection of it.

When I was nine years old my parents moved to Northern California and later to Los Angeles, then a little frontier town. By the time I was eleven I was in service as a mounted messenger. From the Indians and from the men who fought them I learned all I could gather of the life of the West, and at that age I determined to become a scout. When my father died two years later and an uncle offered to provide for my mother and her children I refused to go back East to Iowa with them. Later I did go back and went through the high school at Clinton, and I am glad I did, for I met there the girl whom I married and who has shared the happiness and the hardships of my life ever since. But I was a Western man and Iowa was too far East.

I cannot think of any line of activity in the early days of the Southwest in which I did not share. I was cowboy, scout, rancher, miner, deputy sheriff—we were laying the foundations of a new State—there was work and some trouble for all. Sometimes it was a cattle war, a fight over a water hole, a new mining camp opened, a rising of the Apaches or something else that taxed every one's strength to the limit. I was only a freckle faced kid when I began to take part in these things. The old scouts and the Indians were kind to me and taught me many things I would never have learned myself.

Scout in Indian Campaigns.

So, in course of time I achieved my ambition and became a scout. As a volunteer I served with United States troops in Indian campaigns under Archie McIntosh, Fred Sterling, Holmes, Lee and others whose names are known to every one in the Southwest. Our heroes in those days were General Lawton, Al Siebes, Generals Chaffee and Miles, and the names of Kit Carson and Jack Hay, of Texas, were linked in loving memory with Crockett and General Sam Houston.

By 1893 the Southwest had become too tame to suit me. There was great talk of the big strikes in South Africa, and from all I could hear it sounded as if there was the real frontier country. I landed in Durban and trekked overland twelve hundred miles to Victoria, in Mashonaland. And as it turned out it was the very place for a man who was looking for a new frontier.

We were trekking north with a hundred wagons when a rumor reached us that the Matabeles were out and had attacked Victoria. There was an isolated telegraph station eighteen miles from our trail, the only one within two hundred and fifty miles. Four of us crossed to it and found the rumor was true; it was only a matter of days before we were under arms against the Matabele.

I do not know of a war that was ever fought against such odds. There were only 888 white men, with a few pieces of poor artillery captured from the Portuguese, against 40,000 Matabeles, most of them armed with rifles as well as with their assegais. Dr. Jameson, acting under orders from Cecil Rhodes, was in command when we crossed the Shashani River, that divided Mashonaland from Matabeleland, and the campaign began.

Our campaign against Lobengula was almost one continuous march and fight in unknown country for thirty days, until we finally reached his capital at Bulawayo. Lobengula made the fatal mistake of not massing his troops for one great battle, but sent them against us in detachments, and we beat them in detail. After defeat of his strongest regiments on the outskirts of Bulawayo he fired the capital and fled into the jungles of the Shangani River.

It was decided that a picked detail of men should be chosen to follow the king into the wilderness and carry to him the message from Dr. Jameson that if he would surrender his life would be spared and a treaty of peace would be made for his people. We were also instructed that in case he refused to surrender we were to kill or capture him.

On November 25, 1893, we struck the trail of Lobengula's wagons. It was a most difficult trail. We followed it to the banks of the Shangani River, which we reached on December 3.

On that afternoon, as I was scouting ahead of the main column with Johann Colenbrander, we came across two young warriors driving some cattle. We caught one of these boys and brought him back to the commanding officer. He was a plucky youth and when threatened with punishment if he did not tell us where Lobengula was he looked at us sullenly. We learned afterward that he was a grandson of Lobengula himself.

Major Forbes finally persuaded him to talk and he told us the king's camp was not far ahead, that the king himself was close at hand with only a few men, and those ill, and that he wanted to give himself up. According to his story the king had been at that very spot on that day to get help because his wagons had stuck in a bog. We pushed on through a strip of bush and there we came upon a deserted camp. A sleeping slave boy whom we found there told us the king had gone on only the day before, thus partly confirming what the first boy had told us.

Major Forbes ordered Major Wilson to take fifteen officers and two scouts, with the best horses in the command, to go forward and reconnoitre. The understanding with Major Forbes was that if we sent him word the whole column was to follow up and join us as quickly as possible. Major Forbes asked me to go as one of the scouts. My horse was exhausted by the day's work, so he gave me his own mount, a strong animal. Bayne, the other scout, had a good horse compared to the average we all rode—for by this time many of our horses were so weak we could not make a charge or even catch a man on foot.

We crossed the Shangani River, which was nearly dry, and pressed on through the bush. There, instead of the little band of ailing men whom we had been told were escorting Lobengula, we found a great camp of warriors. We had ridden, so to speak, right into the middle of the whole Matabele nation!

It was a situation that called for the most delicate handling. The Matabeles did not know how many men were behind us and they did not offer to attack. We were in no position to begin hostilities, but we felt if we could get near enough to Lobengula to get a shot at him, if we failed to capture him, we would at least have accomplished what we were sent out to do. If we had started to turn back the attack would have come from the Matabeles at once.

Major Wilson called out in a strong voice that we had come to see the king and did not want to kill any one. One of the men volunteered to lead us to the king, who he said was not far away. I was riding at the head of the column. "Keep this man close to your saddle, Burnham, and cover him with your revolver," said Major Wilson. "At the first sign of treachery shoot him."

We rode on through the Matabele camp, Major Wilson calling out loudly every little while for the king to show himself. As we came close to Lobengula's own wagons the man who was walking at my side slipped away in the gathering darkness. To have fired at him would have meant an attack and our immediate annihilation.

A storm was gathering and it grew dark rapidly. A flash of lightning gave me my last chance to get a look at our surroundings. It showed me the Matabeles preparing on all sides to attack us. I passed the word to Major Wilson, and we hurried for cover. There was bush enough close at hand to furnish a place of concealment, and we got into it safely. The rain began to fall. We were too close to the Matabeles to risk a false move, and it was so dark one could not see one's hand before one's face.

Massacre of Wilson's Men.

As soon as the darkness fell Major Wilson had sent Bayne, with Captain Napier and a trooper named Robinson, to bring up the main column. As it grew later he asked me if I thought I could find the trail along which we had come, so we could meet the column and effect a juncture of the two forces. I told him I could if I could get some one to lead my horse, as the tracking would have to be done on foot, in the darkness. "I'll lead it myself," he said, as we set out.

I literally had to feel my way over the ground. I groped with my hands for the prints of the horses' hoofs, and in that way we moved slowly back. The hostile Matabeles were all around us, but we were not likely to be attacked in the dark unless we made an accidental move. Our danger was imminent, however, and it became more and more so. We finally halted to wait for the column with the Maxims. At daybreak we met our men who had gone back, but they had with them, instead of the remaining 190 odd men and two machine guns of the force, only twenty-two men under Captain Borrow.

"Where are the rest?" asked Major Wilson.

"We are all," responded one of the reinforcing force.

"Then you are only so many more men to die," replied the Major.

It was a forlorn hope. I do not believe one of the officers nor more than a few of the men had any expectation of coming out alive. Yet three of us, out of the entire thirty-eight, did escape. I heard Captain Judd say, "Well, this is the end!" Another officer said quietly, "We shall never come out of this!"

The skies were beginning to lighten, and in the dimness of early dawn we could make out the Matabeles forming their impis, or regiments, between us and the river. Major Wilson called the officers together and put the question to them whether we should try to break through the lines and fight our way back to Forbes or go after Lobengula and sell our lives as dearly as possible in trying to get hold of him. They decided to go after the king. It was what we had been sent for and it was duty.

It was light when we started to walk our horses back to the king's wagons. Major Wilson cried out that we did not want to kill any one, only to see the king. At the words the natives began to shoot. They were poor marksmen, as I can testify, for several fired at me without hitting. One fired and missed. He fumbled in his cartridge belt for another shell, but the cartridge stuck. He dropped his rifle and drew back his arm to stab with his assegai. As he raised his arm I fired and struck him in the chest. He fell, and Major Wilson at that moment gave the command to retreat.

There was a high ant heap close by and we gained the top of it.

"Every man pick his nigger!" shouted Major Wilson, as we began firing from the top of the hillock made by the ants. We fired, I should say, about twenty rounds a man from the ant heap. Eighty warriors of the royal blood died there, we afterward learned. The Matabeles could have wiped us out if they had known as much about shooting as we did, or had even halted and fired standing. But their foolish habit of firing while advancing at a run saved us for the moment.

It quickly got too hot to hold us on the ant heap, and we retreated again, this time gaining the bush. There was a lull in the firing, and Major Wilson asked me if I thought I could make a rush and gain the main column. It did not seem as though there were one chance in a hundred of doing it, but I reasoned that it was only a question of whether I should stay with the force and die there or be killed in the effort to bring aid. I asked for a man to go with me. A trooper who rode right behind me, named Gooding, volunteered. I asked Major Wilson to let me have Ingram, a man whom I knew well and who had a good horse. He sent Ingram and we started out. As we got out of the bush I saw that Gooding was following, too. I was about to send him back, but I thought it made no difference whether he was killed one place or another and let him come along. I had no idea of getting out alive.

We made a quick dash toward the river, and had gone about five hundred yards when we saw the Matabeles closing in on both sides. We made a sharp turn to the left and through the bush. The natives were firing too high to hit us.

It took us three hours and a half to cover the three and a half miles to the river. Everything that I had learned as scout and frontiersman on the Western plains came in mighty handy just then. We could not rely solely on the speed of our horses, but had to take advantage of every bit of cover, doubling, twisting, riding in loops and using every possible ruse to throw our pursuers off the trail.

When we would come in sight of an impi, or body of warriors, they would pursue us, firing as they ran. The sound made by the advancing impi is one of the most terrifying I have ever heard. They sing in a long, monotonous growl and drum on their shields with their assegais, producing a sound that can be heard a great distance and that carries menace of death in its very tone.

At last we reached the river, but the rain of the night before had swollen it from a stream only a few feet wide to a mighty flood two hundred yards across. That we could swim it in our exhausted condition seemed improbable, but we could not stay where we were, so we plunged in, swimming beside our horses and trying to help them hold their noses above water. It was not until we scrambled out on the bank on the other side that we began to realize that we had actually escaped with a chance, at least, of life.

Close to the river we found Forbes, fighting off an attack by the Matabeles on that side.

I reported to him, "We are the last of that party." There was no possible chance of getting the command across the river to give aid to Major Wilson.

"Say nothing to any one else, but pitch in and help us here," replied Major Forbes, and the next minute we were firing with the rest.

It was several months before we were able, with reinforcements, to cross the river and find the bones of Major Wilson and his men, and weeks later before we learned, from captured or pacified Matabeles, how they died. It was a son of Lobengula himself who told us how. When the last horse had fallen and the Englishmen had fired their last cartridge from within the breastworks formed by the bodies of the horses the last little handful of men stood up and sang "God Save the Queen."

One man stood alone at the last, unarmed, his ammunition spent. From the description the natives gave of him I believe that it was Major Wilson, as he wore a Stetson beaver hat the same as my own and Colonel Gifford's, these being the first hats of this kind in Africa. A Matabele drove an assegai into his breast, but he did not fall. Both of his arms were broken, but he staggered toward the native, who pulled the spear out and thrust again, driving it through his body.

When all were down and supposedly killed, the Matabeles told us, one arose as if from the dead and began to shoot at them with his revolvers—"little Maxims" they called them. They fired hundreds of shots at him, but still he stood, shooting alone, surrounded by his dead comrades. They thought he had a charmed life, but finally a bullet passed through his hips and he fell forward. As they rushed in on him with their assegais from behind he kept firing over his shoulders at the men who were stabbing him.

Major Wilson and his thirty-four officers and men are buried on that great granite dome called the "World's View" in Rhodesia. Their chief, Cecil John Rhodes, lies there beside them. The story of their death in the conquest of that country is written in bronzes of heroic size, showing their gaunt and emaciated horses, their lean and wiry frames, as they appeared on that fatal morning on the Shangani River.

Rhodes' Strange Power.

Rhodes had a strange power that made one feel while in his service that it was an honor to die for him. That was the pervading spirit all of us had in the old Rhodesian days, and it was the only spirit that would have enabled a little handful of white men to conquer a savage kingdom that reached from the Zambesi on the north to the Limpopo on the south.

But before peace was finally established there was still another great effort made by the Matabeles to re-establish their ancient kingdom, and a skilful plan was laid during the absence of Rhodes, Jameson and many of the great leaders of the country for the Matabeles to suddenly rise on a certain night when the moon should be full, and every servant was to kill his master and the assembled warriors were to kill every man, woman and child from ocean to ocean and re-establish the power of the Matabele nation, as in the days of King Lobengula.

We were living in Buluwayo when the second Matabele war broke out, in 1896. There were 380 men able to carry rifles in the town. By day we would go out and fight off the Matabeles, while the women, the boys and the old men stood guard in the town, wondering at every shot they heard which one was widowed or fatherless. By night we would bring all the women into the market house, chain the wagons together in a circle around it and keep guard behind this barricade. Three thousand head of cattle that had died of the rinderpest lay around the town, and before the siege was over we were eating them. The men managed to live, and most of the women, but the little children died.

It was in this second Matabele war that I was on the staff of Sir Frederick Carrington, now Lord Carrington, who was in command of the field force. It was in this war that I was commissioned by him to capture or kill the Matabele "god," whom they called Umlimo. I found his hiding place in a cave in the Matopa Mountains and succeeded in entering it and killing him. How this was done is covered in my official report to Earl Grey, then administrator of Rhodesia, now Governor General of Canada, and I do not intend to tell it now.

The ADVENTURE HUNTER

THE INCIDENT of the OPENED ENVELOPE

By Hamilton Lang

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ADVENTURE it was that took him out that night—adventure that draws men from city and country, from the peaceful talk of the fireside to bleak places where men shout and strike and where blood is shed; adventure that beckons men to deep forests, to trackless deserts and to lonely seas that the thirst for action may be sated and the heritage of life fulfilled.

Valentine Stone felt the pulse of adventure beating within him, and as he strode abroad that evening, nervous, alert, tense, vigilant, he walked through the shadowing streets in the dusk of the twilight, seeking to draw from their pavements the thing of mystery he knew somewhere stalked there—the mystery he had so often found and to which his strange instinct for trifles seemed to point as irrevocably as compass points due north. That night no man or woman or child passed unnoticed. Each look, each snatch of conversation was assayed by him as might some precious metal by some perfectly adjusted machine.

Then suddenly from out of the void of things—of men, of movement, of chatter—came a voice close by his ear.

"It's the biggest puzzle yet," it said—"Yes—$20,000." The Adventure Hunter stopped.

"That's a good deal of money to be talking about at seven o'clock at night," he said laughingly. His cigarette provided him with the continuation of his sociability. The man produced a match and smiled communicatively.

"Yes, it was a good deal of money, as you say," remarked he. "Twenty thousand dollars is a good deal of money any old time in the day. But what I want to know is how a bum like that came to get it? A fellow that was sort of shabby. You'd swear he'd jump at a ten dollar bill."

He took energetic whiffs at his strong pipe and spat sociably in Stone's direction. He was a broad, weatherbeaten fellow, with the strained, tight skinned clean look of janitors at eight o'clock at night.

"He rung the bell one day," went on the janitor, palpably proud of the unusuality of his story. "He was a shabby sort of fellow, with a wise way with him. He asked if he could get his mail here. He said he was down and out and that he didn't like to have to give the address where he lived. So I told him it would be all right. I never thought any further about it, but just put his letters on the mantelpiece, so that missus could give them to him in case I happened to be out when he called. Well, one day one of 'em must have fallen down, for I saw my little girl playing with it. The envelope had come open and there was a yellow bit of paper in her hand. 'A-ha,' thinks I, 'me man has got his money at last.' Then I took it from my little girl and looked at it."

The janitor made a dramatic pause, feeling for the fair bristles of his Scandinavian chin.

"And then," said he, "I saw what it was. Think of it—twenty thousand dollars in a check made out to his name!"

The janitor paused again, enjoying the absorbed attention of his listeners.

"And that's what I was talking of," said the janitorial raconteur, "when I said it was a puzzle. For what gets me is why a fellow who expected a lot of money like that should come to me to take his mail. Why should he be so shabby? Couldn't he have borrowed some money to go on with?"

He paused. "Great guns—talk of the devil! Look!"

A man came walking in the direction of the group, a rather shabby looking fellow, who had, as the janitor had said, a wise eye.

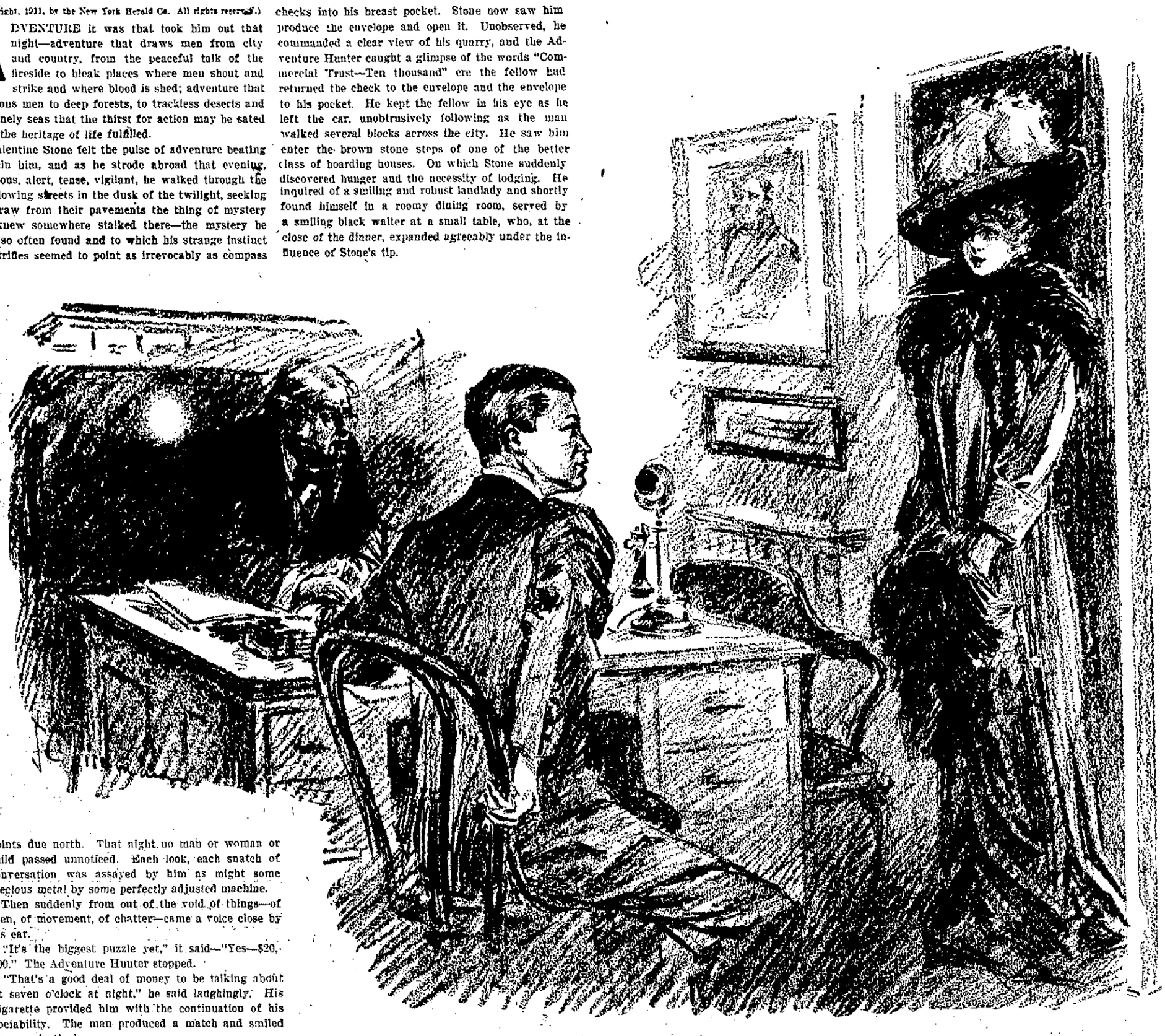
"Good night," said the stranger airily to Stone's companion. "I've got something for you." He produced a packet of cigars. "You'll find them pretty good. Got anything for me?" The janitor, conservatized by the mantelpiece incident, felt in a generous breast pocket and produced a letter. The man put it in his pocket. "Keep a good eye for 'em," said he. "It's a nice night, isn't it? Well, I've got to be getting along. Good night."

With a general, confident nod he walked briskly away. Stone turned to the janitor.

"I guess I must be going, too," he said. He turned casually in the direction in which the shabby man was disappearing, buoyed with a peculiar exhilaration, which was indicated by every move he made.

Pumping the Waiter.

The fellow turned a corner, waited a moment for an incoming trolley and jumped into it. Stone entered behind, and standing in the aisle of the rear cross seat commanded a view of that strange man who so unconcernedly could stuff twenty thousand dollar checks into his breast pocket. Stone now saw him produce the envelope and open it. Unobserved, he commanded a clear view of his quarry, and the Adventure Hunter caught a glimpse of the words "Commercial Trust—Ten thousand" ere the fellow had returned the check to the envelope and the envelope to his pocket. He kept the fellow in his eye as he left the car, unobtrusively following as the man walked several blocks across the city. He saw him enter the brown stone steps of one of the better class of boarding houses. On which Stone suddenly discovered hunger and the necessity of lodging. He inquired of a smiling and robust landlady and shortly found himself in a roomy dining room, served by a smiling black waiter at a small table, who, at the close of the dinner, expanded agreeably under the influence of Stone's tip.



"Uncle Henry," Said She in a Strained Voice, "What Is This? Who Is This Gentleman?"

"Yes, indeed," the waiter was understood to say in response to the skilled but unobtrusive questioning of the Adventure Hunter; "yes, there were many nice people here—many pleasant ladies and many pleasant gentlemen—roomers and boarders. That young lady? She was secretary in a big lawyer's downtown, sir; that other old lady was a widow, sir, and came up every summer from the South. That gentleman—this time the recipient of the janitor's checks, who was now less careless of attire—that was Mr. Robbins. The waiter didn't know what he did, sir; but the gentleman was boarding at the house. He'd been there about six weeks, sir. He was a very liberal gentleman and—thank you, sir."

The waiter went, recognizing that the new and yet more liberal boarder's interest had ceased. Indeed, Stone had discovered that for which he sought. The shabby check receiver who became so sartorially neat at home lived there, and it would be safe to let him go for the present, at all events.

Therefore the Adventure Hunter turned his passage to the bank (a small suburban one) and waited in its small anteroom for its president, to whose private office Valentine Stone presently was ushered.

He was a dignified looking man, by name J. Carlton Thompson, with a fine carriage and appearance.

"I am a private investigator," hazarded Stone, introductorily. "The matter is a delicate one and my company seeks to enlist your aid."

The official bowed courteously, and waited for the Adventure Hunter to continue.

"It is in the matter of several rather large amounts of money drawn on the bank a few days ago," continued Stone: "one for twenty thousand dollars, another for ten"——

He was interrupted, in spite of himself, by the strange manner of the president. The man had flushed purple, and his hands fluttered as they hung over the side arms of his chair.

"I shall have to ask you to excuse me, sir," said he in a quick, agitated voice. "I had forgotten a matter that has come to my attention"——

Stone himself was surprised by the suddenness of the man's change.

"It relates to a man called Steckler," said he, "a check made out to a man called Steckler"——

The man stood where he had risen, then apparently forgetting his errand and with an expression from which all fortitude had gone commenced, "For God's sake"—— and then stopped abruptly, as if he had said more than he intended. Stone, however, feeling that he in some unexpected way—though in what way he hardly knew even yet—had come upon the very heart of the mystery, was already master of the situation.

"Make a clean breast of it," said he unemotionally.

He was not suffered to continue. The man made no attempt at evasion.

"You evidently know about the thing," said he finally, with deep emotion, dropping his head within his hands. "You evidently know of—of what I have done. Can nothing keep you silent? My resources are nearly exhausted, but"—— Stone felt a strange wave pass over him—at once of pity and exultation.

"Money has nothing to do with it," said he, and then hazarded a "leader." "You may have had excuses," said he.

"God knows that I have," vehemently broke in the other.

He paused again, sinking his head in his hand, while Stone, moved by the pitiable agitation of the man, waited for what he would say.

The Banker's Confession.

"Yes, I took the money represented by those checks from this bank," said Thompson after a little while. "It was a matter of blackmail. It was to protect a woman's name. Some ruffians threatened her and she appealed to me. I—I have known her since she was a child, for she was the daughter of a lifelong friend. Since his death she has almost been my own child. She is very beautiful, Mr. Stone, very accomplished, and she has been but recently married. It was a love match, but also a brilliant one for her. In the social world her husband's name is one to conjure with. A month after her marriage some ruffians approached her with letters which some years ago she was foolish enough to write to a scoundrel. At last, pushed to the wall, she came to me. I was the only one to whom she could confide—could trust.

"Well, Mr. Stone, I thought I could see my way to help her. I had no cash, and to have sold what stocks I held would be to sacrifice them entirely and beggar myself. I—I did what many another man has done, Mr. Stone—I—I took the money, intending to replace it. My position here enabled me to do it. I would have returned it—I can do so almost immediately if you will only give me a little time." He ceased with a sudden start as his eyes wandered for a moment beyond the Adventure Hunter. Then he said under his breath and with a queer tension, "For God's sake, don't tell her what I have done, please, please don't"——

Stone turned and saw framed by the door a woman that he thought the most beautiful that he had ever seen. She was of medium height, and yet there seemed a peculiar and exquisite fragility about her, which reflected itself in the transparent texture of her skin, in the delicate color tingeing her cheeks, in the very poise in which she stood. She had seen from Mr. Thompson's expression the relevance of the scene to herself. Her eyes were wide open and startled. Meeting Stone's glance in affright and searching his companion with apprehensive eyes, she unhesitatingly walked in.

"Uncle Henry," said she in a strained voice. "What is this? Who is this gentleman"——

Stone rose, bowing. "This gentleman hopes that you will regard him as your very good friend. He hopes that you will permit him to be of service to you. He understands everything and you need have no fear as to his discretion."

Stopping near him, the girl met Stone's look with a steady, unflinching glance which was wistful, yet seemed to look through him. Stone met it, feeling that he himself was at the judgment bar. Yet that peculiarly humanlike quality which shone in his eyes for all those for whom he felt the pulse of sympathy soon reflected itself upon her. She put out her hand with a sudden motion and moved toward him.

"I have no fear," she said in even tones, through which ran a timbre of peculiar richness.

"Then," said Stone, "you can help me, too. Mr. Thompson has, unknown to you, consulted me in my confidential capacity, hoping to spare you further trouble. But now that you are here"——

He reassuringly indicated a chair and stole a look at the banker. Thompson was staring in front of him, a study in conflicting emotions. Ignorant of Stone's purposes, the official yet divined a kindly intent in the Adventure Hunter's manner to the girl.

"And now, my dear young lady," said Stone, "you must tell me all you know about the affair. These letters now—did the man to whom you sent them make any demand upon you?"

"Not he," said the young woman simply. "It was a man called Steckler—a small, dark man who had a stoop. He showed me several of my letters and said that he possessed them all. He said that he needed money and that he would be forced to sell them—elsewhere if I could not provide it. I—I did my best, but that was very little. I had no money. I had sold what jewelry I had"——

Recipient of the Letters.

"But the man to whom you sent these letters," interrupted Stone. "Is he at present in the city"——

"I do not know," replied the girl in a low tone.

"He is Western, too?" asked Stone with allusion to the girl's accent.

"Yes; I—I met him in the West. It was just after I left school."

Stone nodded understandingly. "Have you any photograph of this man?" he asked.

"I have several," the young matron replied. "If you could spare the time to accompany me"——

The young woman rose, while Stone nodded reassuringly to the president, and soon the Adventure Hunter and the beautiful woman were in the limousine moving smoothly through the streets.

At her home (a place of marble vestibule and massive elegance of surrounding) she showed the photographs to Stone. They indicated a sleek, dark, smiling type—one that has been historically attractive to the feminine. Stone looked closely at them and returned them, then bidding the girl goodby and promising her an early visit to report his progress he left her and proceeded to his own chambers, there to inspect his particular collection of criminal photographs—his own rogues' gallery—almost as complete as that at police headquarters, thanks to the attention of an official friendship which he had formed. But his search was useless. No sleek, black, smiling face appeared among them.

So Stone set himself to the task of shadowing his fellow lodger. He even stopped in the house himself and took the room next to that of his unconscious quarry. The man was irregular in his hours, keeping to his room much, walking abroad but little. One night, however, he sallied out, expedition in his actions, purpose in his stride. He walked rapidly through the darkened streets, taking one of the quieter avenues to the subway, and from there went on foot through the crowded streets without even the suggestion of a backward glance. His pace diminished near the entrance of a great skyscraper and he entered it. Stone paused at the entrance, in the brilliant marble and gold vestibule, and noted the particular elevator entered by the man. Thus he waited till the elevator sped up with its freight and descended. Stone hurried to the elevator boy, panting.

"Where can I find that gentleman—the one you just brought up?" asked he hurriedly.

The boy stopped not a moment to think of the unusuality of the question. "Room 1,103," he answered. So Stone rose and alighted on the eleventh floor. Noiselessly he walked along the passage, every sense awake for the night watchman, who might be even then upon his rounds and inquisitive, as watchmen are. But no watchman came, and presently the Adventure Hunter found himself at the room numbered 1,103 and heard the sound of voices within. He paused for an instant, the pleasure of excitement showing on his face. He stood for a moment, trying to catch the words, but without avail. Then he saw the receptacle for letters at the base of the opaque glass panel of the door. Carefully he stooped, opened its metal lip and his eyes fixed themselves upon the picture of the room within.

Three men were grouped in the furthest corner of the room, whose lettering proclaimed it an investment agency. Stone's fellow lodger stood rolling a cigar about in his mouth. Another man sat in a revolving chair whose features were not distinctly visible. A sleek, dark looking fellow with a certain rakish sort of good looks half sat upon the corner of the flat business desk, and Stone recognized him for the Lothario. Then he changed his position and the third man's face stood out startlingly against the dark green paper of the room. He was a man of perhaps fifty-five, iron gray, grim, squarely built. He had a gleam of frosty blue eyes, a great, indomitable mouth and a resolute chin. He looked implacable, grim and relentless as he sat there, and when he smiled, as suddenly he did, Stone saw his skin crease and his mouth widen, but caught no faintest warmth from the frostiness of his winter eye.

Stone regarded him a moment through the letter slit of the door. Stone's eyes were narrow with concentration, his forehead was seamed in thought. That face was familiar. Where had he seen it?

"We've got to have it," the man was saying. He was obviously the leader. "We can make a fortune out of the stock if we've only coin enough to play it. We've held back all for this play. Fifty thousand more on margin should mean a million dollars. That bluffer Thompson's got to come up. He can do it. Why, in the West"——

Stone stood up suddenly with an eager face, which had in it a suggestion of exultance, too. He remembered the face now perfectly. He had seen it but a day or two before—a photograph in the rogues' gallery of the Adventure Hunter. He had remembered seeing it, altered certainly, but undeniable, when he had searched for the sleek Lothario with such little result. He had even turned the photograph over and read the particulars upon the back. The word "West" had recalled it to his memory. Smilingly and without hesitation he suddenly opened the door.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said he, bowing with a polish which had come to him with his early life in Paris.

The three men looked at him sharply. Into the face of the shabby man came a sudden flushed consciousness as there came to him the knowledge of who this intruder was.

"Why, what the"—— he began, with a quick, apprehensive look at the grim fellows, which spoke the latter's leadership more clearly than could any word.

Confronting the Band.

"What do you want here?" commenced the latter, without a hesitation, to the Adventure Hunter.

"This—this investment agency," commenced Stone, with a suggestion of smiling and surprised embarrassment. "Do—do I see the gentlemen?"

"What do you want?" repeated the grim man, more harshly yet.

"A—a little matter," said Stone; "if you don't mind I'll close the door. Thanks."

The harsh man rose forbiddingly. His two companions stood behind him, obviously waiting for his lead.

Stone took a step back.

"I wanted to invest—that is, reinvest."

"He's lying, Jim," suddenly rapped the little man, in a quick, high voice. "He's followed me. He's living at my place."

But the grim man had already covered Stone.

"We'll find out what he knows first," said he, "and then"——

Stone saw the slit—which was the mouth—widen, the creases come to the cheeks, and he heard the notes of laughter, harsh as a raven's croak.

"I want the letters and the check," said Stone unhesitatingly.

"Oh, yes, we'll give them up—we sure will give them up. We'll give them up to the cashier when the time for cashing comes. But you know where you're going to be then, don't you? You've come to the wrong shop, Mr. Amateur Detective. You think we're afraid to kill you, I suppose. Why I've seen the time"——

"I know," said Stone simply. "That's just what I wanted to say. You're not in some lonely mountain now where everybody's terrorized. You're in an office building, and the law is very, very close to you. You know you left ends when you killed—but never mind; it's the checks and letters I want, Mr. Man, or you'll be held on this blackmailing charge till we get your record about that case I told you about—you know the one I mean."

Stone was listening intently for the least sound while he watched the blackmailer's face, stark with murder.

"You fool!" said he. "Do you think I'd let you leave this room now? You never will." He approached Stone grimly, murder in his eyes.

"You mean you would kill?" commenced the Adventure Hunter. The man came nearer still, crouched almost as if he were about to spring.

"Because I wouldn't if I were you," said Stone, speaking rapidly. "Look at the time!" He pointed suddenly to the round clock upon the opposite wall. "It's eleven now. In ten minutes they'll come to look for me. Every entrance is watched now. There are men on every passage waiting for me. Listen!"

Off at the end of the passage were the sound of slow, regular footsteps, stopping at regular intervals. That it was for which Stone had listened. The passage of night watchmen is universal.

The three listened and to the faces of the two weaker ones came a pallor of mottled gray. Even the trepidation of the hardier leader was manifest upon his face. They were trapped. Involuntarily the hand that held the weapon became less tense. In a second Stone had thrown himself upon the fellow and had pointed it at the dismayed conspirators.

"Now," said he, with a new note of emphasis in his voice, "letters and checks quickly!"

The big fellow glowered for an instant, but fortune was against him.

Suddenly he approached the safe. Off along the passage the footsteps came a little closer, stopping at regular intervals. Leaning over the safe the man manipulated the combination and the door swung open. Stone saw his hand approach a certain division in it and withdraw a neat bundle connected with elastic. Again it entered to withdraw four or five checks neatly pinned together. Stone put forth his left hand to receive them, his eyes not ceasing for a moment to circle in lightning and relentless survey the discountenanced company of conspirators. He need have spared himself the trouble, however. They showed defeat upon their faces. Then Stone smiled courteously. "Thank you," said he. "You see, my arrangements were very complete. You have nothing to fear now." Then he called:—"Oh, watchman!"

"Sir!" came a voice from the passage.

Stone opened the door.

"Is this clock exactly right, watchman?"

"All the clocks in the building are exactly right, sir," replied the watchman, wonderment on his face, a complete unconsciousness of the little drama written on his every feature. On the instant the three saw it. Masters of the situation, they had been beaten by a trick.

"And my friends down at the entrance of the elevator," asked Stone, "are they waiting there yet?"

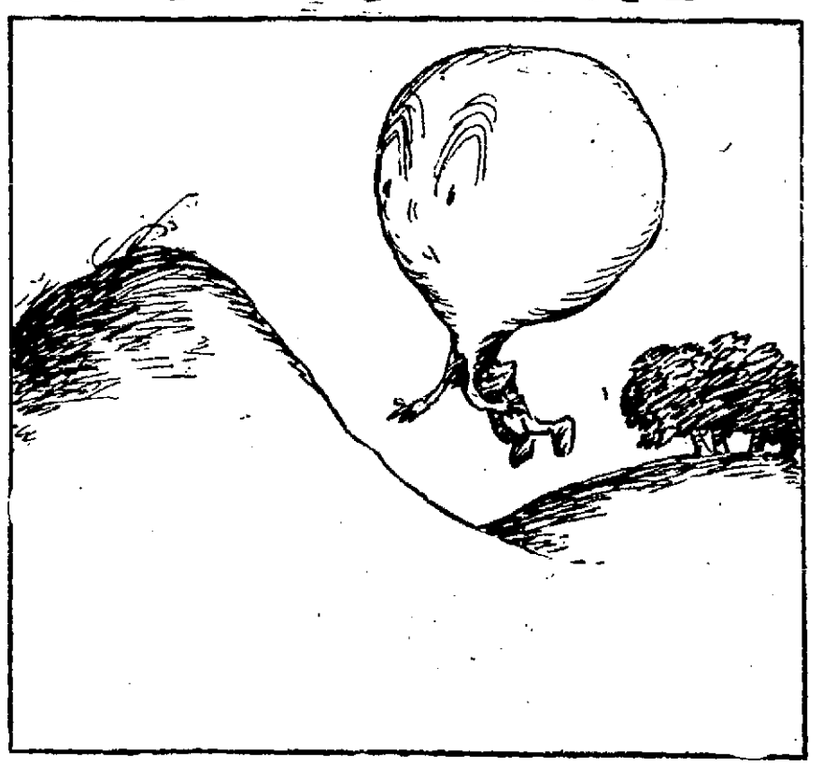
The man looked at Stone as if he were demented. "Friends?" said he. "Elevator? There hasn't been anybody there all night."

"Oh, that's all right," said the Adventure Hunter, smiling with a pleased inconsequence. "My friends here rather thought there was. Good night."

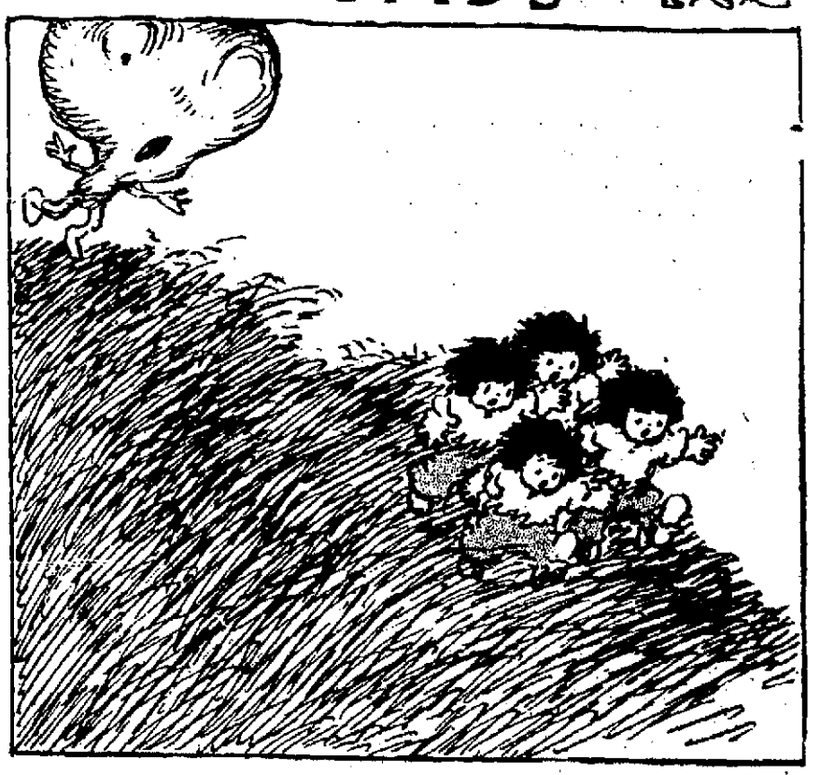
He walked down the passage, laughing at four faces stricken with conflicting emotions. They were staring at him as if almost under the influence of some narcotic. Then Stone laughed again. For the Adventure Hunter liked to impart into his tense achievements some little touch of humor. It lent to them an air of added exhilaration. In the street he walked briskly, smiling still. He was anticipating in imagination the expression on two faces when he should return to their owners those possessions which were theirs.

THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS

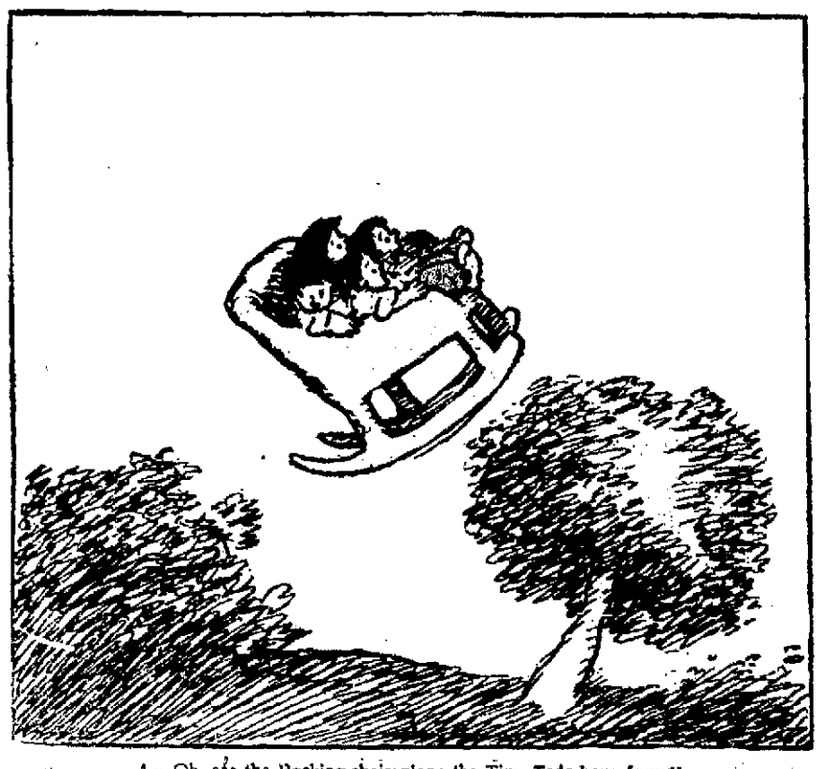
1.—"Say, fellows," cries a Tiny Tad, "there's something after me.
"It's one of those Balloonatics; it's coming now—oh, see!"



2.—"It's going up and down the hills and picking flowers and things;
"It travels anywhere it wants without the use of wings."



3.—"He's after us," the Tads all cry, "the horrible Canniballoon!
"We'll have to run like anything or he will catch us soon."

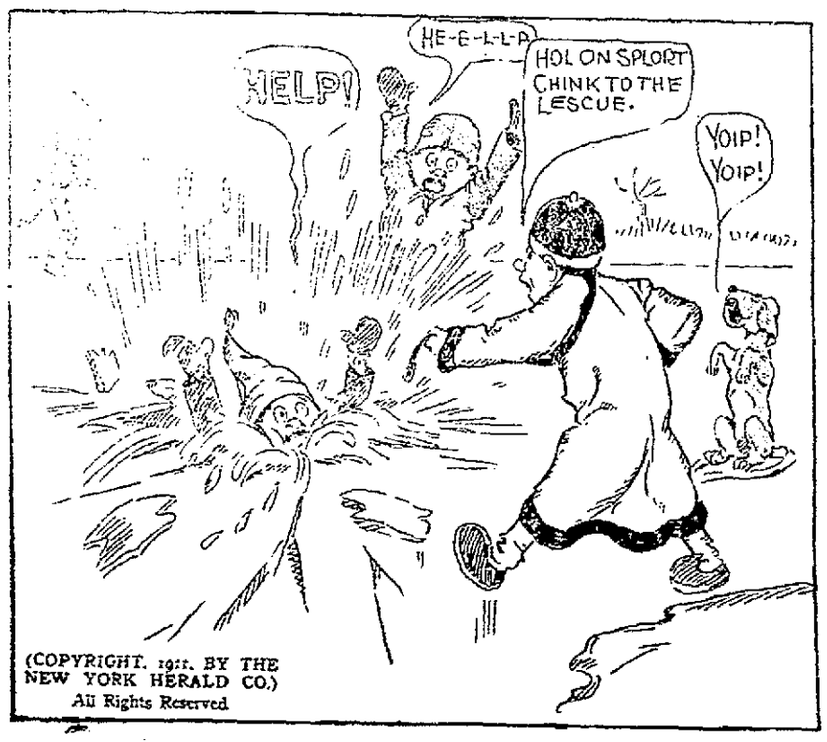


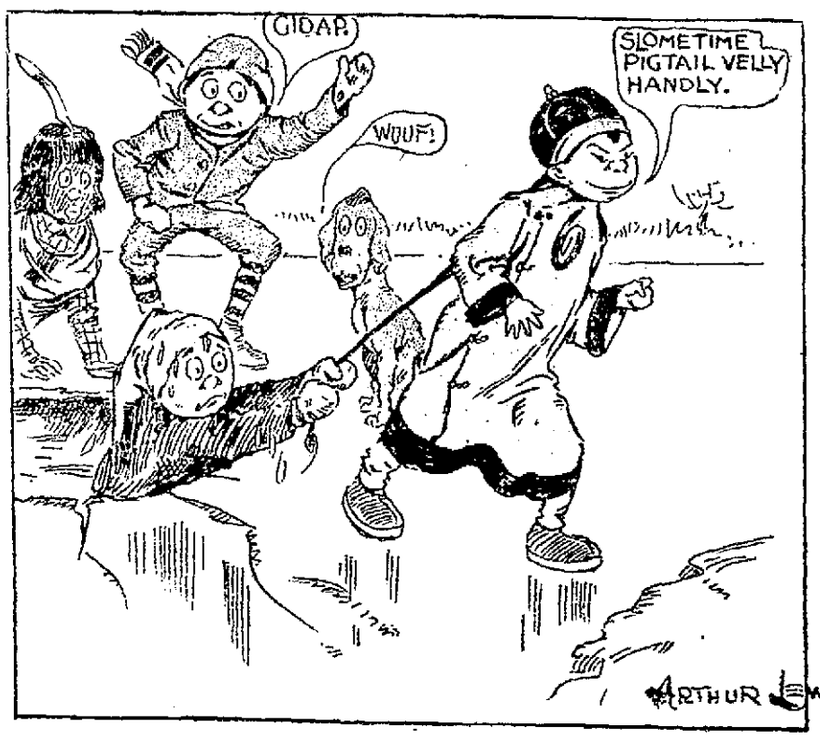
4.—Oh, see the Rocking-chairoplane the Tiny Tads have found!
Already they are in it and are rising from the ground.

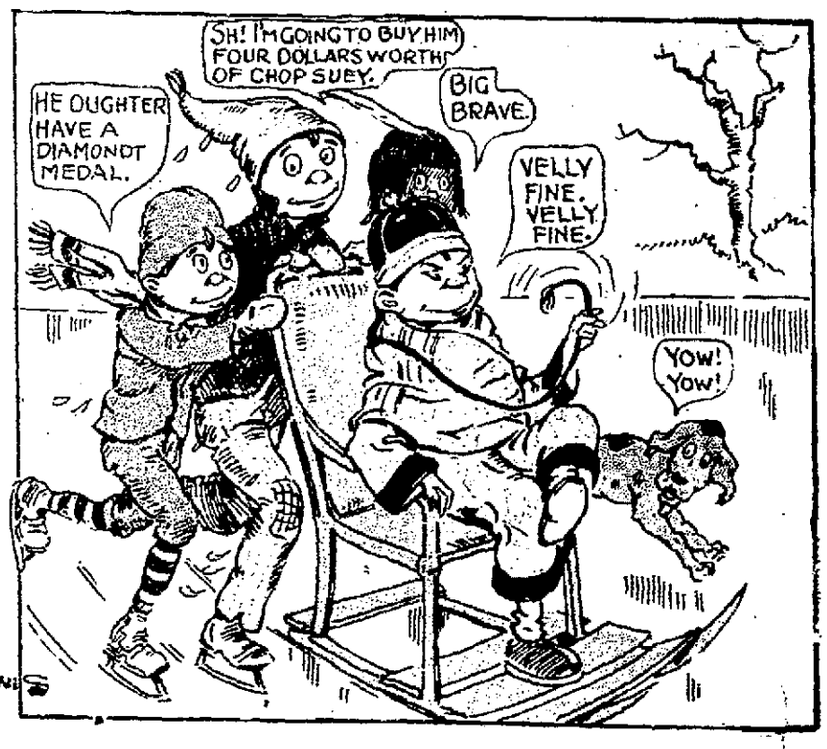
5.—"We'll leave him far behind us now," the Tiny Tads all say.
"By circling up and up we'll make our Aviatortuous way."

6.—That night, upon a sheltered peak, they talk or else sing tunes,
They tell of Aviatoreadors and bull fights from balloons.

THE RAG TAGS AND BOB TAIL







The PINCH HITTER

Thorny Path of the Ball Player Who Is Called Out at the Critical Moment to Bring in the Winning Run.

FRED SNODGRASS.

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DID you ever sit through a game of baseball and fret on the fringe of a nervous breakdown with the home team—your team—always trailing just a jump behind its opponent? Have you watched your favorites throw away opportunity after opportunity to win, and then have to resume the old uphill fight?

You are wretched. It is the ninth inning, and the visitors are still one run ahead. Two men are out. Then the next batter singles and another doubles, leaving runners on second and third. The manager beckons to a player who has sat on the bench throughout the game. He gets up, throws off his sweater, picks up a couple of bats, and, walking out toward the plate, starts swinging them.

A pinch hitter! What's the use? He can't bring the runs in. Then he singles and the two runners come home. You heave a sigh of relief. You breathe again. The tension is snapped and you hurry out of the park.

That is the pinch hitter, the Hope diamond of baseball. Passively he has sat through the game, and then, in a minute, it is up to him to either win or lose it. There is no middle ground. It is a dramatic situation, and he will by his work be a hero—or a dub.

Batters in the big leagues are divided into three classes—the men who cannot hit at all, the men who hit occasionally when there is no stringent need for a safety and the men who can rise to a situation and make a hit when it will win a game. Some players are carried through a whole season for no other reason than that they are likely to deliver a hit at the psychological moment.

For several seasons there has been a big, rangy man with the St. Louis American League team. His name is "Dode" Criss, and he is supposed to be a pitcher, but no one ever found the goods on him. He has been tried in the outfield, but he is just one thing, a pinch hitter.

In the vicissitudes of the St. Louis teams managers placed him in both the infield and the outfield, hoping that he would make good and thus be able to bat in his regular turn, three or four or five times in a game. But Criss showed a strange lack of perspicacity in deciding where the ball would land when a fly went out to the outer field that he was guarding. Usually he guessed wrong, and the ball arrived where he wasn't. That course had to be abandoned, and he was tried as a pitcher. Some old gray haired fans in St. Louis say they remember one day that he lasted through a whole game. This is not a matter of official record.

So he settled on the bench as a professional pinch hitter and nothing else. In 1908 he led the batters in the American League, hitting .341, and he did this going into games cold—really a remarkable achievement. In 1910 he was planted on first base in the hope that he would be able to cover that bag, but his lack of adaptability to wild throws soon landed him back at his old place on the bench, he being replaced by "Pat" Newman. A pinch hitter he is, and that is all that he ever will be. Probably he is the greatest man for delivering in an emergency ever associated with a big league club.

Bender, the tall Indian twirler of the Philadelphia Athletics, was pitching against the St. Louis Browns one day last August, and Criss was sent to bat in the ninth inning. The score was 3 to 2, two men were already out, and there was one St. Louis runner on first base and another on second. The Athletics had not at that time clinched the pennant, and they had already begun to figure how much nearer this game would put them to it. Bender was going smoothly. It was just the situation that Criss smacks his lips over. The Indian gave him a straight ball, and Criss hit it for three bases, winning the game.

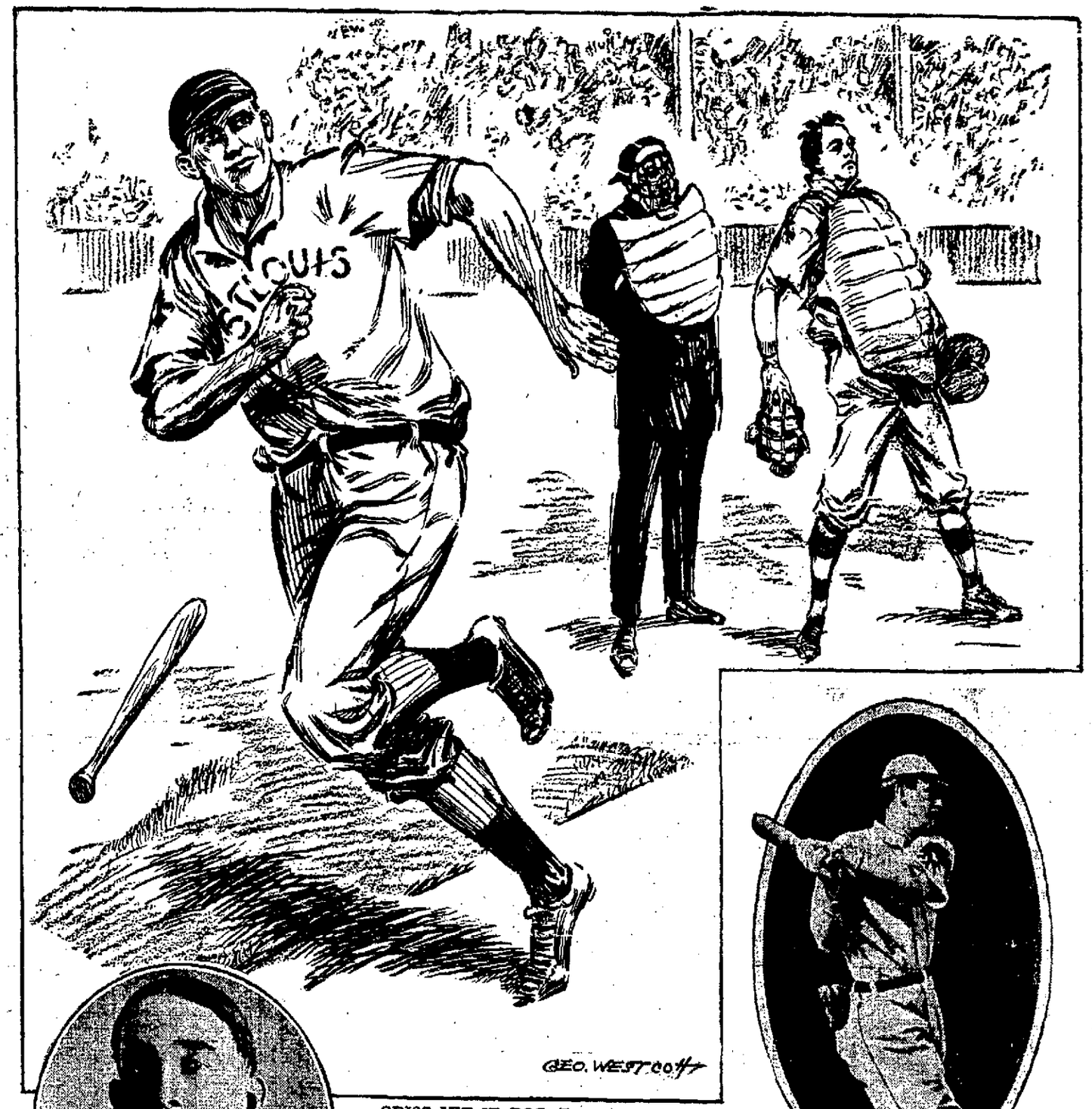
"Connie" Mack's Rule.

Mack called his men together after that incident and dropped a word of advice to his pitchers.

"After this," said "Connie," "there is going to be one rule—a sort of gold plated rule—in our club which will apply to all situations similar to the one at the time that Criss won the game this afternoon. I want all of you boys to hear this, but it applies principally to the pitchers and catchers. When a pinch hitter comes to the bat and a hit will win a game, don't pitch him a straight one. You are giving him the advantage."

This has been the rule on the Philadelphia club ever since. Mack believes that it is harder for the eye to follow a curved ball than a straight one, and that the chances of a batter making a long hit off a bender are less. To illustrate the value of the theory Bender later in the season, when games did not mean so much to the Athletics, for they had at the time definitely ascertained that they would be the champions of the American League, was again pitching against the Browns. It was the last inning, and just one run separated the two teams, with the advantage in favor of Philadelphia. It was almost a duplicate of the former situation. Criss was again sent to the bat, with two men on bases. The long Indian with the sinuous right arm wound up. He uncoiled two curves and a fast one, and struck out the redoubtable Criss, who did not even take his bat off his shoulder.

It is a thankless job—this one of emergency batter on a team. Old players say that the utility position is the worst on the club. Sitting on the bench day after day gets tedious. It is irksome, and men constantly associating with the bench say that it gets on their nerves and they become grouchy. Benchmen often ask to be transferred to minor league clubs so that they can take an active part in the game every day and show of what they are capable. It is as tiresome for a ball player almost as good as the regular men to sit on the bench day after day as it is for the best looking girl at a dance to have to sit glued to the wall and watch the others, around whom she could trip circles, perform because she doesn't know any one and her escort fell ill at the last minute. Then when she is plucked at last from among the wallflowers she slips on a waxy place on the floor and falls.



CRISS HIT IT FOR THREE BASES. WINNING THE GAME.

"AL" BRIDWELL.
Photograph by Horner.

That is the lot of the emergency batter in a ball game. He gets just one chance a day, or sometimes it is one in a week, to make good. If he delivers the hit he is a hero—but such a brief, flickering, passing sort of a hero! If he is called upon the next day to do the same thing and fails his deeds of the day before are quickly forgotten and he is a clod on the baseball diamond. So that to remain popular a pinch hitter has to hit every time. It is a hard lot!

It is a well known fact that Fred Snodgrass, who for a time led the National League as a batter last summer, begged John McGraw, the Giants' manager, while the team was South last spring, to let him go to Jersey City or Newark, where he would have an opportunity to play every day. He did not think that there was any likelihood of obtaining a regular position on the Giants and he wanted action.

"I'm wasting my life on the bench," he said one day in Marlin Springs a year ago. "I want to get some place where I can play in every game."

"I need you in New York," replied McGraw.

But it was, after all, only through a bit of luck that Snodgrass got an opportunity to show what he was made of and what he could do. Early in August Merkle was hurt and the young Californian was put into the game to play first base, a position new to him. He did so well there and hit the ball so hard that when Seymour was slightly injured McGraw put Snodgrass into centre field. He remained until the end of the season. He hit the ball hard, and while not a finished fielder, yet he is very fast and will learn.

To be sure he slumped a little in his batting at the end of the season, but he landed above the three hundred mark finally, and that is recommendation enough for most managers. He has been playing ball all winter on the Pacific coast and hitting like a fiend. He made a great record for his first year as a regular in the big league and should be even better this season. It is not to be expected that a man can continue hitting more than four hundred, as Snodgrass was doing at one time, and those who saw only the dark lining to the silver cloud in his tapering off toward the end of the season must remember that his general average was above three hundred—considered a very tidy mark.

"WILLIE" KEELER.
Photograph by Bachr.

The Case of Snodgrass.

Snodgrass should be more formidable this season, as he is a natural hitter and follows the ball with his eye. He hits hard, and on a line almost always, seldom "popping up," the cardinal sin in a batter. McGraw would just about as soon give him up now as he would his right eye. Snodgrass' case is a vindication of McGraw's judgment of ball players. He kept the youngster on the bench for several seasons, and for two Snodgrass did not get into a game in any capacity. Many of the regular patrons of the Polo Ground did not know who the man was. The only time he ever got loose from the bench was when he warmed up a pitcher in preliminary practice until the regular catcher was ready to take him.

Snodgrass was cast as a catcher when he first came to the Giants, fresh from college in California. He worked hard in his eagerness to get off the bench and never shirked the morning practice, which is the bush leaguers' paradise. He was bound to get off the bench, but it was just luck that landed him finally in the game. If Merkle had not been laid up, would Snodgrass be a regular to-day? To be sure, he was ready to answer the door when opportunity knocked, and by his diligent preliminary work was prepared to make good. Half the opportunities through which men arrive in baseball, as in the game of life, are merely matters of luck—the injury to a veteran or the result of a trade. Men who ought to have their full names out in front of the park in electric lights may be ornamenting the benches this summer, for all that any one knows, and may pass out of the big show with their talents undiscovered.

There is another angle to the emergency business in baseball. It is the inserting of a pinch pitcher in a game to stop a rally. That job has none of the soothing characteristics usually attributed to a feather bed. Sometimes a pitcher will go through a whole game up to the last inning, and then begin to droop without having hung out any storm warnings. It is too late to warm a man up, and some poor unfortunate has to take his chances cold.

"AL" BRIDWELL.

This pincher against pincher occurred in a game between the Athletics and the Browns in St. Louis one day. As usual, the "break" came in the ninth. Vickers, a tall, uncertain young man, who has since retreated to the minors, was pitching for the Athletics. He saved his ascension for the ninth inning, with the score 4 to 3 in his favor. He walked two men, hit another, and the bases were replete with runners. Spencer was sent to the bat as a pinch hitter, and Dygert was rushed into the box to replace Vickers. He pitched just one ball, and Spencer slugged, winning the game.

Then there is another type of pinch hitter, the man in the regular batting order who can deliver when a hit means scores. That is the desirable man, the one who can rise to his big scene. "Mike" Donlin, formerly of the Giants, was reputed to be a great slugger in his way, but he had an unhappy habit of hitting the ball furthest when the bases had as little on them as a Salome dancer, and with two men out. He would come up to the bat when the team was facing a nip and tuck climax and fade away time and again. Now Bridwell never has nearly as large a batting average to lean against at the end of a season as Donlin used to cuddle beside in his busy days, but Bridwell has a knack of dropping a single into a game where it will do the most good to his team and the greatest damage to the enemy. He is like a great artist who does not smear his pigments all over the canvas, but who adds a deft touch where it will do the most good.

Hamilton Hyatt is another man who won fame as a pinch hitter. Holding the utility job on the Pittsburgs in the season of 1909, he concluded his engagement with the batting average of .310. He never developed in any other way, and when he was tried regularly at first base for a time last season his hitting fell off consistently and his fielding was execrable. But in the previous season he probably won more games for the Pirates than any other one man on the team except Wagner, notwithstanding the fact that he spent most of his time on the bench.

The pinch batter is the crème de la crème of stick men. Not only is he a good batter, but he is the winning card, the baseball ace. He is a luxury on any ball club. Season after season managers beat the bushes for "three hundred" hitters, and, when combined with an ability to hit, a man who can hit out a safety when the situation is critical is of as much importance to a ball club as a prima donna is to an opera.

The trouble with many batters is that they cannot hold up when the veteran catchers and pitchers begin to find out their "grooves." The great ones are those who do not show any weakness after they have been tried out against the veterans, the men who are not flashing comets, but fixed stars. Wagner, Magee, Lajoie, Cobb and players of their calibre are types of fixed stars. These men make a pitcher think that a sanitarium for the nervous insane is about to gain a patient every time any one of them comes to bat.

Two Types of Batters.

There are two types of successful batters—the scientific man and the natural hitter, the man born a baseball genius. "Willie" Keeler, who appeared last with the Giants, was practically the inventor of scientific batting. He was the first man to choke his bat up short so that he could bunt or hit it out without shifting the position of his hands. He was in a class by himself when it came to outguessing a third baseman. Diminutive physically, he stayed up among that exclusive set the three hundred hitters for seasons on end, simply by his baseball intellect expressed through his bat. A young player asked him once how he managed to make so many hits.

"That's easy," answered "Willie," always glad to give advice to the youngster and eager to train the twig in the direction that the tree should grow. "I hit 'em where they ain't."

That is the secret of batting—hitting them where they ain't. Sometimes things will break bad for a good batter and it will seem as if he cannot get a hit. He will meet the ball squarely time after time only to find it laying a course for the outstretched hands of some fielder. Cobb went to bat seventeen times in succession in the season of 1908 without making a hit. He was as nearly crazy as any ball player ever becomes and stays out of a retreat. He would spend his mornings while he was in the batting doldrums walking about the streets looking for a load of empty barrels to change his luck. The day he made his first hit after the arid spell he had a lead penny in his pocket that a blind negro had given him. He has carried the piece from that day to this in the pocket of his uniform. Nothing upsets a good batter so much as missing his regular diet of base hits.

Probably the most momentous pinch hit ever made and the one which had the most far reaching results was the single pushed into centre field by Bridwell, of the New York Nationals, on September 23, 1908, in a game between the Giants and Cubs. If Bridwell's supporting cast had done their share and acted their parts correctly that hit would have won a pennant, as things afterward turned out. But why mention Merkle again and that regrettable incident about second base, with which bag his name will be associated as long as there is baseball? Bridwell came to the bat in the ninth inning with one run needed to win a game of ball—a most important game of ball. Two were out. He made the hit, and then, on a "fluke," the game was lost—and a pennant went with it, and a world's championship, perhaps.

Besides being a good batter the man who can hit in a pinch must have nerve, concentrated essence of gameness, to go up to the bat with a crowd ready to make a hero of him if he makes good or to mob him if he doesn't. Managers say that some young players when sent to the bat at a critical moment have trouble in standing on their legs because their knees wabble so. A story is told about a youngster who joined the old Baltimore Oriole team when Hanlon was its stage manager. A man was on second base, two were out and just one run was needed to win. There was only one thing in the world possible for the man to do, and that was to hit the ball. Nevertheless he asked his manager for instructions before going to the bat.

"What shall I do?" he inquired.

"Strike out," replied Hanlon.

The youngster was so nervous when he arrived at the plate that he did it purposely.

He spent the rest of his baseball days in the minor leagues, it might be added, beginning directly after his striking out.

So the next time that you are so ready to condemn the man who goes to bat in a pinch to win a game and strikes out, think what he faces. It is all up to him in a minute, cold from the bench. Of course it is his business and he wants to be successful in it. He wants to make a hit just as much as the rabid crowd of fans in the stand desires that he should.

A RESCUE BY AN ALBATROSS.

IF you are a wise albatross you won't squat yourself down on the sea and ravenously stare two drowning men in the face, as one of your ancestors did back in the afternoon of the last century. You will hover over them in the rear without their knowledge until they are too weak to fight you, and then—ah, what a meal!

Duncan McCallum, an apprentice on the ship Annerdale, of Liverpool, who was sent aloft to loose the skysail as the vessel rounded Cape Horn, lost his footing, plunged into the sea and was carried far astern. Before H. S. Pochin, an able seaman, who went overboard to his assistance, could reach the apprentice he sank.

Himself now in danger of drowning, Pochin called for help, and Thomas Averett Whistler, first mate of the Annerdale, sprang into the water with a lifebuoy and succeeded in reaching Pochin before his strength gave out. Together they struggled in the water, awaiting the coming of the ship's boat, which was so long getting under way that they were rapidly becoming exhausted.

Here, Mr. Albatross, is where your ancestor misjudged human nature and lost a luscious dinner. Spying Whistler and Pochin in the water, striving feebly to keep themselves afloat, he boldly swept down into their very faces, alighted on the water just out of their reach and waited for them to grow too weak to resist his attacks. Spurred to renewed energies by this unexpected threat, the two men, who had been on the point of giving up in despair, swung their arms and legs savagely, arousing the circulation of blood within them enough to keep off the fatal cramp until the ship's boat could reach them. Then, safe alike from the sea and the bird, they sank into unconsciousness, and one of them, Whistler, was delirious for days afterward.

Your ancestor, Mr. Albatross, realizing that he had failed in his plans, was furious and had to be beaten off with a boathook.

H.R.H. YVONNE

by FANNY HEASLIP LEA

THEN the clock on the mantel rang five times, McKinney laid down his pen, dropped his cigarette upon an ash tray, and pushed the notes upon which he had been working away from him. Already the February twilight shadowed the windows, and in the quiet room the chatter of the fire became a grateful thing. It burned whole-heartedly, that fire, picking out fantastic lights upon the shiny, rug-strewn floor, upon the walls, and upon the ivory head of a stick that leaned significantly against the desk at which McKinney sat.

Presently, when he stood up, the reason for this stick became apparent. Even though he bore heavily upon it, he limped, and his steps were obviously painful. Once seated before the fire, he leaned the stick carefully beside him and lay back, with both hands clasping the arms of his chair, looking fixedly into the flames. His fine, clean-featured face was quiet enough, but a deep furrow came gradually between the brows, and the mouth settled in tired lines.

He did not turn his head when a step sounded behind him in the doorway.

"Back again, already, mother?" he asked, pleasantly. "The Revolutionary Daughters must have been brief—eh?"

"It is not your mother," said a voice, all imperious inflections, and of an almost boyish depth.

At its first note the young man swung about in his chair, reaching for the stick, his eyes grown warm with delighted surprise.

"You, Yvonne?"

She was beside him in an instant.

"Don't get up! Do you hear? It's only me! And if you don't mind me—I shan't stay—not a second!"

He surrendered at discretion, surveying her happily. She was wrapped in a long gray cloak and her arms were full of American Beauty roses. Over her hair was a scarf of some shimmering, moonlight stuff. A glint of jewels struck through it. She dropped her roses into his lap, and laughed.

"Hold them while I get these things off! I wanted you to see me. I'm just from the photographer's. No—no—no—no! Sit still, Justin!"

"Shan't I help you?" The rose-fragrance, heavy with a sweetness faintly stale, was in his nostrils; his eyes were wistful of her beauty.

"I can get them off myself," said Yvonne. She freed herself of the gray cloak, dropped it upon the floor with a magnificent gesture, and kicked it aside. The scarf followed like a shred of mist; then she regained her roses, laid them within the hollow of one arm, threw back her head, and faced him radiantly.

"Look!" she cried. "The Queen of Comus! Me voici!"

McKinney drew in his breath sharply, leaning back in the chair to look. She was very lovely. A trailing gown of white satin, embroidered from shoulder to hem in silver, clung about her slim young body in exquisite, straight lines. From her shoulders fell the length of a wonderful velvet court train heavy with silver flowers, and about her throat, her arms, and her waist, glittered the jewels of the king. There was a little crown of the same white fire upon her dark hair, and out of all this splendor looked her long, dark eyes, and the young, warm redness of her mouth.

"Stand farther off," said McKinney. "There!" He added half under his breath a word she caught and flung back at him, with a delicious arrogance.

"I am beautiful! It's true."

"Though you say it that shouldn't."

"Why shouldn't I? I looked in the glass last night, and the king told me—and a few other men. Look, Justin!" She swooped down upon him again like an excited child. All her movements were swift and supple. "This from the king!" She displayed a brooch of pearls and diamonds and a tiny crown. "This and this—and this—and this—and this," touching the pins about her corsage with darting fingers, "from maskers. I was so popular. You've no idea!

"I've the king's mantle at home, he gave it to me, and his scepter. My own scepter's out in the machine. It's too heavy. It's like a stick with a cabbage on top, a diamond cabbage. You see my roses are beginning to wilt. Aren't they long? I wanted you to see me, just as I looked last night. Justin! Justin! Aren't you going to tell me I'm a beautiful queen?"

He smiled at her curiously, leaning forward a little, with thin hands interlocked upon his knees. His wide, whimsical mouth twisted at one corner before he spoke.

"Didn't the king tell you so? And a few other men?"

"Ah! But I want you to—you're different!" She was standing off from him again, posing frankly, caressing her roses, the twilight striking a thousand little dancing flames from the jewels in her hair and on her breast.

"Look at me, Justin! My gown is perfect——"

"Very fine feathers," he admitted, lightly, stroking his chin abstractedly.

She stamped a satin-shod foot.

"You're too provoking! Look at me, Justin. The gown's not the thing. Don't I look good?"

At her sudden accession of wistfulness he smiled again.

"You look good to me, Yvonne."

"But good's not beautiful——"

"Even when it 'pretty does'?"

"I want you to say I'm beautiful."

"Upon my word, that's modesty!"

"Per-fectly beautiful, like a queen of the blood!"

"Or out of a fairy tale?"

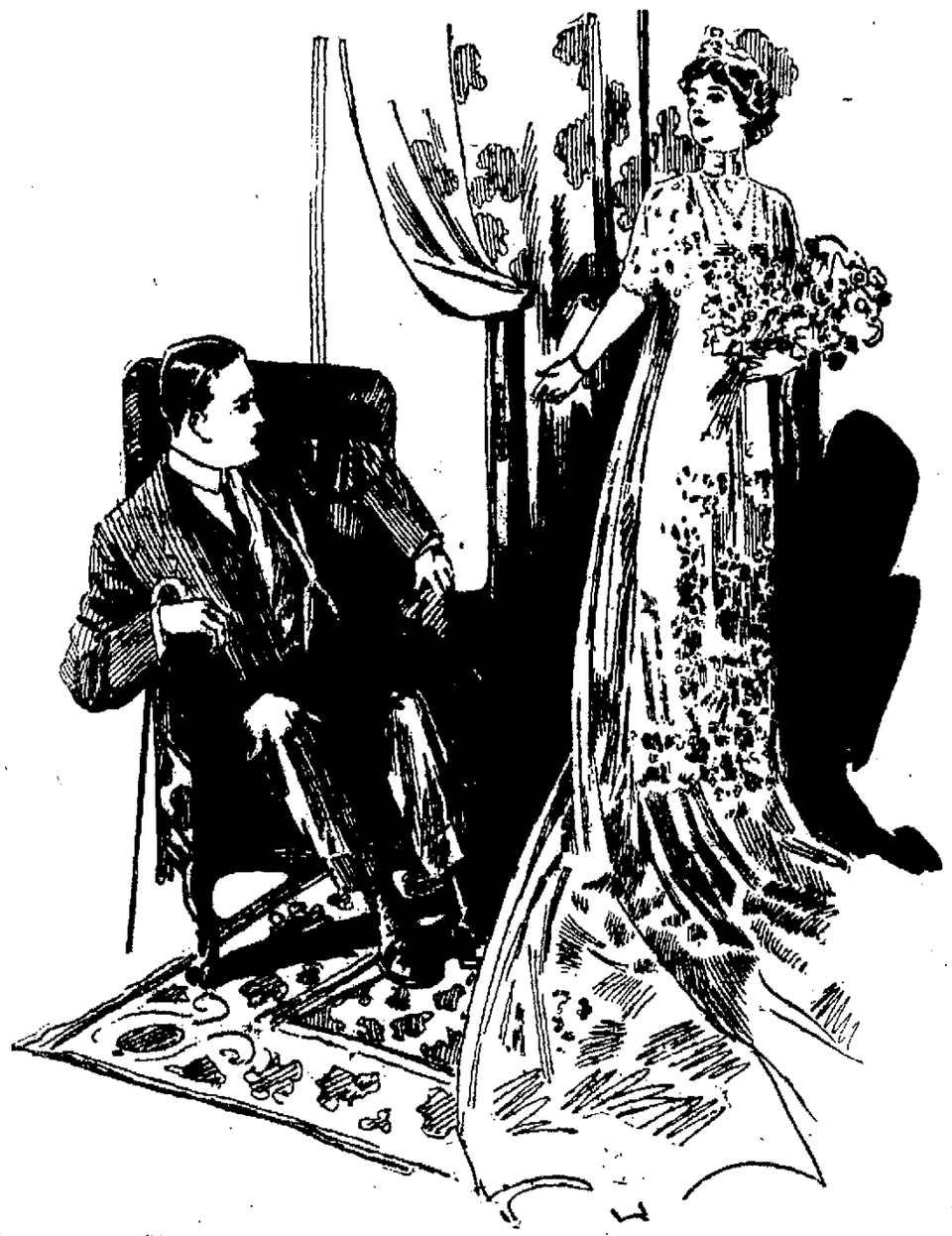
She nodded.

"Very well," he said, indulgently. "You are 'perfectly beautiful!' Snow-white—and—rose-red! Much too beautiful to be let loose on feeble man. Turn around. That's a stunning mantle. Comes down to the end of your train, eh? All the way around! I want to get the whole effect—go slow! Very impressive—little white slippers and all. I like that flub-dub at the top of your frock."

"Chiffon," she flashed back at him, touching the soft flat fold delightedly.

"Very thrilling," said McKinney, gravely. "Altogether delectable! And how did you behave? Couldn't you walk across the floor now, as if you were going up to the throne? Bow to the adoring multitudes, just as you did last night. Let's see what kind of a queen you made. Tell me all about it."

"I will! Now look! Like this you see!" She stood slim and tall in her splendor. "I sat in the proscenium box with my maids. (There was Marthe, and Elizabeth, and Eliner, and Maisie.) The Opera House was crowded to the roof and everyone stared at us, and the orchestra played. After a while, the lights were lowered, and the curtain went up. There were the tableaux, Comus in Arcady. They were very beautiful. Then some of the floor committee came to our box, and they took us down between the 'call-outs' to the steps of the stage. A curier was waiting for each of my maids and the king's messenger was waiting for me!" All her Gallic ancestry spoke in the dramatic tension of her voice. "A blond knight, in rose and gold—with a mask that smiled."



"'I Wanted You to be There,' She Said, Frankly and Sweetly as a Child."

"It's a peculiarity of masks," said McKinney, stroking his chin again. "So you went up the steps with the messenger of the king——"

Yvonne interrupted him breathlessly, clasping her roses tighter.

"Straight up the steps and across the stage—between lines of maskers that danced and applauded and shrieked out funny notes—to the throne. The king met me. Then two women came from the wings—in pink dominoes—and fastened the mantle on my shoulders and put the jewels on me, and the king gave me his arm and we walked around the long, wide stage before the maskers that clapped and clapped and the people in the horseshoe that clapped——" She gave a deft little kick to the heavy train so that it lay in graceful folds behind her. "Like this!" she explained raptly, and walked to the other end of the room with a stately tread.

As she came slowly back, she bent her head in answer to imaginary plaudits and gestured graciously with her empty hand. McKinney, watching with a slow smile upon his lips, seemed almost to hear the bravos that greeted her, almost to see the lights of the old French Opera House flung flaring down upon her happy beauty. When she stopped, just a little short of his chair, she sank in a sweeping courtesy.

"Will I do?" she asked, laughing but eager. "Will I do, Justin? I was so happy. It was like a fairy tale."

She rose lithely, and stood beside him. The room was already in shadow except for the fire-glow, and her white, jeweled figure lent an aspect of unreality to the quiet walls.

"Snow-white—and—rose-red! That's a good name for you," McKinney commented leisurely. "Yes, Yvonne, you'll do. I dare say your grandmother was proud, and the women were jealous, and the men were all mad about you. What more could you want?"

"I wanted you to be there," she said, frankly and sweetly as a child.

"You're a dear girl."

"I did so wish for it, Justin!"

"If wishes were horses," he reminded cheerfully. "Too bad they're not, eh?"

"I kept thinking," she insisted, "what you'd say——"

He drummed on the arm of his chair, still smiling, while he turned resolutely away from that question.

"How many men made love to you?"

"Oh, a good many!" said Yvonne, frankly. "It was really funny. I had a perfect time."

"Heartless young person!"

"I'm not," she objected, with a madrigal of laughter. "It would have been heartless to take them seriously. Why don't you ask me to sit down?" She looked about her for a chair.

"Why, I wasn't sure you could sit down, in all that grandeur. You're such a picture. Besides," McKinney added as a prudent afterthought, "I didn't know you meant to stay. Mother's at the Revolutionary Daughters, or something equally engrossing."

Yvonne, who had possessed herself of a low seat and was dragging it very near her host, tossed an unabashed head.

"Did I ask for your mother? It was you I came to see. To show you how I looked." She sat down and dropped the roses across her lap. "What were we talking about? I've forgotten."

She was so near that her mantle brushed his sleeve. There was a small, soft curl lying upon the nape of her white neck that played havoc with McKinney's resolute impersonality. A grin appreciation twitched the muscles of his mouth.

"You're a delightfully unconventional young woman," he suggested, mildly significant, "to come a-visting me without any chaperon."

"My maid's outside in the machine."

"If she hasn't by this time eloped with the chauffeur."

"If she has," Yvonne retorted quickly, "she'll be sorry. He's already married. Don't you want me to stay?"

"Want?" he repeated, politely. "Of course, I want it. But I was thinking of you——"

"Well, I want it, too—so that's settled," she decided, nodding her head in pleased affirmation. "Now, what were we talking about?"

"If you will stay—we were discussing the men who made love to you last night."

She smiled sweetly. "Since you insist, then. There were lots of them, but two in especial. Do you mind if I lean against the arm of your chair?"

"Not in the least," said McKinney, and drew away courteously to the other side.

Yvonne looked displeased. "I believe you're afraid of me."

"I am," he assured her with a flicker of grim humor. "About the two in especial, however?"

She flung back her head and looked up at him out of frank, lovely eyes.

"The king," she said, "asked me to marry him, and so did the captain of the Comus Krewe. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"The king—that would be——?"

"Haven't you heard? Logan Winchester was Comus."

"And the captain?"

"Edouard Carriere."

"Humph!"

"I know," Yvonne accepted sympathetically, "he's been married before. But I like widowers when they're not fat, nor bald."

"Undeniably," her confessor agreed, "to be fat or bald is nothing in a widower's favor."

"Edouard's tall and thin," Yvonne went on thoughtfully, "and his hair is really thick, but—I don't know, Justin—he will wear red ties."

McKinney felt his own tie thoughtfully; it was a rich wine color.

"Well, you're not a widower," said Yvonne. She petted her roses absently. Their fragrance, just touched with that elusive staleness which comes to roses after too much light and warmth, drifted all about her like an aura. McKinney frowned quietly.

"So you gave him his conge?"

"Just as nicely as I could. Yes, I suppose so."

"And the king?"

Yvonne sat upright, staring into the fire. Her jewels netted her in winking light.

"He was a beautiful king," she said, dreamily, "all white satin and silver. But, there were vine leaves in his hair, and his mask smiled. You know his voice? Curt, with a little husk to it, as if he didn't talk much. It's fascinating. There's nothing he's afraid to say, and yet he sounds shy. I was so happy, you see, at being queen I may have spilled over a little in his direction, and he didn't understand. Men are funny."

"'Curiouser and curiouser'—eh?"

"He asked me to marry him, between the fourth and fifth dances."

"Wouldn't that have been a trifle hasty?"

"You know what I mean," said Yvonne, nodding her head wisely, "and I told him I couldn't decide in such a hurry, that he must wait. I wanted to talk to you about it."

"You told him that?" McKinney lifted quizzical eyebrows.

"Oh, no—no—no—no! Of course not. I told him it wasn't fair to expect me to know my own mind at a ball."

"You've been thinking it over to-day, then? That's Ash Wednesday with a vengeance."

Yvonne shrugged expressively.

"I went to mass at the Cathedral this morning; I stood my little St. Joseph on his head; and I went to the photographer's. That was to divert my mind. Then, while I was at the photographer's, I had an idea. I said to myself, 'I want Justin to see me in this. I won't get back into my street clothes. I'll go up there with this cloak around me. The machine's closed, nobody'll see, and when we get there, Julie can wait outside. Justin can see me. I can tell him everything, and he'll know what I ought to do!' You see, sooner or later, I shall have to marry someone, and it's no use discussing it with grand mère—she has just two qual-i-fi-ca-tions (eh?), family and money. She's very narrow, grand mère is. Fat and bald, and red ties, and things like that, she calls 'little peculiarities, chère, that make nothing!'"

McKinney laughed. The reproduction of Madame du Bois' caressing tone was quite perfect.

"I think I see your point of view. You realize the necessity of matrimony, as a career, but you decline to excuse any more peculiarities than are absolutely inevitable."

"If I knew what you meant by that," said Yvonne, reproachfully, "I am sure my feelings would be hurt."

"It's just as well you're so dense, then," he teased. His eyes held something more than indulgent amusement, however, and he sighed impatiently, gripping the handle of the stick beside the chair. It was an ivory handle, carved in the likeness of a grinning face.

Presently he said in an impersonal, friendly tone: "Won't you ring for lights, it's getting dark."

"I don't want the lights," objected Yvonne, imperiously. "It can't be more than half after five, and I like the fire. Besides, we haven't finished. I want you to decide for me—about Logan—about the king."

"You might flip a coin," he suggested.

She rebuked him with exaggerated sadness.

"It's something important—to me. How can you laugh about it? I'm depending on you, Justin. If I marry the wrong man, it won't be so amusing. You wouldn't laugh then."

"I shouldn't laugh under any circumstances."

She fell upon the admission at once.

"Why? Why wouldn't you laugh?"

"Matrimony," said McKinney, carefully, "is, I've been told, no laughing matter."

There was disappointment in the sidelong glance she sent him.

"Then you think Logan would be a good person for me to marry?"

"Very safe."

"Ah, but that's so stupid!"

"Eminently wise."

"Justin! I'm not an old woman!"

"He has money enough, family enough, virtues enough, looks enough—he's a very good sort all round."

"Then you do think——"

"I think your grandmother would be delighted."

"It isn't my grandmother I'm thinking of, though."

"There's no manner of doubt that he'd be happy."

"But I, Justin, I? What would it be for me? I'm not thinking of him."

"That might be considered," said McKinney, slowly, "a very complete answer to your own question."

Yvonne looked at him doubtfully. She drew the jewels about her neck back and forth upon a slender finger.

"I can't talk riddles," she said at last. "I'm not clever like you. That's why I asked you to help me. I'm not joking, Justin—I want to know——"

"And you want me to tell you!" he retorted, almost with a groan.

"Why not?" demanded Yvonne, swiftly.

"No reason, no reason on earth," he said presently, in an even lightness of tone. "It's just that I don't know the answer, that's all."

A little silence ensued then Yvonne laid her hand upon the arm of his chair, almost timidly.

"We've known each other a long, long time, haven't we, Justin?"

"Since the moon of knickerbockers and pinafores, Yvonne."

"Do you remember how you taught me to fly kites and play marbles? And when we stole Poe's 'Tales' from your mother, and read them up in grand mère's attic?"

"Those were very bully days," said the man, regreetfully.

"Then I was sent away to school, and you went off to Virginia. You sent me a pennant and your fraternity pin, and a great, great many letters."

"'Die erste Liebe'"—he quoted, under his breath.

"I was frightfully young——"

"Being so ancient now?"

"I'm a woman now."

"And a queen—every inch of you."

The hand strayed farther, and rested upon his sleeve. "I didn't come home until I was seventeen, and by that time you were a 'prominent young lawyer,' weren't you? Do you remember the night I came home?"

McKinney looked down at the hand upon his sleeve, and looked away from it again. He had grown slightly paler.

"Your grandmother was ill, and she asked me to meet you; of course, I remember. You had a long blue coat, and a hat with a big bow. You had a mandolin case under one arm, and a bulldog at your heels. You said 'Justin! Me voici! I've come back!' And I said——"

Yvonne took up the thread where he dropped it, into an abrupt and frowning silence.

"And you said 'Great Scott, Yvonne! I'd never have known you—you're perfectly beautiful!'"

"I was going to omit that part of the memoirs," McKinney explained, reprovingly, "in order to spare your blushes."

"I love it," said Yvonne, "and I'm not blushing—see!"

He scarcely glanced at the alluring face she tilted upward in the reflection of the fire.

She went on again after a moment, as if to herself:

"I saw you often that winter, all that year. You had time for me—then—even though you were busy and successful. You used to send me violets and roses and books. Grand mère and your mother are such great friends, it was only natural, I suppose. You got quite fond of me, didn't you, Justin?"

He repeated her words in a sort of forced dullness. "Yes, Yvonne, quite fond of you."

"I know," said Yvonne, "I know. You used to tell me everything about your work, and about the politicians, and you were horribly ambitious. You didn't care for society, but I wasn't even a bud. I wasn't 'out'—and I used—to—think—you—cared—for—me."

He said nothing in answer, though she waited an obvious space; so she went on again, softly, her hand still resting on his sleeve.

"Then, one night grand mère was ill. I was frightened. I sent for you, you brought the doctor, and when the doctor had gone, I cried, in the window seat in the library—do you remember, Justin?"

"Why," said McKinney, with controlled bitterness, "should I remember?"

"Because you kissed me," said Yvonne, more softly still.

She sat quiet, and the color streamed into her face that he would not turn to look at.

I had not forgotten that," said McKinney at length, unsmiling, "but I hoped you had."

"Why shouldn't my memory be as good as yours?"

"There is so much in your life——"

"Nothing as big as that."

McKinney shook his head, wearily.

"You haven't told all the story. Why not finish it up?"

"I don't know the rest—it broke there. I thought you cared——" her voice faltered with deep emotion. "I know you cared—but you never said so—you never spoke of it again."

"And why not?" he demanded instantly, "why not?" Then he had himself again in hand, and spoke more slowly, but with a passion almost cruelly curbed. "It was the next day I went up to the plantation—do you remember that, Yvonne? Riding from the house to the levee I was caught in a drenching rain. I was ill that night, and that was only the beginning. A cripple's a cripple, whether he's born to it, or has it thrust upon him by means of inflammatory rheumatism. I haven't had many good days since. It isn't likely I shall again, naturally. I took the gift the gods sent me. Naturally, I said nothing."

"As soon as you could walk you took up your work again," Yvonne reminded him, a trifle unsteadily.

"Naturally," he repeated, with dogged emphasis.

"Then love isn't as big as work?"

"It isn't the same thing—that's all."

"You could go back to your work—but—the other, you just left—broken off——"

"I had nothing to offer."

"Or was it, perhaps," she asked, hesitantly, paling, "that you didn't want to offer it?"

McKinney, turning suddenly in his chair, covered the hand on his sleeve with his own, crushingly, then released it. His smile was bravely humorous.

"Little Delilah," he said very gently, "go home!"

Yvonne did not answer him at once.

"I waited and waited," she said, "and each time I saw you, I thought, 'He will speak now,' but you never did."

"Because I hadn't any right."

Some of the roses slipped from her lap to the floor and lay there. She leaned forward, elbow on her knee, cuddling her chin in one soft palm.

"Yvonne," said McKinney, quietly, "don't you know I can't ask you to marry me?"

"If you'll just say something else," she murmured, "you won't have to. I'll ask you."

"Don't you know I can't even say that?"

"Won't, you mean!"

"Very well—won't, then. The doctors don't seem able to do anything for me. I'll probably be a cripple and an invalid all my life. You've got the world wide open before you. You're beautiful and young, and you have an enormous capacity for happiness. Do you think I'd let you tie yourself to a broken stick? No, my dear, I love you rather too well for that——" He stopped short.

"Then you do love me!" cried Yvonne, a little breathless.

When McKinney would not answer, she took her hand from his arm and picked up the roses that had fallen to the floor, laying them with the rest. Her eyes were full of tears.

"And still—still, you advise me to marry the king!"

"I think you would be wise," said McKinney, steadily. "He's a good fellow, Winchester"—the words cut grim white lines about his mouth.

"You won't marry me?" she asked very low. She stooped her face to the shielding flowers.

"No, dear."

Then Yvonne slipped to her knees beside his chair, hiding her face upon the broad leather arm of it, all the roses spilling a riotous crimson down the white and silver of her gown. She stretched out a slim bare arm to McKinney, and her fingers were cold.

"If I didn't know you cared," she said slowly between deep-drawn breaths, "if I didn't know in my soul you were as lonely without me as I am without you, I'd die before I'd say it. But, Justin, if you don't marry me, I shall never be happy, my whole life long!"

"It wouldn't be fair," he answered, huskily, but he held her fingers close.

"If you don't, I shall be an old maid," sobbed Yvonne, desperately, "and that will just about kill grand mère."

There was a second's racking wait, then with a low, inarticulate cry, McKinney put both arms around her, almost fiercely, and she cried for a very little while longer, on his shoulder, in all her white satin and silver, with the king's jewels glittering about her.

"It's not fair," he muttered again, tenderly, above her bent head.

"Listen!" cried Yvonne, lifting her flushed, lovely face—on fire in an instant—"first he makes me propose, and then he regrets——"

Mrs. McKinney, stricken with amazement in the doorway, caught at an illumining word.

"Who has been proposing?" she asked calmly, "and what mischief are you crazy children up to now?"

The Queen of Comus rose to her feet with an adorable gesture of confusion, and stood there, flower like against the dusk.

"I have been asking Justin to marry me," she said simply, "and although he didn't want to, he has said 'yes.' Will you please congratulate me?"

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FARMER

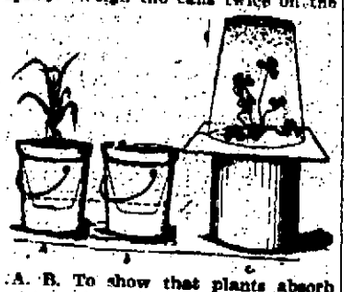
FIRST LESSONS IN PLANT PRODUCTION

In the Study of Elementary Agriculture One Soon Learns that in Nature Things do not "Just Happen", but Follow Inexorable Laws of Cause and Effect.

By D. J. Crosby.

To show that plants absorb moisture from the soil, take two 1-quart tin cans as near alike as you can get them and punch holes in the bottoms for drainage. Secure enough garden soil to fill both cans, mix it thoroughly, and sift it to remove pebbles and clods. Fill both cans level full of loose soil, which should then be packed by jarring each can three times on the table or floor. It is important to have the soil packed alike in both cans. Weigh the filled cans, and if one is heavier than the other, take out enough soil to bring them to the same weight. Plant 5 or 6 kernels of corn in one can, water both cans alike, and set them aside for the corn to grow. Whenever water is applied to the can containing corn, an equal amount should be applied to the other can in order to keep both soils in about the same physical condition.

When the corn is 3 or 4 inches high, wet both soils thoroughly, allow the cans to stand until water ceases to drip from the bottom, weigh them, and record their weights separately. Set both cans in a warm light place where the corn will continue to grow rapidly. Weigh the cans twice on the



A. B. To show that plants absorb moisture from the soil. C. to show that plants give off part of the moisture absorbed from the soil.

following day—morning and afternoon—and record the weights. Keep thin up for three or four days, or until the corn begins to suffer from lack of moisture. Water again and continue as before. You will probably find that the can containing the growing plants loses moisture much more rapidly than the other.

This experiment may be performed in another way by using flower pots instead of tin cans. When the corn is 3 or 4 inches high, get two lard pails or cans just large enough to take in the pots to their rims. Mark on the outside of the pails the depth to which the pots will extend on the inside, and at a point 1 inch above each mark made a dent which can be distinctly seen on the inside of the pail. Now fill each pail with water up to the dent, water both pots thoroughly, and set them in the pails as shown in the figure. Set both pails and pots in a warm, light place so that the corn will continue to grow.

The next day remove the pots, and you will find that the water is not up to the dents, you will conclude, and naturally, that the soil has taken up the water. From an 8-ounce graduate pour into one pail just enough water to bring it up to the dent again. Make a record of the amount necessary to do this. Fill the graduate and bring the water in the other pail up to the dent. Repeat these operations daily for two or three weeks and you will be able to find out exactly how much moisture the growing plant absorbs.

In order to show that plants give off moisture, take a plant that is well started in a tomato can or flower pot, a piece of cardboard, and a glass tumbler large enough to cover the plant, cut a slit in the cardboard and draw it around the plant, seal the slit with pitch, wax, or tallow so that no moisture can come up through it from below; cover the plant with the glass and set it in a warm, sunny place. Moisture will condense on the inner surface of the glass.

If moisture does not condense readily inside the glass, cool the glass by exposing it to a current of cold air or by wrapping it for a minute or two in a cloth wrung out of cold water. The outside of the glass should then be dried so the moisture on the outside will not obscure that within.

That water absorbed by the roots of plants is forced upward through the plant can be demonstrated by severing the stem of a geranium 3 or 4 inches from the surface of the soil, setting on top of the cut end of the stem a section of glass tubing several inches long, and fastening the two together by wrapping the joint with a strip of adhesive tape or surgeon's plaster. Keep the root of the plant normal by supplying it with water. Note what happens inside the glass tube, making observations every few hours.

To show that water and whatever substances it holds in solution circulate to all parts of the plant, fill a tumbler about one-third full of lukewarm water colored with a few drops of red ink or some other brilliant coloring matter, and place in colored water the freshly cut stems of white carnations, white roses, lilies of the valley, or other white flowers, or the twigs of trees with young leaves on, or almost any soft green plant. Be sure that they are fresh. In a short time the colored water will rise through the stems or twigs and may be seen distributed in vein-like pattern through the petals of the flowers or through the leaves. Hold the leaves up to the light and the coloring matter can be seen more clearly. In this manner the stem of the plant carries food in solution which has been absorbed by the roots.

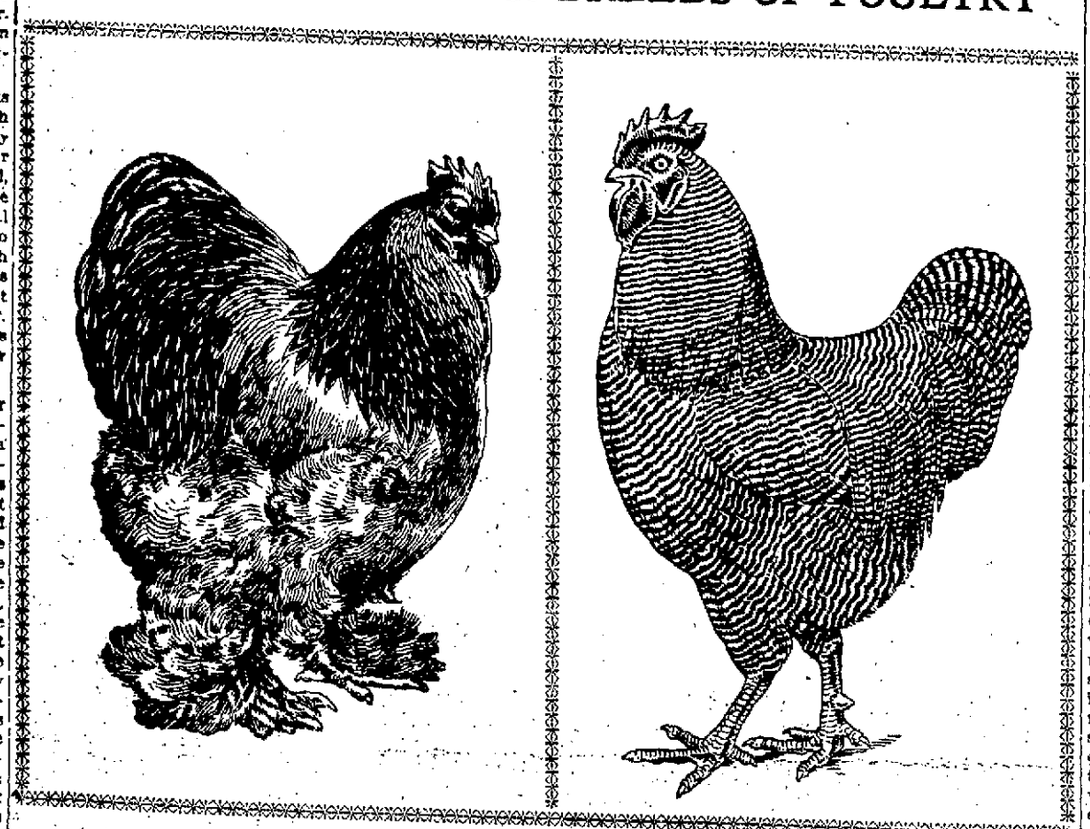
FUNGUS DISEASES OF THE PEACH

The brown rot fungus is among the most destructive of the fungi on the peach yeilding place only at times to leaf-curl. Unlike leaf-curl the brown-rot prevails during warm, showery weather, and with such a weather period is likely to occur at any time of the year. In April, if the mummy peaches are permitted to remain on the trees from the preceding year, the fungus may affect the twigs through the blossoms and thus cause serious twig blight. It is a matter of common remark that the branches upon which rotted peaches are found often perish from effect of the rot fungus. The survival of the fungus in these "mummy" fruits and the production of ascospores from them are well proven. No one variety seems more susceptible to rot than others, although some sorts are more liable to ripen during rainy weather and then rot worse. The control of rot demands: First, careful removal and destruction of all mummy rotted peaches in which the fungus survives; Second, thorough spraying of the trees before blossoming as for leaf-curl; Third, subsequent spray treatment with self-boiled limesulfur may be profitable under certain conditions.

Rotted and dried or mummy peaches collected on trees in spring. These mummies will produce growth of the rot fungus with showery, warm weather. They are dangerous.

The leaf-curl fungus is at times one of the serious pests of the peach grower. However destructive leaf-curl does not occur every year. The curl fungus survives in the buds from year to year. It is therefore present each season, though possibly in varying amount. Leaf-curl usually comes when cool weather, with frequent rains, prevails during March, April, May, and June. It is to the April weather that the most serious trouble seems attributable. With low temperatures and frequent rains during the early half of that month we may safely predict an outbreak of leaf-curl. During such weather the fungus develops rapidly and the new leaves are affected as they are protruded from the bud. In a modified sense the same takes place during May and in a still more limited sense during June. Successful prevention of leaf-curl is secured by thorough early treatment with Bordeaux mixture. Indeed, it appears that a spraying at any time shortly before the blossoms open is several times more effective than any application afterwards. It appears that more effective results are secured by spraying two weeks before blossoming than immediately before the blossoms open. In any event an application made just before the blossoms open is more effective than at any later date. Lime sulfur applications for scale insects are effective to prevent leaf-curl.

TWO VERY POPULAR BREEDS OF POULTRY



STRAWBERRY WEEVIL HARD TO COMBAT

These Pests, Which Hibernate in Woodlands, Under Leaves and Rubbish of All Kinds, Appear Very Early and Attack the First Buds of the Strawberry.

These pests have been increasingly abundant in some parts of the country during the past few years and every effort possible should be made to control and destroy them.

These beetles hibernate in rubbish under leaves and any shelter they can find, and become active early in March and April. The eggs are laid as soon as the beetles can find buds in suitable condition and the earliest of these are on the cultivated strawberry. The females continue feeding and laying eggs until after the middle of June, attacking in succession after the strawberry, dewberry, wild strawberry and blackberry.

Development from egg to adult requires about one month. These feed but little and disappear into hibernating quarters shortly afterward.

The actual damage done by these insects is not really measured by the percentage of buds destroyed, because these are the earliest, that would ordinarily have been the finest berries and brought the highest price.

The injury cause is due to the feeding habit of the larva which requires pollen for its development. The female beetle, therefore, lays its rather large, white, glistening egg into a well developed bud of a staminate variety and, in order to prevent further development, punctures the flower stalk just below it. In a day or two the bud wilts, the stalk breaks at the point of puncture, and usually the bud drops to the ground, although it may hang on for some days by a few threads of tissue. This dropping to the ground favors the development of the larva which, exposed to the hot sun, might otherwise dry up, or the bud itself might become too hard and unfit for food.

There is no period in the life of this insect when it can be satisfactorily reached by insecticides. The adult feeds, little, usually on pollen or by eating holes into the well developed blossom buds. Whether the insect devours the tissue when it cuts through the flower stalks is not known. The larva feeds in shelter continuously and is entirely beyond our reach.

As the larva feeds only on pollen, pistillate plants which bear none are free from attack and the obvious recommendation is to plant pistillate varieties with every third or fourth row of some profusely flowering staminate variety to serve as pollenizers and to attract the insects. This method has been actually adopted in some of the Southern States with good effect. The objection is made that there is no known pistillate variety which does well in many of the northern states and fulfills the requirements as to time of ripening, shipping quality etc. That there is no fruit so erratic in its action in different localities as the strawberry is well known, and there is no one variety which any grower is willing to recommend for all localities.

The method of a few growers is to plant very profusely flowering varieties of plants with the idea of getting enough buds to feed the beetles and to make a crop as well. But a much better plan would be to plant some very early profusely flowering variety on rows along the edges to serve as an attraction for the beetles and keep them from the main crop. This would mean, of course, planting for the beetles only, and the trap row might afterward be cut close, the foliage, etc., carefully raked up and burnt and then the ground sprayed with a miscible oil or kerosene emulsion 1 to 10 to soak the cut buds and kill the contained larvae.

Work of strawberry weevil; a, spray with punctured buds; b, wilting buds; c, egg; d, larva; f, pupa; all three enlarged; g, flower with feeding punctures.

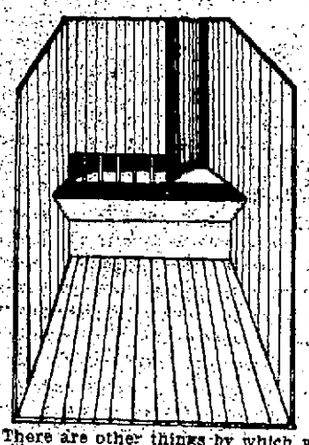
Covering the rows with cotton, muslin or similar material has been recommended and, on a small scale, has been found successful. It not only keeps off the beetles but promotes earliness and extra fine fruit. How it would work on a commercial scale has not yet been determined.

While, theoretically, spraying with arsenites dose not seem to offer the slightest prospect of success, it has nevertheless been asserted that applying Paris green with bordeaux mixture three times, once as soon as the earliest buds are well formed, a second time when the plant begins to bloom and a third time ten days thereafter, will serve as a protection. This may be less by its direct effect upon the insect than by making the plants objectionable to them, and is worth trying. Arsenate of lead, 1 pound in 10 gallons of water or bordeaux mixture, may be used instead of the Paris green.

A GOOD HORSE STALL

We can safely judge a farmer from his stable. If when you go into a man's stable you see his horse standing in good, dry straw a foot deep in a roomy box stall, the hay chute arranged so that all the hay is eaten as it is pulled from the chute, a good, roomy feed box, one deep enough so that when a feed of chop is put in, the horse will not throw it all over before he eats it, you may know the owner is a good horse man.

In that kind of a stall you will not find any corn cobs mixed with the bedding; they are all gathered from the feed boxes and placed in a barrel and used for kindling.



There are other things by which we may judge as to the class in which a farmer belongs. If the farm dwellings and outbuildings are neatly painted, and the fences and gates in good repair, you will not see hay-stacks or straw-piles standing out all winter, or see this farmer husking out corn in April so as to get it out of the way for another crop.

It is the little things that make farming pay, and the little things make the losing game, too.

J. W. Griffin.

POULTRY NOTES.

A good remedy for feather-pulling hens is said to be a piece of tough meat or bone with lean meat clinging to it. They will pick at the meat instead of pulling feathers.

In setting hens, or in incubating artificially, the Minnesota Experiment station has found best results by selecting eggs of a uniform size, with smooth shell and as perfectly formed as possible.

Keep the brooder perfectly clean, and always feed the chicks in a clean place if you want them to live and thrive.

Keep goslings dry and moderately warm while "downy;" confine them in small, movable pens and change to fresh grass daily. For 36 to 48 hours give nothing but tender grass, then feed every 2 to 3 hours one-third corn meal, two-thirds shorts, wet up and squeezed almost dry; avoid sloppy food and feed sparingly. After a week give scalded cracked corn and a grass run.—Vincent M. Crouch.

ALFALFA NEEDS LIME.

We have found out a good many things about Alfalfa on our farm. Some of them may help you. No other forage crop requires so much lime in the soil as does Alfalfa. The young plants are very tender and are apt to be killed by weeds during their early stages of growth. Alfalfa is often killed by overflows from streams—a well-drained soil is essential. Well rotted barnyard manure is the most satisfactory fertilizer, as fresh manure is apt to carry too many weeds. The time of seeding Alfalfa varies, but late summer is usually best in the East and South, while spring is the time in the irrigated and semi-arid sections of the West, and also in the North. Better experiment on a small acreage first.—C. M. S.

NAME EACH COW.

Each cow should have a name, which should always be spoken when approaching her. This one point counts for much in the successful handling of a herd. Suppose the cows are slowly filing into the barn, and you see that Rose is about to go into the wrong stall, a quick call of "Rose!" will attract her attention, and she will forget that she was about to go to her neighbor's stall to steal a mouthful of her feed. If Rose when in the yard, is about to hook another member of the herd, and just at that moment hears her name called, she will forget what she was about to do. Again suppose the herd is slowly wending its way down the lane to the pasture, and someone has thoughtlessly left a side-gate open, leading into a grain field. Rose is in the lead; and, as you see her turning toward the open gate, a quick, sharp call of "Rose!" will exert a wonderful influence in bringing her back into line. It is by such methods that a herd can be gradually taught to do the right things, to save you many steps, and at the same time bring a larger return.

HINTS FOR THE DAIRYMAN.

The best thing for any dairying locality is the organization of cow test associations.

The animal that pays the best is bound to be in evidence as dairymen become better informed.

It is a mistake to suppose that a good cow of inferior breeding is qualified to drop a good calf.

Never feed hay, or sweep or in any way stir up dust just previous to milking time, for this will contribute to the introduction of bacteria, which contaminates and injures the quality of the milk.

Dirt always contains germs. Therefore wipe all dust from the cow's udder and flanks with a wet cloth before milking begins and see that no dirt has gained entrance to the milking pail.

Separate the cream while the milk is still warm and in cold weather first run hot water through the separator to warm it. Strain the milk into the separator through a wire gauze.

Breeds and Breeding of Farm Animals

By Dr. G. A. Roberts.

Most farmers could materially profit by breeding and raising more animals. Profitable in two ways: First, directly from the use or sale of such animals; and second, by maintaining and increasing the productivity of our soils. The increase in number of animals upon our farms should be made gradually, that we may accommodate ourselves and conditions to care for more. Such an increase would likely be made if we did more breeding and less buying of animals. Other people are making money in raising animals to sell to us, and why not produce more of them ourselves?

For most of us the profit will not be in raising of pure-bred live stock nor in the raising of scrubs, but will lie in the grading up of our animals. This consists in the using of pure-bred sire upon native scrub females. The offspring of such mating would be one-half blood of the breed of the sire. The next mating would then be between the female offspring of the first mating and that of a sire of the same breed as used before. This would yield offspring of three-quarters blood. Continuing this process till the fifth generation, the offspring would contain thirty-one thirty-seconds of pure blood. Animals so bred for several generations are called high grades, and while they are usually just as good individuals as if pure bred, the males should not be used for breeding purposes.

The reason for not using a grade, even a high grade, sire lies in the fact that the longer a strain of animals has been bred for definite characteristics the more certainty of animals of that strain transmitting, by laws of inheritance, those characteristics. On the other hand, the shorter the time of fixing those characteristics, as in grades, the less likelihood of transmitting them.

The sire should be selected largely with the view of fulfilling two requirements. First, he should be a good individual himself, a respresentative of the type desired. Second, he should come from a long line of meritorious ancestors—a pure bred. If the females on hand are somewhat undersize and it is desired to increase the size, as it should be in most cases, better results will usually be obtained by increasing gradually, therefore the extremes in size of male and female should not be too great, yet the usual fault to find is in the use of too small a sire.

There are several factors to be considered in determining what kind of animals —horses, cattle, sheep or swine—to raise, what type to select and what breed to choose. Unless breeding animals for our own use, necessarily one of the important factors will be that of market demand. A second factor concerns the conditions on the farm at the present, or possible changes, with reference to suitable buildings, the character of crops, the convenience to market, help, etc. Again, a third factor may be the fancy of the farmer in being partial to some breeds more than to others, and he is likely to make greater success in the raising of those he favors.

TURKEY HENS ARE TIMID.

The turkey hen is always anxious to lay her eggs where no one will find them, and sometimes those that lay early in the spring will steal their nests in some out-of-the-way place, where the owner will not find them until the first eggs laid are destroyed by the cold. This emphasizes the importance of watching the hens closely and locating the nests early. The eggs should be taken away after the hen has left the nest each day. Hard boiled duck eggs, or even large hens eggs, hard boiled should be put in their places to satisfy the layer.

It is not wise to go near these nests while the hens are on them, or to remove the eggs while the hens are in the vicinity. If they discover that the nests are found they are quite likely to steal others and abandon the first. When the hens become broody and settle down on the nests to stay, the fake eggs may be removed and their own eggs put back while they are away feeding.

HELPS IN THE ORCHARD.

In cultivating the orchard care should be taken to cover the ends of the whiffle-trees with leather or rubber, and high hames or other projections on the harness should be discarded to avoid barking the trunks and limbs of the trees.

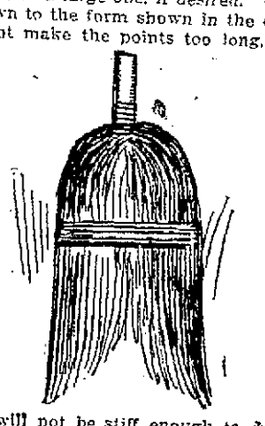
If a new peach, apricot or plum tree develops yellows or little peach, immediately remove and destroy it.

Care should be taken to remove all weeds, grass or other litter which might harbor mice. It is frequently advantageous to wrap the tree trunks with wire-netting, tar paper, or thin boards to protect them from mice or rabbits.

A muzzle upon the horse's nose will prevent many nipped limbs.

A CORNER CLEANER

Use for this purpose an old whisk broom, or a large one, if desired. Cut it down to the form shown in the cut. Do not make the points too long, or



they will not be stiff enough to drag out the dirt. This will be found handy in cleaning stairs, corners and other places which cannot be reached by a common broom.

FOR EARLY ONIONS

Much earlier and finer onions can be grown if sown in large boxes or a hot bed, and this kept moist and close on top till the strong young onions are transplanted to the garden. So many early onions are delayed, if not absolutely discouraged and ruined by the surface of the ground becoming crusted or hard from showers, when they are two inches or so high and weakly. All this is avoided by sowing thinly in large boxes or hot beds and resetting. This might not do for large amount of onions, but for the family, or early ones, it surely pays.

SPRING WORK WITH POULTRY.

You cannot raise good chickens from poor eggs. If you are satisfied with the mixed breeds, good, bad and indifferent, we can give you very little advice as to their management. If you propose to raise good chickens, fowls that will make a maximum of the greatest number of eggs, or produce the greatest pounds of meat, select your breed and then buy pure bred eggs. You can only get these by buying from breeders whose integrity is unquestioned and who are ready to guarantee that their eggs will produce birds true to type.

Insist upon having eggs from hens and not from young pullets. Eggs from a hen that is fully grown and matured will naturally produce more birds and stronger birds than eggs from pullets who are still in a state of growth.

Sometimes, it is true, that pullet eggs hatch out well, but they do not produce birds with the vigor and stamina that come from mature eggs. And you will find that the chicks from pullet eggs will be more subject to disease and more will die.

If you have a good breed and raise your own eggs, separate the best hens of your flock and select the best eggs from these. Never set an egg from a hen that is puny, or that has had a touch of disease at any time or that is in any way deformed, no matter how slightly.

Weeds in many cases have been blessings in disguise. They have taught us how to cultivate the soil and they never allow us to forget the lesson—"Solomon went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof."

LOOK TO YOUR TILE DRAINS.

To get the best service from our tile drains we must look to their activity several times each year, and especially so during the winter and spring season.

As much as one half the tile drains upon our farms right now are not giving good service for varied reasons and are surely not profitable to the owner in such condition.

On our farm our tile drains empty chiefly into large open ditches and creeks and are quite easily kept from clogging, yet with a little carelessness in neglecting some of them they may quickly become clogged and useless.

Along these open ditches and creeks we find various methods of clogging up our tile drain outlets employed, which we must look into carefully, during the spring season.

Some thoughtless hunter in quest of rabbit plugged a chunk of wood in to the drain in order to keep his game from entering and left the outlet clogged. Then we find that musk rats working along the open ditches have dragged ears of maize, grass and stalks into some of the outlets for nesting purposes.

With us we carry an iron rod with hook shaped upon one end and drag this foreign material from the tiles. Freshets often wash away some of the tiles, and often undermine the bank causing heavy sods to drop down completely burying our outlet, our only recourse being to shove this obstruction away, while other outlets with freezing and thawing have become clogged up from silt washing down, causing the water to be forced upward before emptying from the drain thus backing up water, making the drain inefficient.

We find this trouble mostly where short drains exist or those with little grade, lying dormant much of the time. We find it time well spent to go over our outlets several times each season.

Then back in the fields we can in the spring time spend some time profitably taking note of the operation of our drains, whether they are collecting and discharging the water from the soil in a proper manner.

One instance we found where the drain ceased to operate sixty rods back into the field from the outlet. We dug down and there lay two large muskrats completely clogging the drains above. In another instance we found where a crawfish crawling up a drain found a fissure large enough to work his way through, and in doing so clogged the drain full of stiff clay at that point.

This latter work can be profitably done when the frost is leaving the soil.—Geo. M. Brown.

Clay is called a heavy soil and sand a light soil. This does not refer to weight, however. Light and heavy as applied to soils are terms which refer to the ease or difficulty with which they can be plowed or cultivated.

Texas ranks sixth in the lumber industry of the United States and second in the production of yellow pine.

LOST HER HAT

While visiting an uncle, a farmer in New Jersey, a young lady from New York City had an experience which caused hysterics. Sauntering along the lane leading to church one bright Sunday morning, taking pardonable pride in her huge chanticler hat, a big chicken hawk spied it and after circling around the horizon once or twice, made a dive for it. His

claws were firmly fastened in the hat, and in spite of the girl's screams and her efforts to drive him away, he succeeded in tearing it loose from its fastenings of hatpins, and when last seen, was sailing away across the river.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD ROADS.

The value of good roads is often not appreciated by the farmers as much as it should be. Of course the burden of making better roads falls directely on them, which is another side to the problem. The average cost of hauling a ton one mile on the ordinary country roads is $.25, while the average price of hauling one ton one mile on the railroads is 3-4 of 1c. In other words, the cost of hauling is 33 times as much with teams and wagon as with steam. This has been accomplished by a number of factors. Some of these can be and must be considered in making good roads, that is, to have a good hard road bed and to eliminate grades. The railroads do not as a rule have a grade of more than 3 per cent, some of them have adopted 2 per cent as the maximum grade. Two per cent would mean a rise of 2 feet in a 100 feet.—W. C. Palmer.

THE CARE OF LAMBS.

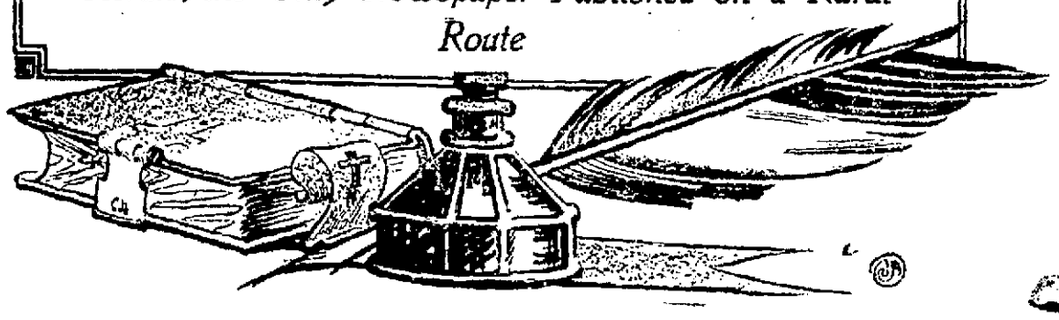
At eight to ten days of age lambs will begin to eat. At that time a creep should be built which will give them access to a feed box containing grain and a trough with hay. Box, trough and feed should always be kept sweet and clean.

A good grain ration for lambs is made as follows: Mix one third part of oilmeal with one part each of bran, oats and fine corn meal. Red alfalfa hay or the second cutting of alfalfa hay are the most desirable form of roughage. Of the two alfalfa is to be much preferred.

When the chicks can get away from it at will, plenty of heat under the hover is a good thing.

YE EDITOR'S TRIALS OUT IN INDIANA

THE Rev. F. Wilson Kaler, Preacher, Apiarist and Publisher of the Unique Four County Herald, the Only Newspaper Published on a Rural Route



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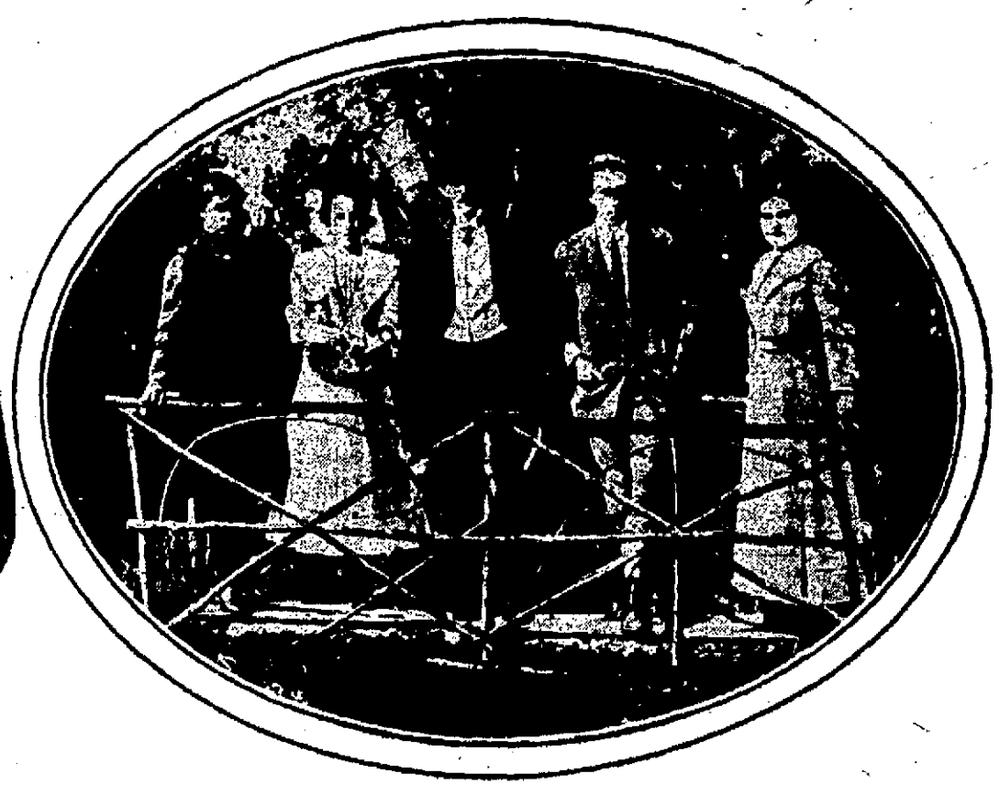
"OWING to the fact that ye editor is conducting a religious revival at Bulltown at this writing and meeting with a large measure of success, having got two converts right off, there will not be any issues of the FOUR COUNTY HERALD for a spell, and we graciously ask the indulgence of our readers.

"Herald Square" in Andersonville, Indiana.

Rev. F. Wilson Kaler, the "Editor Preacher"



Mr. Kaler and Family

Somebody started the report around here that we had suspended publication for all time—but we believe the wish that we had was father to the thought—and we can assure our subscribers, one and all, that such is not the case, by any means. We believe our present occupation is a worthy one and that the better class of citizens are with us. We will put a stop to all uneasiness in a few weeks, when the revival is over, and will burn the midnight oil but what we get out a better paper than ever before. At the expiration of subscriptions, as many issues as we miss, will be added on free of charge, so you see nobody is really out anything on the deal."

This announcement recently appeared on the editorial pages of the Four County Herald, a unique Indiana weekly newspaper, which boasts among other distinctions, of being the only newspaper in the United States published on a rural route. The Rev. Mr. F. Wilson Kaler is responsible for the publication. Besides gathering all the news which appears in the four page weekly, the Rev. Mr. Kaler sets up the type and prints the paper on a crude printing press he contrived himself, part of which consists of an old fashioned tombstone that saw service for many years on the sloping hill of a country graveyard. Filling the pulpit and filling the columns of the newspaper are only a few things which the editor-preacher does. For a livelihood he raises honey. That is, he is a highly successful apiarist and tends a large colony of bees during his spare hours, if any part of his life can so be designated.

Snugly nestled among the hills of Indiana there is a group of houses at the intersection of two crossroads which divide four counties, Decatur, Rush, Fayette and Franklin. It is this quaint locale that the Rev. Mr. Kaler has succeeded in bringing out of the tall grass of oblivion. For more than fifteen years he has published the Herald, struggling against the greatest odds imaginable. His peculiar style of writing has not only attracted the attention of the State press from time to time, but frequently the metropolitan newspapers have gleaned material from his paper to which they added facetious comment. For "Editor Kaler" writes with a free hand, courageously and fearlessly, "calling a spade a spade." This principle is boldly announced in a display line that stretches across the top of the front page of the Herald, which reads:—"Hew to the line and let the chips fall where they're a mind to." It is an interesting brand of English that he uses, "as she is spoke" in those parts among the hill folk.

Time was when the place was known to local fame as Andersonville. But that was when they had a Post Office there and were entitled to a name. With the introduction of a network of rural routes the little Post Office was abolished. But do not think Uncle Sam did not hear from "Editor Kaler" on this score. Indeed, scathing editorials denouncing the government appeared week after week and marked copies of the papers were forwarded to Washington. But the ways at the nation's capital are peculiar—and have a way about them of being final—so it was a losing fight for the disconsolate editor.

Imagine the chagrin and extreme humiliation he was subjected to in being obliged to print along with his date line "Rural Route No. 18" in the very same place that every other newspaper in the country uses the name of a town or city. The Rev. Mr. Kaler is a stanch republican, but he nearly lost his political faith at that stirring time.

The editor-preacher was not out of his teens when he began to assemble material for his printing office. He gathered the "sweepings" from several newspaper offices in the nearby county seats, in which were sorts of type and leads. The first money he saved as a boy was spent in purchasing a case of type containing one font. In a deserted cemetery near the settlement he found an old flat tombstone, which he carted off to a little building his father had erected for him to be used as a playhouse. The tombstone was the foundation of his business, and withal the foundation of "Herald Square," in Andersonville, Indiana.

The stone was then mounted on a crudely built platform about two feet in height, which served as the bed for a printing press. Next a small tree was sawed down and from the trunk the ingenious young man cut a log four feet long, which he padded and covered with canvas to be used as a roller for the press. At the local blacksmith shop he directed the making of a crude iron chase, a square frame the size of a newspaper sheet, used in printing establishments to place the type after it is set up and arranged in the form of a page.

His First Publication.

With these essentials at hand the young editor set about to get out his first publication. The iron chase was laid on the tombstone, and when the centre was filled with type it was held secure with small blocks of wood. From a discarded piece of printing press roller, made of rubber composition, young Kaler fashioned a small roller, which he used in inking the type on the form. Then he laid a blank piece of paper on the type and rolled the padded log over the top. The result was a somewhat blurred but still readable page of printed matter. In this manner the first issue of the Four County Herald "saw the light of day" and brought a thrill of delight to the proud sponsor.

The Rev. Mr. Kaler still uses that old printing press, but he has added many improvements during the many years of its service. His office equipment, too, in the way of more type for advertisements and news matter, has been increased from time to time. But most of the "sweepings" he collected when he began publication are still scattered through the type cases and occasionally appear along with the "bought" type. It is not an uncommon thing to be treated to a display of five or six varieties of type (including German "caps" and Roman italics) in the one line of news matter in the Herald. As the editor-preacher never installed a proofpress, it is superfluous to add that innumerable and highly ludicrous mistakes, such as an entire row of type upside down, words misspelled and errors of omission, creep into the otherwise dignified columns.

Circulation and advertising—the two mainsprings of every successful newspaper—were the two last things considered by the Rev. Mr. Kaler when he began publication. With him the first and evidently the only thing in mind was the anticipated joy of seeing a real-for-sure newspaper born of his labors; possibly the same brand of a thrill experienced by the bride wife on making her first loaf of bread.

The Herald started with just twenty bona fide "paid-up" subscribers on the office list. The young editor lost money on every issue, besides much time. But persistency marked his efforts, and, fortunately, time meant but little to him, for it was the one thing above all others that he could afford to sacrifice. He was intent on becoming a power and wielding a big influence throughout the little community by the medium of his newspaper. He was willing to walk in bare feet over the thorny path of endeavor as long as there was a hope of reaching the velvety, easygoing incline—the primrose path.

His neighbors began to take him seriously—and incidentally take his paper; he was the happiest of men. He could descend upon the country store forum at any hour and hear the "boys" discussing and "cussin'" the brain-children that sprang into the columns of the Herald from his pen. Not from his pen, however, if one desires to state the truth accurately, for rarely did he write an article. Fact is, he would go among his neighbors with a sort of dignified, clerical air, which plainly said:—

"Peace be with you—what do you know to-day?"

Then, on learning of something he considered of news value, he would stroll back to his little office, mount a high stool at his case and soon reduce his thoughts into cold type. He never made notes of projected stories.

When there was an editorial of great import to be given to his readers he would set aside part of a certain night to do that work, alone in his workshop-editorial sanctum, free from the interruptions of the "town loafers." Many times he labored far into the night on editorials of vast moment, such as, "Why Don't Our Road Supervisor Put Gravel on the Pinhook Turnpike Same as He Has Done on the Lower Grassyard Road? Taxpayers, There Is a Nigger in the Woodpile Somewhere."

Fearlessly ye editor would then proceed to point out that said supervisor lived "beyond" the Pinhook turnpike, and also that he had a married son and a brother-in-law living down that way.

In setting up the type for editorials and news matter, if the editor-preacher ever desired to make a change once he had the matter in type he could not "cross it out" after the fashion of the eager copy reader of the metropolitan daily with a big blue pencil, but he was obliged to throw all the type back in the case and "begin all over." And this meant a lot of time and previous labor lost and more kerosene for the big hanging lamp in his office. So, often after realizing that he had made a blunder or that he desired to change the tone of a news article or editorial, rather than lose time he would let the type stand and print it in the Herald against his better judgment. Such circumstances often resulted in bringing trouble down upon him and forced the publication of many retractions in subsequent issues.

Needless to say, the Rev. Mr. Kaler soon became the most talked of man for miles around. His friends were proud of him and declared he was doing a great work; his enemies—the kind that springs up in the wake of every aggressive man—said he should "stick to the preacher business and stop meddling in other people's affairs," while his wife implored him to give more attention to the now neglected stands of bees which were bringing them in their only source of revenue.

The circulation of the Herald grew by leaps and bounds, that is considering the sparsely settled and inhabited hilly country where it was received. There are more than seven hundred subscribers now on the "revised subscription list," and advertisements crowd from ten to twenty columns in every issue. The Rev. Mr. Kaler has made a success of his undertaking and has made "Herald Square" in Andersonville the most prominent point in the four counties that join each other in that locality.

Making His Influence Felt.

The editor-preacher has made his influence felt time and again. Was he not responsible for the installation of the horse watering trough at the crossroads, to say nothing of the fifteen street lights that blaze nightly in Andersonville? And the farmers have repeatedly risen up and called him blessed because he insisted on the County Commissioners putting in new iron chains in the hitch rack back of Morgan's general store.

It can be said in truth that the Rev. Mr. Kaler is at once a wag, poet, essayist, humorist and moralist, and his readers reap the benefit of his wide versatility. When a prominent citizen succumbs, for instance, every subscriber knows that in the next issue of the Herald, in addition to the usual obituary, will appear six or eight original verses with a tear in every line. Then, again, following a joyful occasion, such as a watermelon frolic or strawberry festival in the front yard of the Hardshell Baptist Church, verses of a highly humorous nature are sure to appear. Inspiration also comes to the editor-preacher at such times as the birth of twins in the community, the wedding of an elderly couple, defeat of the local horseshoe pitching squad, the chasing of a stray pig through the village streets and like occasions.

What he has repeatedly described as his "favorite poem" is one he wrote several years ago. It is entitled "The Local Slop" and has to do with the troubles of a countryman riding through an unknown part of Indiana on an interurban car. He has reprinted the verses on request several times, each succeeding time putting them in larger type and in a more prominent position in the Herald.

The Rev. Mr. Kaler has often declared through his paper and from the pulpit and he believed the power of the press was a greater influence than that wielded from the pulpit. The argument in his own words was:—

"There is just a certain element that go to church. Most of them are good anyway. But everybody, nearly, reads the newspapers, and by these mediums you can reach folks that need the most help and the very ones you can't reach any other way."

The editor-preacher makes a practice of visiting a majority of his subscribers in their homes and stores. It is in this manner that he gathers his news. If a horse or cow dies in the community the Rev. Mr. Kaler hurries to the scene and gathers "mental data" for a minute and graphic account to be published in the Herald. In cases of loss by death or fire he invariably suggests a plan for assisting an unfortunate neighbor. In short, the Herald has brought the people around Andersonville close together and made of them one great family. The weekly perusal of the Herald amounts to the same thing as the general discussion, in confidence, which the average family indulges in at the evening meal. Faults are pointed out to some and praise given to those deemed worthy, but the whole is always tempered with a general tone of charity.

For several years now the Rev. Mr. Kaler has been assisted occasionally by his wife and daughter. His wife can set type faster—and a deal more accurately—than the editor himself. His daughter Nora, who is thirteen years old, often assists him in printing the papers.

But he does not call upon them unless he is pressed for time in his ministerial capacity. Since they live in a little cottage hard by the Herald office they often prove a most desirable convenience. It is not uncommon for the neighbors to see the soiled aproned Rev. Mr. Kaler appear at the door of his office and hear him call out to his wife:—

"Sarah, oh, Sarah!"

"Yes," comes the reply, as a window goes up in the house.

"Can you come over a little while and set up five or six small items for the fourth page? I should like to go to press this morning."

"What are they about, Parson?" asks the wife as she hurries to his side.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Can't you think of something to fill out? Let's see. I'll tell you. Might make two or three lines about Aunty Mirandy Smiley still being on the sick list, with no change in her condition. Oh yes, I knew there was something I was forgetting. There's Orange Felt's new barn. I almost clean forgot about that. That would never do, for Orange would be mad as a wet hen and like as not cancel his subscription."

Thus it often occurs that many people owe their newspaper prominence in that locality to the "extra licks" contributed by the faithful wife, who deserts her household duties that the Herald may get to press on time.

But it does not always get out on time. On such occasions as the County Fair, Fourth of July celebrations, State ministerial conventions at Indianapolis or a revival the editor-preacher merely suspends publication and explains the next time he issues a paper. While it is always a disappointment to his readers to miss a single issue, they seldom complain. They feel that they are signally blessed in having in such a small community any kind of newspaper, regardless of its shortcomings and irregularity. Hence they are ever ready to grant the Rev. Mr. Kaler the sacred privilege of omitting a number or two occasionally, if he so desires, without subjecting him to unfavorable criticism.

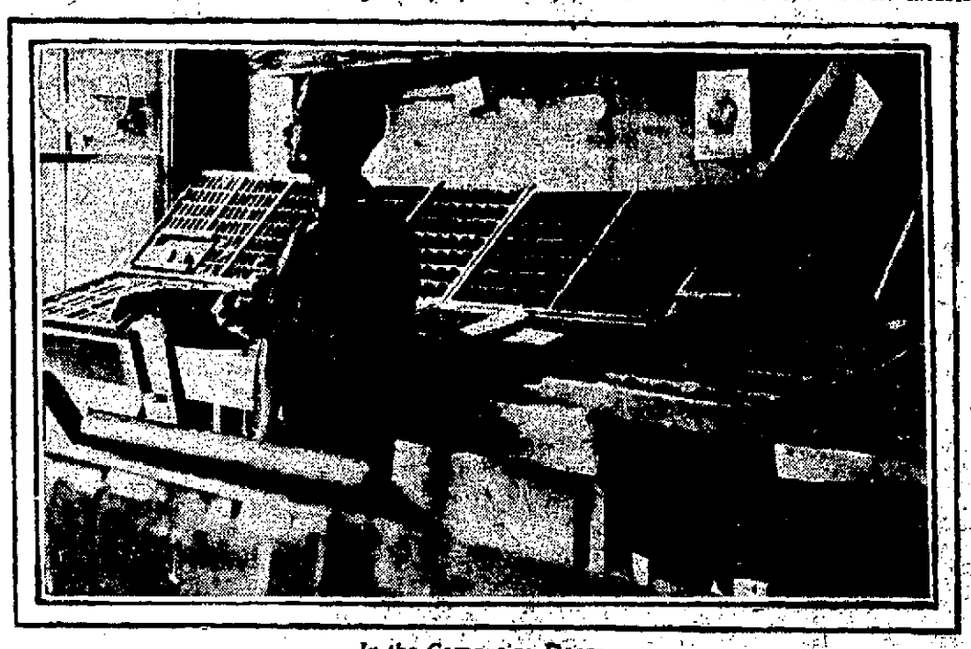
An Editorial Apology.

For instance, last winter he failed to publish the Herald one week, as he devoted five days to assisting the local druggist to cut ice from the creek and help store it away in sawdust for summer consumption. His apology, which appeared the following week, read:—

"Last week we helped Rayme Hargrove put up ice. Nobody can kick on that, even if we didn't get out a paper. Because next summer it will be fine to drop in on Rayme some fine hot day and have a dish of his cooling, inimitable ice cream. You can thank us, girls, next summer for part of that ice cream your fellows buy you Sunday evenings after church. We helped kill the bear, we did. Ha! ha!"

For the most part the columns of the Herald are filled with small news items of local interest. News of the outside world is considered of such little significance that it is absolutely ignored. But if an Andersonville resident visits a next door neighbor it is liable to find its way into print. If a man goes hunting, paints his buggy or discharges a farmhand it is all duly chronicled in the Herald. The Rev. Mr. Kaler places a value of his own upon news matter.

"When I go out to gather matter for the Herald," he says, "I don't look for news, I look for excuses. Just any old excuse for putting a person's name in the paper. They all like to see it, and to this I attribute my success."



In the Composing Room.

Whenever the only physician in Andersonville reports a birth or the illness of one of his patients his name always appears with the news item. Some of the characteristic items which have appeared in the Herald recently follow:—

"Pi King was sick on the east side last week."

"Born to Dutch Epsweiler and wife this week, a ten pound boy—a little republican. Reported by Dr. Metcalf. It pays to be an officer, don't it, Dutch and Fatty?"

"Harry Miller and his best girl were at Pinhook attending church last Sunday night. He drove her home."

"Fred and Ray Cooner were in town one day this week having some blacksmithing done."

"Joe Pike passed through Wed. en route to Glenwood to have a horse shod."

"Sallie Lewis and Irene Stevens kept house for Dr. Metcalf while his frau was visiting in the city. Doc likes good cooking, eh, doc?"

"Ye editor will preach at Bulltown next Lordsday, morn and eve. All are welcome. Come."

For of such is the little kingdom ruled by the editor-preacher. His is the typical country newspaper, an institution which is fast passing out with the introduction of modern machinery at a small cost. Out of his almost inadequate and crudely arranged printing establishment he has preached the gospel of righteousness for many years now, moulding the sentiment of the community and directing every progressive move they have made since he entered the arena battling for public benefactions.

The Rev. Mr. Kaler is not content with being the busiest man in that "neck of the woods," for hardly a month passes that he does not seek additional labor in other avenues than the ones that now engage him during his waking hours. He is forever taking up the agency of some newly patented articles, besides, he carries a full line of both fire and life insurance. Not long ago he took a dip in politics and was nominated for State Assemblyman. The campaign cost him quite a sum of money, not to speak of the dozen or more issues of the Herald he missed publishing. And in the end he was defeated. He has quit the political game forever, he says, but philosophically adds that it was a valued experience. Another thing that consumes a great deal of his time is his religious attendance at lodge meetings. He is what the countrymen call a "joiner," for he belongs to six lodges. In most of these organizations he fills an office, which requires his presence at a dozen or more meetings every month. But the Rev. Mr. Kaler says belonging to lodges is part of an editor's life, for it is at these gatherings that he often gets some of his best news.

Despite any shortcomings of the quaint editor-preacher, or his publication, the folk around Andersonville are always ready to swear by him. They admire him, they respect him, they fear him and they love him. Of one thing they are sure, no sinister motive ever prompts him to take a position contrary to honest judgment. The sincerity of his stand on any question is never doubted, for during all the years he has conducted the Herald he has faithfully lived up to his motto:—

"Hew to the line and let the chips fall where they're a mind to."

a Page for Misses

ATTRACTIVE NOVELTIES FOR THE FIVE O'CLOCK TEA TABLE

EVERY girl nowadays longs to have a particularly attractive tea table whose furnishings shall be as charming as those of all the other tea tables with which she is familiar, and from which shall be served unusually delicious refreshments of the sort which school girls particularly like. Sometimes girls who have noticed only the tea tables of their well to do friends are apt to imagine that a tea table must necessarily be a matter of great expense, far beoynd the possibilities of the average girl's allowance, and so they despair of setting up their own tea tables.

This is a very erroneous notion, as most charming tea tables can be arranged with the expenditure of very little money if care be taken to select the china and other equipment so that everything harmonizes and a general effect that is both pleasing and interesting is obtained. Of course, a Chippendale table, rare old bits of hand carved silver, exquisite cups of valuable Dresden and hand wrought linen from the French convents, webs of delicate filigree spun with thread, are delightful if they are possible, but where they are not there are other furnishings to be had that are quaint and charming, and that any girls who look around in out of the way shops will be sure to stumble upon.

The prettiest tea tables are always low, and they should not be too small, as there is really quite a little room needed to accommodate all the china that is necessary at times. If the table that is at the disposal of a girl for her tea table is not quite low the legs should be cut down provided the table is not too valuable a piece of furniture to be treated in this manner. If it is then the girl should try to get some member of the family to exchange with her, so that she can have a comfortable looking tea table.

JUST at present there is a fad for using tea cloths wrought with cross-stitch in colors, and as this style of embroidery does not take a great while to accomplish, the girl who is fond of needlework may soon turn out a most attractive cloth made of Russian linen and wrought in colors to harmonize with the rest of her room. Many girls, however, prefer an all white cloth, which may be worked in blind embroidery or trimmed with filet or Cluny lace. These cloths may be exquisite pieces of hand work if there is no lack of time or money; simpler cloths do quite as well, however, provided they are of fine material and well laundered.

For those who do not use cloths, but prefer to have a tea tray covered with glass, there are fascinating new willow framed trays beneath the heavy glass of which are seen charming cross stitch embroideries. The colors used are old fashioned shades of green, red, dull pink and blue and the designs are flowers in stiff nosegays, garlands, &c., and quaint figures of animals, boys and girls in old fashioned clothes, stiff trees and queer wooden looking birds. These cross stitch patterns for trays have taken the place of the sampler designs and the cretonne and Oriental designs which have been so popular.

It is a good plan to have the linen, china and silver used on a tea table in harmony as far as possible. One girl who has a most attractive tea table has chosen to furnish it in Hungarian designs. The cloth has Hungarian embroidery and the china is all of the oddly shaped, bright colored Hungarian ware. Another successful tea outfit is completely made up of Holland Dutch silver, china and linen. A charming tea table which has been furnished by two sisters who are still at school is all in ivory colored ware bought at the Japanese shops. There is an exquisite carved ivory tea caddy to complete the equipment, but this, of course, is a decidedly luxurious touch, and the color effect can be obtained just as well by an ivory china tea caddy. Either brass, silver or pewter is beautiful with this ivory china. If the girl who wishes to have silver finds that the silver pieces which she needs are too expensive she will be able to find beautiful pewter pieces which are perhaps even handsomer than the silver. Some of the old Dutch patterns in silver have been recently copied in pewter and the result is most satisfactory.

IN certain rooms where delicate colors predominate pink and white tea tables are most attractive, and this combination of colors always seems particularly suitable for a girl's tea table. There are really few more delightful tea tables than those furnished with pink china, tall pink candlesticks and old fashioned silver. Pale blue is also sometimes used, but it is not so pretty as the pink and it does not look so well when it is lighted. If blue is desired most girls have found that the deeper shades are better. Yellow china is most attractive, especially when used with white or ivory candles. The plain pale green china is also a favorite among girls, and where the room will permit it the red Japanese china is very handsome. As a rule girls prefer to have their china either of the simpler flowered patterns or the plain light colors. The extremely handsome gold decorated china is not so popular for the girl's tea table.

There should always be flowers on the tea table, but this doesn't mean at all a vast outlay of money such as is usually conjured up in the mind by the suggestion of flowers in cold weather. The Japanese have taught us how effective a single flower or branch may be, and there is nothing prettier for a tea table than a tall, clear glass vase, perfectly straight and slender, in which one rose or a flowering plant has been placed. Clear glass jars or bowls set in basketry frames are beautiful for the tea table bouquet. If the tea table is furnished in beautiful old fashioned china and silver it is very lovely to have a nosegay of roses and forget-me-nots in an old fashioned vase. Baskets of flowers are also delightful, and, if one likes, instead of having the vase on the table one may have a wall vase filled with flowers just above it. Sometimes it is prettier to have the color of the china emphasized by the flowers used, and again there are tea tables which look their best when decorated with a contrasting flower.

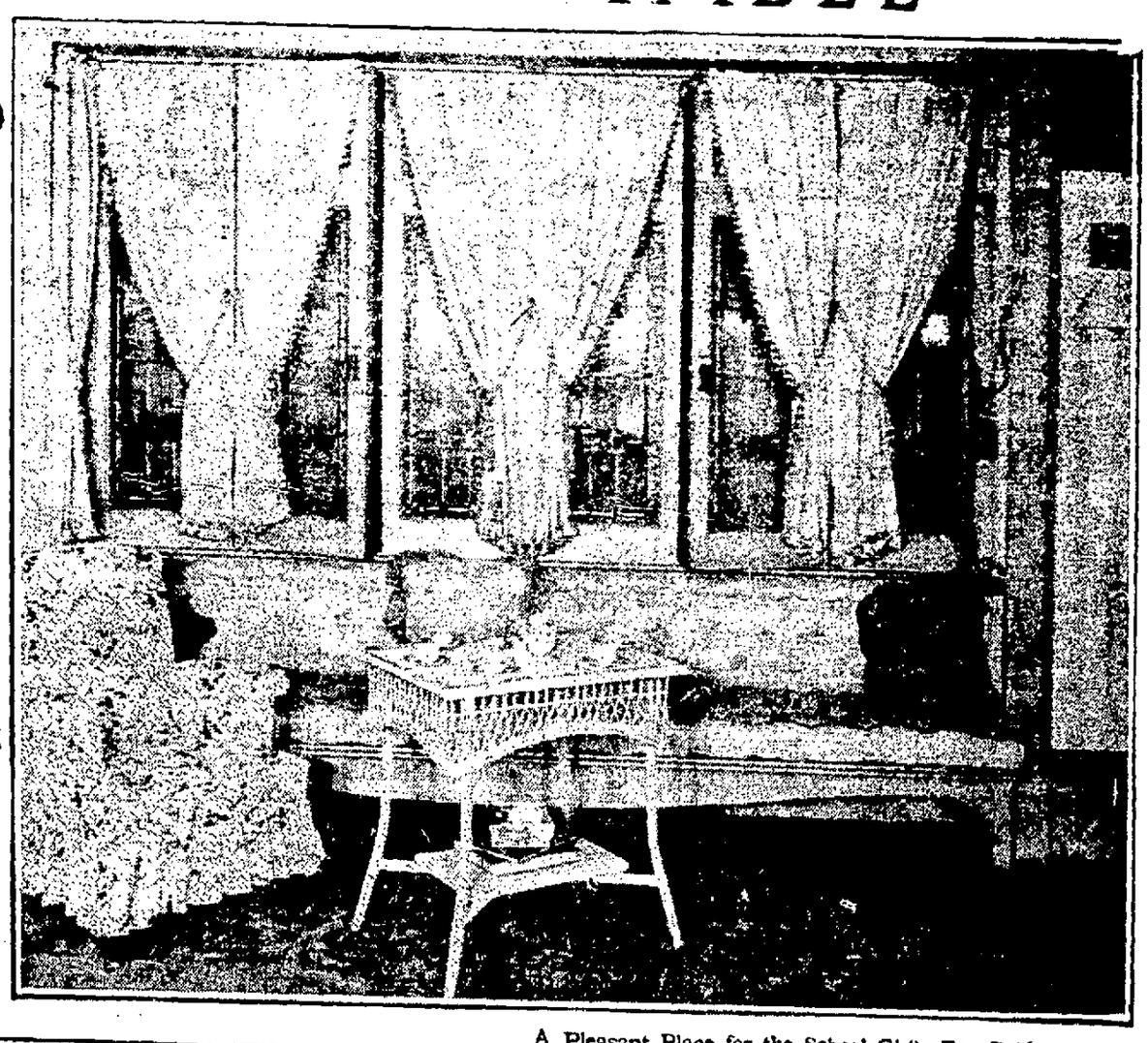
A pink and white tea table can hardly have a prettier flower decoration than a pink rose or a cluster of carnations in the same color. Pink and white tulips also look best on a pink and white tea table. A branch of lilac in either white or lavender or a pot of primroses add a delicate note of color to a pink and white tea table also. The yellow tea table may flourish daffodils now that the daffodil season is here, and the lavender flowers or violets look beautiful on the yellow tea table, as do all white flowers. For the ivory tea table there is the American Beauty rose particularly, and almost any flowers except the white ones, for a touch of color is needed on the ivory tea table. Being particular about one's flowers harmonizing isn't at all a waste of time and thought. It is these details that count in creating any object of beauty, even to a tea table, and a flower that isn't the right flower may detract exceedingly from the beauty of the most perfect ensemble.

GIRLS who want their tea tables to be popular with their friends always try to have some special things to serve to their guests which are not to be had everywhere. One girl has received the warmest and most sincere congratulations from her friends this winter because her tea table has been constantly furnished with a particularly delicious cooky, which she herself makes so perfectly that her chums declare it is better than any cake they can buy. Another girl makes a point of always having something unusual on her tea table. She explores foreign shops for extraordinary confections of all sorts. The Japanese and Chinese bakers have supplied her with a variety of remarkable and in some cases rather good tea cakes and sweets. The Italian shops have also been called upon to render tribute to this girl's tea table, and indeed so valiantly has she kept up her search for unusual eatables that not a week has gone by since the season began without bringing to her table something which most of her friends had never tasted before.

Particularly fine candied grape fruit has been the attraction of one very popular girl's tea table this winter, and another has always had on hand some very good wafers made of chocolate and ginger. There are so many small shops nowadays which make a specialty of certain particularly good wafers and cakes and there are so many novelties of this sort being constantly put on the market that a girl who wishes to take the trouble will have no difficulty at all in always finding something very new and very good to serve with the afternoon tea and chocolate.

One thing that one should not overlook when one is arranging a tea table is the proper disposition of the table and the chairs about it. A tea table should exude suggestions of comfort from every side, and unless it does so it is a miserable failure. It should occupy an out of the way corner which looks as if it were especially meant to hold it, and around it there should be comfortable chairs which positively entreat the guests to linger for another cup. Then, above all things, it should look as if it were constantly used, not as if it were merely an ornament called into use on rare occasions. If the tea table is of this comfortable sort it will breathe a generous hospitality upon all who come within the sphere of its dainty and potent influence.

An Attractive Tea Corner.



A Pleasant Place for the School Girl's Tea Table.

There Should Always Be a Large Chair Near the Tea Table.

Smart Gloves and Their Care

QUITE the smartest thing in gloves for afternoon, whether the gown be cloth or velvet, is a light tan. For evening white kid is still firm in its old place, but darker gloves are now decreed for the daytime. Only a girl who must furnish her own gloves from her allowance will realize what a boon this is, for, apart from the fact that to have her white gloves cleaned after every wearing was such a large item of expense, there was also the result that from such frequent cleaning the gloves wore out in a distressingly short time. Even if she cleaned them herself they would wear out almost as quickly, and only one who must save her pennies by cleaning her own kid gloves knows how very unpleasant a piece of work this is, and, with the necessary tending of the hands afterward, how many hours in a day can be spent at this task.

When tan gloves first came in again for afternoon only suède was worn, but now the smooth leather, which is so much pleasanter to wear and lasts so much longer, is equally in favor. Long gloves for elbow sleeves, as well as the short gloves, are fashionable in the different shades of tan, but long dark brown gloves will not look smart, for they are appropriate with an elaborate waist, and only elaborate gowns have short sleeves this season. Even with a dark brown cloth or corduroy gown gloves of the palest shade of tan are worn, but with a street dress in the morning the heavy dogskin and pigskin gloves are of a darker tone than usual.

The exact shade for a tan glove must naturally be determined principally by the color of the costume which it complements, and the shades to be had are graded in color from palest coffee to deep ecru, with every tone of corn color, mustard, yellow, gold, champagne and a score of others in between. There is no color of which a gown can be built with which none of the soft tan tones will not harmonize and look better than hard white. White gloves, of course, may look attractively trim and neat when first put on, but ten minutes later will have lost their beautiful whiteness, and even dark brown will look better with the lightest shade of costume than soiled white. Black gloves are smart only in mourning and must never be worn with anything but black. With a street costume, no matter how dark a shade, there will be some tone of brown leather or gray suède or castor that will look better than black.

White and yellow wash gloves will be worn straight through the spring with all morning costumes, and while these gloves soil too quickly to give any comfort when a muff is carried, they are altogether the best for warm weather, and they are certainly the most practical of all light gloves.

In cleaning gloves it will be found a great saving of labor to soak them first for a few hours in a bowl of kerosene, from which they should be placed directly into another bowl of naphtha. The kerosene helps to remove the stains and softens the leather, while the naphtha then removes the grease of the oil. Gloves should never be cleaned in a room lighted at night by gas, for the fumes of the fluid have been known to remain in a room some hours after the naphtha itself has been taken away and disastrous fires have resulted. The gloves while soaking should be kept outside the window and should always be cleaned in the morning, so that the room can be well aired before dark, when the lights in the house are lit. If the gloves are left to soak over night in their bowl of naphtha they will clean much more easily. Steam heat will evaporate the odor of naphtha in a wonderfully short time, and gloves that can be placed upon a steam radiator will never have the disagreeable smell that often makes cleaned gloves so unpleasant to wear.

DAINTY FANS.

THIS is a fan season, but as the pretty, coquettish little feminine toys are of infinite variety and price every girl may have one. Daintiest of all for dances are the fans of spangled gauze edged with princess lace, mounted upon mother of pearl and slung from the bracelet by chains of gold. These are expensive, but not quite so much so as those with spreads of duchess or point lace on pearl sticks or of hand painted satin supported on ivory.

Sandal wood is employed with the gold pailletted gauze fans, which are of every imaginable color, and with those of chiffon, edged with lace and powdered with gold dust. The girl whose mother, aunts and grandmothers thriftily preserved their fan mountings of carved ivory, old sandal wood, lacquer, pearl, or perchance jewel set ebony, may have the remnants of the spreads carefully cut away and replaced with some filmy material.

A handkerchief or bertha of ancient lace, torn or discolored past using in its original state, may be made to serve this purpose, or, if the sticks are rather massive, a bit of old brocade, silver or gold embroidered, will answer perfectly.

A collection of white ostrich plumes which have grown thin with usage and many curlings may be worked over into a fan made entirely of feathers or cut up into a bordering for a spread of silk or gauze.

Interesting Suggestion for Girls Fond of Sewing

MOTOR bonnets are so exceedingly simple nowadays that any girl may have a variety of them at a minimum of expense. The whole art consists in getting the correct shape known as the peasant cap and keeping strictly to its lines. This bonnet is designed to stay on the head firmly, as well as to protect the hair from dust, for it fits closely about the forehead and at the nape of the neck. Incidentally, it is wonderfully becoming to a youthful face.

To make the peasant bonnet take a quarter-yard wide strip of material and measure from below one ear lobe straight across the top of the head to below the other ear lobe. Next cut a half circle of about four inches circumference and into its diameter shirr one long side of the straight piece. These proportions are about right for a girl with an ordinarily sized coiffure, but for one with an abnormal amount of hair the strip of silk, satin, mohair or whatever material is selected, must be wider and the half circle slightly larger.

The front edge of the straight strip is then hand hemmed on to a staying band, while the side edges and the straight half of the circle are shirred into a second staying band, which merges in strings. With these peasant bonnets are worn three-yard square veils of chiffon broadly hemmed all round and heavily weighted at each corner. Otherwise they might blow away, since they are merely swathed about the cap, not pinned to it.

Motor bonnets intended solely for short runs out of town and which may be worn during a luncheon in the suburbs or at a country club are bewitching affairs of lace, silk and ribbon. They have rather flat but very full Charlotte Corday crowns, which are shirred on to a band of wide elastic accurately fitted around the crown of the head. Over this elastic is set a deep, full frill of plaited lace or net, which makes a pretty frame for the face; the joining of the crown and brim is concealed under a twist of silk or velvet ribbon terminating in a four looped bow at the left front. This bonnet perfectly protects the hair and is easily kept in place with the aid of a weighted veil.

Motor bonnets of mob cap shape do not protect the hair quite so well as the peasant and Corday types, but they have the compensating quality of being vastly becoming. A circle of fully a half yard circumference should be cut from whatever material is selected and its back and side portion stitched plainly upon a staying band, leaving all the excess fulness to be plaited into the front, first making sure that the straight band is long enough to permit the cap to be drawn well down over the head.

The lace which trims this mob bonnet should be put on as a border rather than as a frill, merely held loosely instead of gathered, and it should be headed with a wide heading run with narrow ribbon matching the big butterfly bow tied exactly above the brow. Like the Corday bonnet, this mob cap type of motoring headgear is designed only for occasions when the objective point is some place where other than motorists are likely to congregate and where a severe bonnet would render the wearer of it conspicuous.

WHILE it is seldom advisable to buy simply because the article is cheap, still it is well to keep one eyes open these days on a tour through the shops, for often there can be picked up for a very small sum indeed, a bit of lace that is just what is wanted for a collar, or a half yard of effective ribbon that is just what is needed for a new work bag. From the smallest remnant of brocade or silk it is possible to buy can be made several folding pin or jewel cases for travelling that make most attractive gifts or prizes, and incidentally are a decided addition to one's own possessions.

From an eighth of a yard of brocade can be fashioned anywhere from six to a dozen pin cases, according to the width of the material. The case should be about four by six inches in measurement, although these cases are seen in different sizes, so that almost any small scrap of material could be utilized for this purpose.

The brocade is lined with some soft, fairly heavy white silk, unless, perhaps, chamois is preferred, and then interlined with a single thickness of cotton wadding, perfumed delicately with the new cyclamen. The cotton and the white inner side are first basted together and then sewn to the outside piece. Next the three materials are bound with a single piece of dull gold or silver braid. In the centre of the whole piece, on the outside, is then stitched a gold cord formed by twisting a half yard length of the gold braid, sewing it so that it shall remain round, and ending it off in a tight knot.

When the case is folded over in three the cord comes in just the right place to tie loosely. As this case is essentially for travelling, it will be made doubly useful by adding at one side a small hanger or double loop, either of the cord or wide braid, by which means it can be hung on a nail by the dressing table and each pin be within easy access.

There now remain only the pins to be inserted, and to place these in even spacing and to select only pins that will look well in the case require almost as much time as the making of the whole thing. There should be two rows, anyway, of safety pins of different sizes, two rows of black headed veil pins and then about four rows of pins with different colored head heads—pink, blue, brown and light purple—which will any one of them be sure to be the one color needed at some time when without this case it would have been impossible to procure the desired thing.

The Many Uses of Real Irish Lace

THE joy of a bit of real Irish lace is that it can be washed every day in the week if necessary and yet retain until it falls to pieces a look of its crisp pristine newness. It is for this reason that for separate collars and cuffs, for yokes, for trimming on lingerie waists and even for the adornment of underclothes, Irish lace is looked upon as so very desirable. This lace, although it will endure washing so much better than any other kind, must still be handled with some little degree of care and respect if it is to give the extraordinary wear that is required of it. A lace collar must not be washed out with any bit of soap that is at hand, which, while it will make it white again readily, does so by an amount of alkali in its composition which is bound to rot the thread of the linen fabric. Only a guaranteed pure soap of a composition especially intended for lace and delicate fabrics should be used, and even then all suds must be thoroughly rinsed out before the lace is hung in the bright sun to dry.

When a collar or cuff piece of Irish lace has become yellow or discolored a dash of ammonia may be placed in the water and then the lace hung in the sun to bleach thoroughly. If quite yellow the lace should be constantly dampened in cold water before being allowed to become quite dry, so as to bleach it the more thoroughly.

Irish lace does not require to be ironed, but a collar that has constant wear will be much improved by being starched and ironed occasionally, even if it is only washed out and dried, as a general rule.

A net collar band with a narrow border of Irish edging is pretty for school use, and if a high collar is preferred to the popular low Dutch ruffle a girl can always look delightfully trim and neat by making for herself a few sets of tucked net collars and cuffs. The plainness of the net may be relieved by a narrow Irish edging. The collar is attached by a pretty brooch at the front and back of the neckband.

When it is necessary to dress entirely within the limits of a small allowance it will be found a great help to have just as many of the accessories made of materials that can be washed instead of only possessing laces and such things that to look well must be dry cleaned whenever soiled. Irish or any linen thread lace, as filet, both real and imitation, is really improved by soap and water, whereas Valenciennes and all silk laces, such as are often used for yokes and collars, must be dry cleaned at no small cost. A white wash crêpe waist trimmed with Irish lace will really save the difference in cost for a college girl for whom even the laundry bill is a considerable item.

There are many times when the white chamois gloves can take the place of glacé kid. By washing gloves on the hand with a good white soap, and then, after rinsing, giving them a final bath in thick soapsuds before hanging up to dry, chamois gloves will outwear the heaviest dogskin and will look smart for any but the most formal occasions. Whether the yellow or white chamois gloves are really smartest depends absolutely upon the color of the suit with which they are worn. The yellow are somewhat newer, but do not look nearly so well with some colors as the white or cream.

GIRLS' HANDKERCHIEFS.

INITIAL embroidered handkerchiefs of sheerest linen have barred and fancifully edged borders and the letter framed in a wreath, medallion or floral semicircle. A new fancy represents a butterfly hovering over a rose, with the tiny initial worked between the insect's outspread wings and the blossom's foliage.

Glove handkerchiefs for shopping are a third smaller than the ordinary size and made chiefly of fine lawn in white bordered with a color or a color bordered with white. They rarely are embroideed, but occasionally are seen with a small initial woven into one corner. While these small and comparatively inexpensive handkerchiefs are generally used for travelling as well as for shopping, it is a far better plan for a tourist to have a supply of antiseptic paper handkerchiefs, which come in compact little packages of six or a dozen.

THE WIDOW WISE

Verses by Paul West ✦ Drawings by W. H. Loomis

The name and fame of Widow Wise had spread across the sea
And when she got to Paris quite a favorite was she,
With luncheons here and suppers there until the dawn of day,
At which she often chanced to meet the handsome young Lenais.

He seemed a quiet sort of chap, but really he was gay,
Though, aiming for the Widow's wealth, a game he had to play.
He posed as an ascetic, fond of books and all such stuff.
"How good he is!" the Widow thought, quite hoodwinked by his bluff.

Each day he came to call on her and took her out to see
The Luxembourg, the Tuileries, and other sights, till she
Was quite worn out and hinted that she thought it would be jolly
Some evening to see something that would be or-rather jolly!

She hinted at the Moulin Rouge. Lenais blushed rosy red.
"Oh, jamais! jamais! jamais! 'tis a wicked place!" he said.
"How innocent!" the Widow thought; "the sort of man for me!
A model, quiet, stay-at-home, domestic spouse he'd be!"

But ah! that night a lot of friends invited her to go
Around the frisky city to observe the flashing show.
"'Twill be sub rosa," they exclaimed, "but gay? You needn't doubt it!"
"I'll go," the Widow said, "but hope Lenais won't hear about it!"

She started out to see the sights, forgetting poor Lenais
At home while she was flitting 'round. And then she screamed, "Oh, say!"
For in the thickest of the dance, cavorting like a sprite,
She spied the handsome young Lenais, the wildest of the night!

The Widow rushed upon the floor. There was a flash of lace!
Lenais' silk hat flew from his head. He saw her angry face
And fled! She watched his fleeting form with fiery, flashing eyes.
"THERE'S ONE MORE HYPOCRITE UNMASKED!" exclaimed the Widow Wise.

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